A BLIND MUSICIAN LOOKS BACK

ALFRED HOLLINS

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A Blind Musician Looks Back

An Autobiography

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ALFRED HOLLINS AT THE ORGAN

ST GEORGE'S WEST, EDINBURGH

A Blind Musician Looks Back

An Autobiography

BY

ALFRED HOLLINS

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TO

MY WIFE

And I thought to myself, How nice it is
For me to live in a world like this,
Where things can happen, and clocks can strike,
And none of the people are made alike ;
Where Love wants this, and Pain wants that,
And all our hearts want Tit for Tat
In the jumbles we make with our heads and our hands,
In a world that nobody understands,
But with work, and hope, and the right to call
Upon Him who sees it, and knows us all.

—W. B. Rands.

INTRODUCTION

A LITERARY critic of long experience and wise judgment, who before he died saw the first few chapters of this autobiography, wrote to me, "One is captivated." I believe that that will be the comment of nearly all who read the book. It is a feat of memory such as few could perform, and even more striking in the original pages—typewritten almost faultlessly—which contain descriptions of organs, dates of various happenings, times of trains, and many other details that had to be sacrificed in order to save space. I envy those their pleasure who read the story of my friend's life straight through as it stands, but they in turn may envy me the satisfaction I have had in reading the full narrative as it came from the author's richly stored, methodical mind.

But memory alone, however good, does not make an interesting book. There must be something more. Alfred Hollins is a master of the organ, one of a group of great players, including besides himself Peace, Balfour, Lemare, and Hoyte—all recital organists—and in addition he remains to this day what he was in marked degree fifty years ago, a virtuoso of the pianoforte. You may hold your breath while he plays the long pedal passages

in Bach's great Toccatas in C and F, or find yourself smiling with joy at his light touch in Pietro Yon's humorous Organo Primitivo, or be amazed by his unsurpassable power of improvisation, but you will assuredly forget that it is a blind man who is playing and you will be conscious only of music that carries you out of yourself. Or you may hear him at the piano in a friend's drawing-room, when he will give you a modest programme of Schumann, Mendelssohn (because you are pleasantly old-fashioned), one or two of his own published pieces, Chopin, and Wolstenholme, whom he admires and loves. You will not hear the bigger pianoforte works: for these you should try an organ recital, first making sure that there is a concert grand within reach. But if you are lucky you will hear in the drawing-room an improvisation, and likely enough it will be modern in treatment, because you may, after all, be a modernist with a chromatic urge. Usually there is no improvisation except at an organ, but I have heard on the piano a working out of the Malvern chimes (see page 357) the cumulative effect of which is unforgettable. A thrush came and sang an obbligato. He perched in a tree just outside the window, coming as close to the piano as he could.

Great memory work and great playing—but even these together do not necessarily make an interesting book. Hollins has to his credit a number of compositions—too many to be listed here—all of them individual, melodious, and persuasive. Music is music, and we need not concern ourselves with arguments about the programme and the absolute.

The broad truth remains that a composer gives expression to what has inspired him, and it is not, I think, incorrect to suggest that Hollins in his compositions tells of the light and shade he feels but cannot see. Sightless himself, he has the power of making things plain to the sighted, and his music is popular in the same way as the light of the sun is popular. Of one of the compositions Mr Ralph T. Morgan of Bristol wrote not long ago: "In one week I was asked to play it at a service on Sunday; at a Christian Science lecture in the Colston Hall; at a wedding in S. Mary Redcliffe; at the funeral of a young doctor which was taking place in a country church near here; and at an organ recital . . . particularly was I touched by the request to play it at the funeral of that gifted young doctor friend."

An exceptionally retentive memory, the brilliance of a great executant, and considerable ability as a composer—we are nearer to what makes an interesting book; but there is still something more than these, an intimacy of purpose that compels attention in the reader. This blind musician's love of life, his appreciation of clever mechanical contrivances, and his affection for animals have much to do with it, but above all else it is his genius for friendship that makes his story so attractive. It is a patient genius, too, as I have reason to know. For a blind man to revise his written work by hearing it read to him would be a long and tedious process, and I have had the relatively simple job of going through the original manuscript and suggesting such emendations as the author himself would probably wish to

make. It was a severe test of his toleration. The index is the work of Miss M. H. James, to whom we are both indebted for her assistance.

Between Alfred Hollins and his wife exists a sympathetic understanding not to be described. I wonder whether I shall be allowed to tell of one or two domestic matters, or whether the blue pencil will be taken into their shy but determined fingers? On the cover of his typewriter she has sewn a scrap of cloth so that he may know exactly where the middle point of the front should go. It is one of the clever contrivances he likes so well. If he wants a new shoe-lace he must put it in straight: "I shall get a rare talking-to if it's twisted," he says. And when the telephone bell rings—I hear it now—"Telephone, Alfred!" He takes the call. . . . The discerning will think it out for themselves.

JOHN HENDERSON.

EDINBURGH, *July* 1936.

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CHAPTER I.

WHAT IS SNUFF?

THE 11th September 1865 came on a Monday, and it was on that day at 123 Coltman Street, Hull, that I first saw the light. This is a strange expression to be used by one who is supposed to have been blind from birth. For many years I believed that I was born blind, and for all practical purposes that was so. But an eminent oculist who examined my eyes when I was a student at Norwood told me that I must actually have had the power to see. He asked when I lost my sight. I said I had never had it. "You mustn't say that any more," he said, "for you were certainly born seeing. Whether you saw only for a minute, or an hour, or a day, I can't tell you." If that is true my sight must have gone almost immediately, for it was not long after birth that I was discovered to be blind. What actually caused my blindness is not known.

My paternal grandfather was a native of York, where he lived until his death in 1872. He had four children: George, John (my father), Mary, and Joseph. My father was born in 1834. He was apprenticed to a stationer in Harrogate at the age of thirteen, and used to travel from York to Harrogate by coach. Afterwards he went to De la Rue's in London for a time, and eventually settled in Hull as assistant in the Stamp Office under Mr Croskill, whom I remember perfectly. My mother was Miss Mary Evans. She came from the south of England, and was married to my father at Brighton in 1856

or 1857, but I do not know anything about her parents or other relations except my uncle, William Evans, who lived at Norwood.

My father and mother had three sons—James, 1858, who is still living ; John, who died in infancy ; and myself. I recall very many circumstances connected with my early childhood, and if I mention any that have been told me in later life I shall make it clear that they are not from my own memory. My mother does not take a prominent place in these early recollections. She was musical and had a good voice. Hearing her sing and play was most likely my first acquaintance with music. My father had no singing voice, but he could sing a tune correctly. There were three songs I used to ask him to sing and play for me : " So Early in the Morning " (which he always played in D, but when I first learned it was D, I cannot say), " Wait for the Waggon," and " Uncle Ned." The first two were my favourites. How vividly I recalled those days when, a few years ago, my friend the late E. G. Meers played his clever variations on " Uncle Ned " on the charming organ in his house at Guildford !

I distinctly remember my mother singing " Juanita." It must have been very popular then, for Arnold Bennett, depicting the same period in " Milestones," makes Rose sing it. Hearing this old-fashioned melody in the play had a marked effect on me, for to the best of my belief I had not heard it since my mother sang it.

Coltman Street is one of the longest side-streets I know. Like many others it began by being on the edge of the country, only to find itself ultimately part of the town. The houses are mostly semi-detached, with a side-passage separating each pair from the next. Up to 1928—the last time I was there—the numbers, unlike those in most streets, ran consecutively and not odd on one side and even on the other. Our house was a small two-storey one

with back and front rooms, kitchen, scullery, &c., on the ground floor, and three or four bedrooms upstairs with an attic above. Over the kitchen and entered from the half-landing was a fairly large room which my brother and I called the nursery. To a child everything appears larger than it really is, and when I revisited No. 123 after an absence of nearly sixty years, I was surprised to see how small the rooms were and how narrow the hall. It was, however, very gratifying to find that I had carried many of the details in my mind all that time—*e.g.*, the corner in the hall between the two sitting-rooms, the French windows opening into the garden from the back room, the step down into the kitchen, and so on.

I don't think the garden was very large, but it seemed so to me when I was a child. It had a path all round it bordered by flower-beds, and a lawn in the middle on which my father and mother and their friends played croquet. One of the croquet hoops had a bell hanging from the middle, and I liked to get hold of a ball and the small mallet used for knocking the hoops into the ground, kneel on the grass about a yard from the hoop (first measuring my distance) and then knock the ball and try to get it through the bell-hoop. Sometimes, of course—probably most times—I missed the hoop, and an abject grovel on hands and knees followed till the ball was found. And I used to delight in running round the garden pulling a tin railway engine which I later pretended was a steam-roller. But more often my plaything was a fine substantial wheel-barrow specially made for me to my father's order. Strange to say, I very seldom pushed this barrow—in fact, I do not think I realised then that wheel-barrows were pushed—but preferred to get between the handles and pull it. My brother Jim, seven years older than I, was always very good to me and played with me whenever he could. He

often gave me a ride in the barrow, which was a great treat.

To this day I am at a loss to understand how a blind person, especially a child, gets the sense of direction and learns to find his way about, for he has nothing to go by but touch and sound. But we do get it, thank God, from a very early age ; at least, most of us do.

Few sighted people realise that the blind have no idea of proportion or of the size of a thing unless they can feel it. Even long-experienced teachers of the blind do not take this sufficiently into account. Schools for the blind should have models—not raised diagrams—of as many objects as possible, especially of those things such as bridges, roofs of churches, aeroplanes, &c., which are out of reach.

From the first I was interested in any new thing that was being made. My father had a summer-house built at the top of the garden. It was not a rustic arbour, but a little room with windows all round, made to open. I remember how excited Jim and I were about it. A large slate cistern for holding rain-water was also a source of interest. I suspect that my father had a passion for collecting rain-water, because in addition to this large upper cistern he sunk an underground one from which the rain-water was drawn by a pump in the scullery. Young Master Inquisitive wanted to know all about the working of a pump, but was too young to take it all in. No doubt it was sufficient satisfaction to be allowed to pump, or rather to imagine that he was pumping when another really did the work.

The toys I remember best were musical. There was a musical cart with pins stuck into the back axle and arranged to pluck two or three wires when the cart was pulled along, but I did not care much for it. I liked tops best, especially little metal ones that were wound up with a kind of spring key. And I have been told that one of my amusements was to run round

the dining-room table with my left hand touching the edge and my right pulling a toy railway carriage to which I had taken a special fancy. So devoted was I to this pastime that I wore a complete circle in the carpet. My brother was at school most of the day and I had therefore to amuse myself as best I could.

Although I began to take notice of musical sounds —especially those of the piano—almost as soon as I could toddle, these did not absorb all my attention or keep me from my playthings. I have never been one of the sloggers who practise for three or four hours on end, especially at technique.

But before getting on to my musical life I want to say a little more about my childhood. It may hardly be credited, but I distinctly remember being in frocks, especially one, a poplin with big velvet buttons. I do not know the colour, but I must have been told I looked nice in it for I know it was a favourite.

My father was devoted to me, and I returned his devotion. I do not remember his scolding me, but to the best of my belief he did not spoil me. I think he took the right way of training me. He would always try to answer my many puzzling questions. For instance, I had a little wooden snuff-box, made like a book. It was a puzzle to open, but I soon learned how to do it. Father said it was for snuff. I asked : " What is snuff ? " Instead of putting me off by saying I was too young to understand, he brought some snuff for me to examine. The result of the examination was probably amusing.

A round clock in the hall had a deep "strike." This clock, afterwards known as St Paul's, was much too high for me to reach, but one night my father lifted me up as it was striking seven and let me examine it thoroughly. Until the house was given up, this operation was repeated every night at the same hour. It became the first movement of the

Bedtime Symphony. For the second movement my father took me on his knee and gave me what I called "five biscuits" and a drink of warm milk and water. I don't believe it was five whole biscuits, but one or two at the most, broken up into five pieces. But I was most particular to have no more than five. The "five biscuits" were placed in the lid of the biscuit tin, perhaps to avoid the risk of my breaking a plate and to give more room for crumbs. Then father would take me upstairs, undress me, and tuck me up in a little cot close beside my mother's bed and his. The last thing he always said to me was :

Good night, God bless you;
Get up in the morning
And I'll dress you.

Every morning I went with father to the front door to see him off to the office. It was my ambition to open the door for him, but I could not reach the latch. Father got over the difficulty by fastening a cord to it so that I could pull it back. After I had shut the door—and it had to be shut first—he would call, "Good morning, Alfy." If by some mischance he happened to forget or I not to hear this parting salutation he left a weeping little figure behind.

I have mentioned that I had to amuse myself a good deal, but this must only have been during my first two or three years. Our next-door neighbours were Mr and Mrs Harker, and I suppose I was still in frocks when I began to know their children, and particularly their younger son, Herbert (now British Consul at Valencia), who is just my own age. The Harkers had been living at 124 for some years before my father and mother came to 123, and it was occupied by two of the daughters up to the end of 1928, so that the Harker family lived there for the unusually long period of more than seventy years. How or when our acquaintance began I cannot

recollect, but I remember crawling through the railings which separated the two back-gardens and spending the greater part of the day next door. For some reason or other I never went out and in by the front door, and it was soon noticed that I was trampling down the flowers in both the gardens. To prevent further damage my brother laid down a narrow strip of board on each side of the fence, just wide enough for me to walk on, and I took full advantage of what was my own private path. When, a few years later, my father gave up the house in Hull, and I went to live in York, I lost touch with the Harker family for a time, but to this day the tie has not been broken. After I went to Norwood I spent part of the first two or three summer holidays in Hull and never failed to visit my old friends at 124. It was on one of these visits that Mrs Harker showed me a box of table ninepins with which, she said, I used to be very fond of playing. I played with them again on that occasion, not to renew old associations, but simply because I was enough of a boy to be still fond of playthings.

I cannot recall when I first knew that I was different from other children—I mean, that I was blind—but certainly I realised that there was something the matter with my eyes when I was about three years old. My father and mother took me to London to see Dr Murie, who, if not an oculist in the present-day meaning of the word, was a noted physician and highly skilled in treatment of the eye. It must have been my first railway journey, and I remember it distinctly. The sound of the train, the feel of the carpet-covered cushions of the seats, the wooden floor of the compartment, the wooden doors —doors were not padded then—have all left an unforgettable impression. I remember sitting on Dr Murie's knee and crying when he put drops into my eye. And I remember a spring bell on the table and that I was told that if I would be a good boy and

keep still, I might ring it. I suppose I kept still, for after the examination was over I rang the bell. It brought an attendant, and very proud I was to find that I could call anyone by ringing a bell. Afterwards we went somewhere in a bus called The Bank Favourite. The experience was lived over again when some years later I travelled by a London bus and knew once more the characteristic jolt and smell and the typical voice of the conductor.

On the occasion of the visit to the oculist I think we must have had something to do in or near Hornsey, for I remember sitting on the counter of a shop to try on a pair of gloves which, when I asked for them afterwards, I always called my Hornsey Road gloves. We also went to see my uncle and aunt Evans who lived at Sunnyside, Gipsy Hill, Upper Norwood. My uncle had a harmonium which I played, but I suspect that someone worked the bellows for me.

Blind people are very quick to notice the slightest detail of anything they can feel with either hands or feet, and rises or depressions in the ground are a great help in going about, especially when one is alone. On that first visit to London I was taken to the Crystal Palace and I noticed the wide openings between the floor-boards. The floor of the Pavilion at Buxton is similar, as I found when I was there for the first time three or four years later. And when I went back to the Palace after I was at the Royal Normal College in Norwood, the first sensation of those open boards came back in a flash.

My parents bought me a humming-top at the Palace which I long treasured and called my Crystal Palace top. I know the feel of it now. And I must have heard the Palace organ, for I remember getting muddled between "organist" and "orchestra."

I cannot say when I first began to notice musical sounds; I do not remember a time when the names of the notes of the piano were unknown to me; I

do not recall the days—for there must have been such days—when I could not pick out a tune with one finger. The curious thing is that until I had my first lessons at the age of six or seven I played only single notes with my right hand—and that with the second finger (English fingering)—but I used the thumb and fingers of my left hand correctly. I made up my own basses. The tunes I played were those heard on the barrel-organs that used to come regularly and from my earliest days were a source of delight and interest.

There were three organ men who came to us: the Monday man; the Thursday man; and one whom I liked best, the Friday man. Those old barrel-organs are fast dying out. Even when I was still a little boy they were being replaced by the street piano, which, since the Great War, has almost disappeared too. Nearly every barrel-organ played in E flat, but my firm belief is that my Friday man's organ played in C and G. To me it sounded richer than the others. And I think my Friday man must have been old and that he had a son who was also an organ man, for one Friday when I had a bad cold and could not go out to give the customary penny and have a turn at the handle my father asked the man to come into the kitchen, and the organ in the kitchen played in E flat. The loud noise it made frightened me, and the E flat disappointed me. This was not my Friday man, the old man, whose organ played in C and G and pleased my ear. It must have been Friday man's son who played in the kitchen, and I had no day of the week by which to name him. Probably the old man, like myself, had a cold and was obliged to stay indoors.

Among the tunes I picked up from the barrel-organs were "The Lancashire Lass," "Up in a Balloon, Boys," "Ever of Thee I Fondly am Dreaming," "Champagne Charlie is my Name," &c. I have heard that a child picks up much more readily

what it should not, than what it should. Although I went to church regularly with my father, I do not remember picking up any of the hymn tunes, but one Sunday morning I had to be taken out for crying because my father could not tell me the name of the tune that was being sung. Shortly before this happened I had been given a toy trumpet with a slide which produced four notes—G, C, E, G. On reaching home I thought to console myself with this new treasure, but as a punishment the consolation was at once denied me.

We had a very good Collard piano. I have the feel of that piano in my mind now, the moulding of the key cheeks, and above all the rounded black keys. Until I was about seven years old I did not sit at the piano, but stood and played my barrel-organ tunes, making a click with my nails after each in imitation of the organ man changing the tune.

My first acquaintance with a real organ must have been at about this time. I was brought into the world by Dr Healey, who used to make me angry by saying in a loud voice, " Now, Bobby ! " to which I would reply, " You know my name is *not* Bobby, and I don't like it." Dr Healey had a small organ in his house, and one Sunday afternoon I was taken to see it. I was lifted on to the seat and began at once to play " The Lancashire Lass " or some other profane ditty. Certain good people present were shocked and my secular propensities were apologised for. I knew nothing about pedal notes, and when someone sounded one I exclaimed in rapture, " Oh, how delicious ! "

It is strange that I had not previously heard pedal notes, for we attended Wycliffe Congregational Church regularly, where there is a large three-manual Forster & Andrews. It may be that at the time of which I write the organ had not been built, for I remember being told one night that my father and mother had gone out to the organ opening at Wycliffe

and I wondered what an organ opening was. If the Wycliffe organ was not built till after the episode in Dr Healey's house, it is probable that a harmonium was in use, and this would account for my not having heard pedal notes. But why I did not pick up hymn tunes is a question for the psychologist. Perhaps it was a case of original sin.

The minister of Wycliffe was the Rev. W. M. Statham who afterwards joined the Church of England. I cannot remember anything of his voice or sermons: I was very young and our pew was at the back of the church. But I remember very clearly that I liked to sit at the top end of the pew next the division because a young lady or little girl—I do not know which—who sat on the other side of the division would then hold my hand during the service. And I remember a clock on the front of the gallery which struck once at the hour and half-hour on a very deep gong. At first it frightened me, but when its strangeness had worn off I looked forward to it, because I enjoyed its deep note just as I did our St Paul's at home. Some years later, when I went to play the organ and heard the clock again, its booming sound brought those days back to my mind most vividly.

On our way to chapel we used to pass a grocer's shop, then owned by a firm called Topham & Spink. The pavement in front of the shop was of asphalt, and I liked walking on it in summer when the heat made it soft. But I was not allowed to walk on it very often in case I got tar on my boots.

Moon had recently invented his system of raised letters for the blind, and it gradually superseded the old raised Roman characters, just as Braille has superseded—or practically superseded—Moon. In the Moon type there are roughly speaking only some half-dozen principal characters to memorise, as each character by being turned round one point makes four different letters. My father got hold of a Moon

alphabet, and under his directions Mr Lamb—the joiner who built my wheel-barrow—made a board about a foot long and little blocks with a Moon letter in wire on each. A notch in each block gave me the correct position for the first of the four letters represented by the single character on the block, and I soon knew the shapes of the letters and began to spell little words, fitting the blocks into grooves in the board and using blank blocks for spaces. Thus I learned to read.

One curious feature of Moon's system was that the first line read as usual from left to right and the next from right to left, a bracket guiding the finger from one line to the next. Doubtless Moon's idea was that if the finger had to go back to the left in the ordinary way it might be difficult to find the next line. Moon is certainly very easy to read and is especially useful to those who have lost their sight late in life and whose finger-tips are hardened by work, but the letters are enormous as compared with Braille and the books far too bulky for practical use. I have heard that if the volumes of a Moon Bible were placed one on top of the other the pile would be twenty-seven feet high. Moon was a religious man and his books were nearly all of a religious nature, among them being a large number of tracts. The first thing I read was a single Moon sheet which began, "A blind man sat by the wayside begging, and as Jesus passed by . . ." &c. This was followed by two little stories, "A Seaman's Leap for Life" and "A Remarkable Tiger Hunt." Except that I wanted to learn the art I was not much interested in reading for myself. Indeed, I still prefer being read to by a really good reader, although since I joined the National Library for the Blind more than twenty-five years ago I have read, and still read, a great deal. And my wife has always read much to me—everything in fact that I cannot read in Braille.

Thus the days passed until I had turned six

and changes came which set my life in a new direction.

My mother's health had been failing for some time and she died on 3rd December 1871. It was a Sunday morning, and my brother and I were in the nursery together. He was crying and saying, "Mama is dead." Someone placed my hand on my mother's forehead and I wondered why it was so cold. I think I remember feeling the coffin, for I have a recollection of its being covered with smooth cloth (which no doubt was black) and studded with large, rounded nails.

During my mother's illness I was told not to play the piano, the sound of which would have been disturbing to an invalid. But Aunt Mary, who no doubt heard of this prohibition and realised what it would mean to me, had an old square piano of hers sent to us from York. I remember feeling the big packing-case and its being unpacked. This piano must have been very old, and the thin tone could scarcely have penetrated from the nursery, where it was placed, to my mother's bedroom. Even to my childish ears it sounded tinny and it felt worn out. Certainly the making of square pianos had long been discontinued in this country, although Steinway, Chickering, and others in America still made them up to the beginning of the present century.

The first modern square I tried was in 1883. It belonged to my friend the late Charles Howden of Larne, and a beautiful piano it was. When I went for my first tour to America three years later, I tried many squares by both Steinway and Chickering, and one or two by Knabe. The squares made in this country had only one pedal, but those in America had two. I am not sure if the soft pedal used in America was of the Celeste kind or whether it brought the hammers nearer the strings as in all good modern uprights. And Mr Howden had one of the earliest precursors of the Pianola, a machine

called the Pianista. It had fingers, and was played by means of perforated rolls, but the bellows were worked by turning a handle. There were expression, time, and pedal levers as in the Pianola. I believe that the Pianista was brought out at the Inventions Exhibition in London in 1885, where I first heard it. One day, as I was wandering round that happy hunting-ground for all musical enthusiasts, I heard in the distance what I supposed to be a wonderful pianist playing a brilliant octave study with amazing speed. I had never heard such technique, and felt convinced it must be one of our greatest pianists who was playing. What was my astonishment on following the sound to its source to find a man turning a handle !

I am somewhat confused about what happened between my mother's death and my going to York, but a few incidents stand out clearly. My father went to lodge with Mrs Procter in Peel Street, and I went with him. Whether he took any of the furniture I am not sure, but I know he took the piano, and he must have done this on my account. I cannot remember much about Mrs Procter except that she used to read a chapter of the Bible to me every night before I went to bed. My favourite passage then—and it is one of my favourites still—is that in the twelfth chapter of St Paul's Epistle to the Romans, beginning, " Be kindly affectioned one to another." For a long time I thought it was " affectionate."

I conceived the notion of conducting a choir and giving concerts. I remember someone coming to take me for walks, and I have a hazy idea that it was a girl a little older than myself. It may have been Edith Dyson, a niece of my future stepmother's, but whoever it was I used to tell her about my imaginary choir and the concert we had given that morning. I always made my choir consist of thirteen members only. Why thirteen I do not know, but

that is the number I gave my friend, and she really believed that I had such a choir. It was not until two or three years later that I heard anything about soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, so what kind of choir shaped itself in my mind or what its phantom members sang is shrouded in mystery.

I did not find the days long, for besides the piano, my choir, and the walks with my friend, I sometimes went to the office with my father. And I used to enjoy going to the G.P.O., which was then in Whitefriargate, nearly opposite the end of Parliament Street where the Stamp Office was. My father lifted me up and let me drop the letters into the box, and my pleasure was greatest when it was clearing time and I could hear my letters being taken out from behind as fast as I put them in. We often went home by bus. On one of these journeys I persuaded my father to ask the conductor to let me ring the bell and start the bus. I was allowed to do this at the end of our journey. Father got out first, I rang the bell, and the driver started his horses. I had the delicious experience of being snatched up just in time to prevent my being carried on.

One of my father's intimate friends was Henry Webster, the governor of Hull Prison, and I spent many happy afternoons at Mr and Mrs Webster's house, which adjoined the prison, playing with their children. Mr Webster took me through the prison and put me on the treadmill. Of course I could not move it by myself, but even so—and young as I was—it seemed a barbarous engine. Those never-ending stairs must have meant cruelly heavy labour. The prisoners had to tread on each step absolutely together, and I remember asking what happened if one of them failed to keep in time. The reply was that the step or tread would catch the prisoner's shins, and that if he had not a firm grip on the two handles allotted to him he would be thrown off. Mr Webster told me later how I read the maker's name stamped

on the locks in raised capitals: Hobbs, Hart & Co.

On one occasion when I went to see the Websters I noticed at once a peculiarly subdued atmosphere in the house. A prisoner was being flogged, and although the house was too far from the place of punishment for anything to be heard, everyone was affected with a feeling of horror. Webster was an extremely humane and kindly man and could not bear to witness any form of corporal punishment. He might have been governor of York Castle, but would not because criminals were hanged there. Of flogging he said that instead of curing offences it demoralised the criminal and made him worse rather than better. He was extraordinarily clever at remembering a prisoner's face. A man who murdered his wife in Liverpool and afterwards escaped to Melbourne, was arrested there. Webster, who was in Melbourne at the time, was asked to identify the man, who had been in Hull prison during Webster's governorship. He was able to do so at once, although he had not seen the man for many years.

CHAPTER II.

TAMBOURINE TARGET.

I COME to York and the years I spent in that old and delightful city. My grandfather, grandmother, and Aunt Mary, their only daughter, lived at 21 Penleys Grove Street, a house my grandfather had built a year or two before I went to live there. It seemed a larger house than the one in Coltman Street, but whether this is so or not I cannot tell for I have not been in it since my grandmother died in 1876. I well remember that first journey from Hull to York with Aunt Mary. It is not a long run, but to me it seemed unending. Aunt Mary tried to keep me interested by telling me of a toy—a little boy in a swing—which was awaiting me. "Where's the swinging boy, grandpapa?" were the first words I remember—they came from Aunt Mary—on our arrival at Welton House. (My grandmother's native place was the little village of Welton, near Hull. Shortly after my grandfather died she named 21 Penleys Grove Street "Welton House," and so I think of it.) But the swinging boy did not interest me much. There was not sufficient mechanism about it for my liking.

Let me try to give an impression of my Aunt Mary. She became as it were my mother, taking a place which could not afterwards be taken by either of my two stepmothers. I do not attempt to describe her features, for one who has never seen cannot tell what facial appearance means. But there is something that quickly reveals to the blind a pleasant

and kind expression. Speaking for myself, it is not merely the voice that attracts or repels, and what reveals the attractive personality I cannot say with certainty. I believe blind people acquire a habit which enables them to form a mental impression of one who is or may become a friend.

Aunt Mary was little of stature and, I would say, sturdy-looking. She was thirty-six when I first went to York. At about that time rheumatism began to show itself, and as the years advanced she became greatly crippled by it and her hands much deformed. She would not perhaps be generally called a lovable woman—for there was something hard in her voice and manner—but she made friends quickly and kept them. She had a habit of asking questions which made one feel rather uncomfortable, but I am bound to add that those who were put in the witness-box did not seem to object. It was "just Aunt Mary's way," and there was no guile in her. She was touchy and quick-tempered, and I was a little afraid as well as very fond of her. More than once she boxed my ears when giving me my piano lessons. Nevertheless, to sum up fairly, she was kind and good to me to the day of her death, and I owe a great deal to her care and early training.

My grandfather was only sixty-six when I went to York, but he seemed very old to me. Nor was this merely the natural impression that age makes on the mind of a child. He suffered from bronchitis and died in the following year (1872) on Aunt Mary's birthday (9th November). He was very good to me. I often heard Aunt Mary say, "You'll spoil that boy, grandpapa." In the angle between the front and back sitting-rooms was a low marble-topped cupboard containing the gas meter. Above, on the wall, was an American clock. It was not a spring clock like "St Paul's," but had weights and a long wooden case. Here the spoiling comes in, and history repeats itself. Grandpapa not only stood me up on top of

the cupboard so that I could feel the clock, but opened the glass door and allowed me to " strike it round," which was done by pressing up a little ball behind the underside of the dial. Then he would let me wind the clock with a crank key. It was pleasure and it was education. My grandfather held the same position in the York Stamp Office as my father held in Hull. He never came home from the office without bringing me what he called a nest-egg. His greatcoat pocket was the nest, and I soon acquired the habit of going to it to see what I could find. The eggs were usually oranges or apples. I cannot have been more than six or eight months at York when he died, but I was with him long enough to grow very fond of him. The back room on the ground floor was furnished as a drawing-room, and I remember thinking it strange when this room was made into a bedroom for my grandfather, so as to spare him the effort of going upstairs. Sometimes I used to sit beside his bed and sing hymns to him. His favourite hymn was " My faith looks up to Thee," to the old tune, and I never play that tune at service now without thinking of those days and of my grandparents. I used also to say " The Lord is my Shepherd," and although I did not realise it at the time I believe it gave him comfort.

My grandparents and their children were Congregationalists and attended Salem Chapel. Shortly before my going to York the old minister, the Rev. James Parsons, had retired. I believe he was a very fine preacher of the evangelical school, and my grandfather had a great admiration and respect for him. Mr Parsons was succeeded by the Rev. John Hunter, who afterwards became famous as an intellectual preacher of modernist thought. He came to Salem straight from Spring Hill College, Aberdeen, and his advanced views were very decided even at that early period of his life. The younger members of the church welcomed him gladly, but the older

ones, my grandfather among them, having imbibed the simple teaching of Parsons for many years, found it difficult to reconcile themselves to Hunter's modernism. On the other hand, my Uncle George, grandfather's eldest son, and his wife—being of the younger generation—were devoted to Mr Hunter, as were all who really got to know him. He had a peculiar delivery and spoke in a very low voice until he got well into his sermon. I remember his coming to Welton House and talking to me. In later years Aunt Mary told me that on one of his visits I said to him, "Mr Hunter, why do you pray low and preach loud?" I remember nothing of his sermons, but I have never forgotten that he nearly always began the morning service with that beautiful collect, "Almighty God unto Whom all hearts be open." Strangely enough, after three or four years at Salem Chapel Dr Hunter (as he became) went to Wycliffe Chapel, Hull. I did not hear or see him again for many years, but when at last I did (at Trinity Congregational Church, Glasgow, where he spent the greater part of his life) the voice and manner came back to me with a startling thrill. I knew that neither had changed and that my childhood's impression was perfectly correct.

It is remarkable that although in those early days at York I liked playing at ministers and conducting imaginary services, music did not enter into my religious scheme of things. My idea of a pulpit was a kind of deep square box, inside which the minister stood, and my own pulpit was formed with the end of the piano for one side, the wall for another, a large bookcase at right-angles to the piano for the third, and the back of a chair for the fourth. Another favourite preaching spot was the top landing. The banister turned at right-angles immediately at the top of the stairs and thus made a good reading desk, although it was not a proper pulpit because it only had one side—*i.e.*, the main wall. But I liked to go

up the stairs in a slow, meditative fashion as I imagined ministers would do, and find in the open space formed by the well of the stair an image of a big church with a crowded congregation in front of me. Any child who is alone and does not mix with other children must of necessity invent strange methods of amusement, and much more is this so with a blind child.

Someone gave me a tambourine, but no one showed me how to play it properly. First I treated it as a drum, beating it with a stick, but there was not much fun in that. Then I bethought me of a spring gun lying idle amongst my toys, a very real gun which shot out a small stick or ramrod. The kitchen at Welton House was approached from the hall by going down two or three steps, at the bottom of which were two doors right and left with the kitchen door between them. The door on the left led into the garden and was set slightly back ; that on the right led into a cupboard under the stairs. These two doors were exactly opposite each other and perhaps eight feet apart, and on the cupboard door was a fixed knob at a convenient height for me to reach. I used to hang the tambourine on this knob with the drum-head outwards, load my gun by pressing the spring inside the barrel down with the ramrod until it clicked, and place the muzzle of the gun right on the centre of the tambourine, as near as I could judge, raising the butt to my shoulder. Then I walked backwards to the garden door, keeping the gun pointing to where I had placed the muzzle, and as stiff and steady as possible, until my back touched the garden door. And then I fired. I could tell by the sound whether I had hit the tambourine, but not the exact spot where I had hit it. There followed a grope on the floor—sometimes short, sometimes long—until I found the ramrod. Sometimes I took aim on chance, just guessing the height. I hit the door as often as I hit the tambourine, but

if my shooting marked the paint I was never scolded for it.

Before my grandfather died we went to Boston Spa for the sake of his health, but stayed there only a short time. The weather was very wet. Either going to or coming from Boston Spa we visited Harrogate where my Uncle Thomas (great-uncle, to be exact, for he was my grandfather's brother) had a stationer's shop and post office at 26 Park Parade. My uncle and aunt had one daughter, Mary, who must have been twenty-one at the time, for I remember being told that she was born in the year of the great Exhibition. She lived with her father and mother in a high house behind and above the shop. There was not room for us in the high house, and we lodged with Mrs White (or maybe Wight), who lived, if I remember rightly, in one of two houses built together on the Stray, facing Park Parade. Mrs Smart, her next-door neighbour, had a lodger, Herr Max Blume, a pianist of considerable ability who made a name for himself as a teacher in Harrogate where he lived until his death a few years ago. I heard him play, and his playing made a very strong impression on me. It was different from anything I had heard before. It was my first experience of real piano playing.

But strong as that impression was—and is—what I remember most vividly is Uncle Thomas's shop and Cousin Mary's showing me the telegraph instrument in a little room off the shop. I have no words to express the intense pleasure this experience gave me, the more intense because Mary understood what I wanted and answered all my questions carefully and not in the manner of one who is merely amusing an inquisitive child. There is a wonderful art in explaining, or, more correctly, showing anything to one who is blind, and few even among trained and experienced teachers of the blind possess it. The telegraph instrument at Uncle Thomas's was that

known as the "needle" instrument. It consisted of a dial with a needle like the hand of a clock, which was moved either to right or left by pressing one of two levers something like piano pedals, except that they were moved by the hands. The needle clicked against two pieces of metal, one on either side, and as each piece made a different sound the operator could tell without looking to which side the needle went, and so read by ear. I cannot say which side represented the dots and which the dashes, but I remember that the Harrogate call—which Mary taught me to give—was HG. This was, if my memory serves, four lefts, two rights, and one left.

Another source of pleasure was collecting the letters from the letter-box or basket. The box, or rather the posting slit, was let into the shop front. When collecting time was nearly due I used to go to the basket and bring out just a few letters, hold them behind me and pretend there were none. "Empty-handed little kid!" said my uncle. This was the signal for me to produce the letters from behind my back, and my uncle would then express great surprise that I had found any. This process went on till I had brought out all the letters in the basket.

Uncle Thomas was one of the wardens of Christ Church and showed me his staff of office in a socket at the end of his pew. The organ at Christ Church was old even at that time, but I think it was a year or two later when I tried it. What most interested me on that first visit was its water-engine, which, when it was started, made a bumping and rushing noise. In my desire to know what this meant I asked many questions.

Among our friends in York were Mr and Mrs Thistleton, who lived in the Minster Yard. They had no children, but a niece—Miss Lizzie Ridding—lived with them. She was quite grown up—at least so it seemed to me—although I doubt whether she could have been more than sixteen or seventeen.

She was my first sweetheart, and I adored her. She used often to take me to spend the afternoon with her uncle and aunt, and it was she who first took me to the Minster. What a revelation it was! Evensong was at half-past four, and immediately after the Minster clock had struck the quarter two bells began to chime. The first thing that puzzled me when we got inside was the faintness of the bells. My only standard of comparison must have been with a small church where the sound of the bell was almost as loud inside as out, and at that time I had no knowledge of the thickness of the masonry or of the position of the bells in a high tower.

From the first the Minster bells—and especially Great Peter—interested me. There seemed something wrong about them and I could not make out the correct notes. Long afterwards I learned that they were not in tune. In those days—and I think it is so still—the quarters were struck on two of the bells, C and F, and the hour on the tenor bell, C an octave below the first-quarter bell. To me it was a flat C. Warners recast them—all except Great Peter—some years ago; and in 1928 or 1929 all, including Great Peter, were recast by Taylors, who lowered Great Peter from F to E flat and tuned the others in B flat. Until Taylors recast it, Great Peter was not hung but fixed in a frame and struck by a heavy hammer attached to a long lever. Now it is hung, and besides the striking hammer a clapper has been attached. In the old days, after the clock struck at noon, Great Peter was struck twelve times by hand. The repetition of the hour on the deep bell was very impressive.

On my first visit, what impressed me after the faint sound of the bells was the vast, open nave without pews, for I had hitherto been used to the comparatively narrow aisles of Wycliffe and Salem with their non-resonance. The massive choir stalls were also a new experience. In a low voice Miss

Ridding explained how the organ was blown by a gas engine, and I plied her with questions about it until service time. Then the organ began, and the effect the rolling pedal notes produced on me can better be imagined than described. After the choir and clergy were in their places and the organ had stopped, a curtain was drawn across the central entrance to the choir, and those who came late had to enter from the side. To me the sound of the drawing of the curtain was impressive, for it was the signal for the service to begin. It is very many years since I heard the service at the Minster, but when I was last there I listened for the curtain and there it was.

I was so impressed by the rolling effect of the organ that I often tried to imitate it on the piano by keeping the loud pedal down and playing voluntaries which I invented on the spur of the moment. These must have been crude affairs, but they kept me amused. Grandmama and Aunt Mary could not always make out what I was getting at and not unnaturally they used to stop me.

I had two uncles living in York, Uncle George, who was then second-in-command in a bank, and Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe, Aunt Agnes, and their three children were great favourites of mine, and I spent many happy hours with them in their house in the Haxby Road. Uncle George was the eldest of my grandfather's family, and after my grandfather died became my grandmother's man of business. Many years later, when his daughter, my cousin Alice, was left alone after the death of her parents and two brothers, I got to know and be very fond of her.

Uncle George's wife (Aunt Elizabeth) was said to be musical, and when a girl was, I believe, organist at a little church in York. After they were married he bought her a small one-manual pipe-organ which on rare occasions I was allowed to play, and I re-

member spending an afternoon at Uncle George's and standing at the bass end of the keyboard while Aunt Elizabeth played some voluntaries.

I learned to find my way alone to and from Uncle Joe's house in Haxby Road. Once I fell down an open hatch outside a public-house, where barrels of beer were being lowered into a cellar. Fortunately there was an inclined ladder which reached from the cellar to the street and broke my fall. A man was standing below and I fell on to his head. "Hey!" he exclaimed, "what t' hangment art ta doin'?" Beyond a fright, I was not hurt and went on to Uncle Joe's as though nothing had happened. And one Sunday morning, when Aunt Mary had sent me with a magazine or newspapers to Aunt Agnes's, I came to grief again. A few doors from Uncle Joe's a woman was washing her doorstep or the flags in front of her house. Usually I took a stick and kept fairly near the railings or wall, but on this occasion I must have forgotten it, and before I knew what was happening my knee went into the bucket of water, the newspaper I was carrying went flying, and I fell all my length on the pavement, carrying the bucket with me. It was a sorry little figure that presented itself to Aunt Agnes. I was soaked through, and my clothes had all to be dried before I could return to Welton House.

But these were the only accidents, and I was not nervous about making the journey alone, for there were no dangerous crossings and in those days there was practically no traffic. I was, however, frightened of certain extraneous things, one of which was a military band, and especially the big drum. Some of the soldiers from the barracks attended Salem Chapel. They wore swords, and the clanking of the swords against the pews as the men walked into church terrified me. To this day I do not care to touch a sword, even in its sheath. It is not that I am afraid of cutting myself, but simply that I had

and still have a horror of the sword. Nor could I bear coarse or rough voices, not because they were unrefined, but because I thought that all people with gruff, hoarse voices must be either gipsies or burglars. We always went into Salem by the back entrance in a street called Auldwark. I had heard that this was a slummy, dirty street, and I hated going through it, particularly if I heard any of the people talking. Psychologists have now made us understand that early impressions for good or evil on a child's mind last all his life, and that those who teach or train young children should save them as far as possible from being frightened. Fear was a very real thing to me. Those who brought me up did not seek to frighten me with silly fables such as the carrying off of naughty children in the soot-bags of sweeps, but I could not help hearing about burglars and other ogreish people, and my young mind suffered much unnecessary dread.

This leads me to record an incident which, amusing enough in retrospect, made a painful impression on my mind at the time. Our back garden was divided by a wall from a poor street called, I think, Jackson Street. I had heard something about burglaries in the neighbourhood and imagined that burglars could easily climb our garden wall and get in through the kitchen window. We had a maid, Jane, who had been with the family some years before my coming to Welton House. She was quite a friend, and after tea, her work finished, she used to bring her sewing to the dining-room and sit with us while grandmother or Aunt Mary read aloud for an hour or so before my bed-time. I slept in a little room over the kitchen and was put to bed at half-past seven.

I thought that a burglar could easily break in at the back without anyone hearing him but myself, and that if I crouched on the mat outside the dining-room door I would hear the first sound and be able to warn those inside. So when all was quiet I slipped

out of bed and took my place on the mat. All went well for a night or two. I do not know how long I waited on the mat, but as soon as I heard Aunt Mary say, " You might bring in the supper, please, Jane," I scampered upstairs and into bed. But suspicions must soon have been aroused, for when one of them on going to bed looked in to see that all was right, I was found wide awake and the clothes disturbed. " Why, Alfy, aren't you asleep ? What have you been doing to get the bed-clothes in such a mess ? " And one fatal night Jane, coming out to fetch the supper, found me fast asleep on the mat. As the dining-room was close to the front door and I had nothing on but my nightshirt, I caught a cold which kept me in bed for some days, and the experience cured me of any further desire to mount guard.

All this time Aunt Mary was giving me music lessons, but I have no recollection of her method of teaching or what was the first piece she taught me. How I learned my notes I cannot tell, but I certainly knew them before she took me in hand. I think she got an instruction book, for I remember her teaching me the lines and spaces, both treble and bass, but although I could soon say them by heart, I did not realise till long afterwards what bearing they had on music. I remember learning little tunes, one of which was called " Lily's a Lady." These I picked up by ear ; but later, as the pieces became more difficult, Aunt Mary taught me each hand separately, in small sections at a time. She used to play the entire piece over first, perhaps two or three times. She had had no real technical training and played in a style very common to amateurs in those days, putting full arpeggio chords in the bass. This did not sound right to me, and I did not try to copy it. The first real piece I actually remember learning was a set of variations on an air called " In My Cottage Near a Wood." It was in F, and I can still remember the first half of the air.

My cousin Annie was studying the piano at school under Thomas Hopkins, a brother of Dr E. J. Hopkins, the organist of the Temple Church, London, who afterwards became my organ-master. Annie must have had some little technique. She played what I called "runny pieces," such as those by Sidney Smith and Brindley Richards, which were then greatly in vogue. Aunt Mary thought it would be good for both Annie and me if we learned to play duets together, and began to teach me the bass. The treble would have been easier because of its having the tune, and at first I had to learn the bass without knowing the melody it accompanied.

In my early days I was certainly not fed on strong musical meat. The first duet Annie and I got up was a set of quadrilles called "The Jolly Old Friends," which consisted of Scotch and English airs, the bass being just a vamp which I easily picked up, or more probably made up for myself. Grandmama was very anxious for us to learn The Duet in D by Diabelli, which was certainly a step in the right direction. I wonder if anyone plays it now: many worse pieces are played far too often. The duet is a sonata in three movements, Allegro, Andante, and Rondo, and Annie and I were very proud when we were able to play it properly and up to time. Even then I still stood while playing.

A visit to Buxton in 1874 was a landmark in my musical career, for it was in Buxton Gardens that I first heard an orchestra. There was a band of thirteen or fourteen, conducted by Julian Adams, and most of the players were double-handed—that is, able to play either brass or strings as required. In the morning they were a military band outside; at night an orchestra in the pavilion. I liked them as an orchestra very much better than as a military band.

To me, Adams was a wonderful pianist. His great solo was Thalberg's "Home Sweet Home." The

second variation gave me a new idea of the difficulties of piano playing and I despaired of ever being able to attempt so intricate an arrangement. Adams must have been a bit of a showman, for I remember his playing the castanets in a Spanish piece and sometimes the English concertina.

We went to Buxton for at least three or four consecutive years, and some of the band began to take an interest in me, especially the drummer, Mr Taylor, who, I think, played the fiddle at night. One morning during the interval I was invited into the bandstand and allowed to examine all the instruments. Mr Taylor's arrangement of the drums fascinated me. He had the side-drum strapped on to the big drum, and played the latter by means of a stick worked by a pedal. Thus his hands were left free for the side-drum.

James Clinton, brother of the principal clarinet of the Crystal Palace and Philharmonic orchestras, was principal clarinet at Buxton and used to conduct in the morning. I did not then dream that one day I would play concertos with orchestras in which one or other of the Clintons was principal.

Although the Buxton orchestra was very incomplete, I heard a lot of good light music—including Auber's overtures, selections from Gounod's Faust, and other operas of the lighter kind such as Offenbach's Grand Duchess. From the first I did not like the piano used with the orchestra for filling in: I felt that something must be wrong.

The last time I visited Buxton was with Aunt Mary in 1879. Adams had been succeeded by a German, Carl Meyder, who enlarged the orchestra, doing away with the piano and using timpani which Taylor played. Meyder brought over from Germany two players who became well known. One was Krause, a viola player who afterwards was principal viola in the Crystal Palace orchestra for many years. The other was a young horn player called Paersch,

afterwards principal horn in the Hallé Orchestra until his death a few years ago, and one of the finest horn players in the country. I remember hearing Paersch practising before a concert. The horn became my favourite instrument, and has remained so ever since. Paersch had not the firm and certain tone of Aubrey Brain, and sometimes he cracked on a high note, but his tone was very pure, soft, and beautiful.

On our second or third visit to Buxton it was decided to ask Mr Harris, the blind organist of the Parish Church, St John's, to give me piano lessons. He at once insisted on my sitting at the piano. I cannot remember with certainty what method he had of teaching me, but I think it must have been by playing the piece over to me in sections—that is, by ear. I do not recollect his showing me how to hold my hands or giving me any technical work. Likely enough he was not much of a musician—for he had a habit of filling up hymn tunes low down in the bass, in close harmony, which although I did not know then that it was wrong, did not please my ear —but he taught me at least two pieces : a selection from Il Trovatore and The Harmonious Blacksmith. He also taught me to sing " But Thou didst not leave," from the Messiah, and let me try his organ, a two-manual Connacher. The pedals were beyond my reach and I could not make much of it.

It was at Buxton that I first heard the overture to Zampa, and nothing would do but Annie and I must get it up as a piano duet. Zampa made me acquainted with some musical devices hitherto unknown to me, such as the tremolo passage leading to the episode in B flat and the crossing hands bit in A. But although these things interested me, my musical taste must even then have been fastidious, and Zampa did not become a favourite. I preferred Auber's Zanetta, at which Annie and I

also worked—at my request. It was the first piece Aunt Mary had seen with letters to indicate suitable starting places, and I remember her taking me to Mr Barnby's house with the copy to ask him the meaning of the letters. (I shall have more to say about Mr Barnby later. Here I will only mention that he let me play his Broadwood Grand—probably the first grand I had touched—which he was very proud to tell me cost 145 guineas, to me a fabulous and scarcely imaginable sum.)

Two little girls, Florrie and Mary Street, were among those who helped me without knowing they did so. Of about my own age, their influence was for good because all unconsciously they taught me to be natural. Blind children, unable to learn from visible example, are apt to contract peculiar habits. I was no exception, but fortunately for me such habits were promptly checked. Parents of blind children should do their utmost to make them as much like sighted children as possible. Those who care for the blind should never allow the slightest peculiarity on the ground that it cannot be helped. Little idiosyncrasies which at first appear harmless and amusing may be fatal to future careers.

I was staggered when Mr Harris declared that for a blind man to be a successful church organist he must learn every word of the book of Psalms by heart. At that time the psalms were said at Mr Harris's church, and he had only to play the Gloria after each, but he affirmed that he knew them all. On our return from Buxton, Volume I. of the Psalms (Prayer Book version) in Moon's type was given to me, but I never got further than the first psalm. By the time I received my first organ appointment (to St John's, Redhill) the Cathedral Psalter had been published in Braille and I found it was only necessary to familiarise myself with the psalms for each Sunday by reading them over as often as possible beforehand.

Let me impress on all young blind music students, and especially those who are training to become organists, the vital necessity of making absolutely sure that they know the music they have to play. Even the simplest hymn tune must be gone over again and again till the fingers play it almost automatically. The easiest and simplest music to memorise is the easiest to forget. Although it is no longer necessary to learn the psalms word for word, one must know them so well that hearing the first word will suggest the rest—just like the cue in an opera or play. Most church organists who are not blind know the psalms at least as well as that. If you have an unfamiliar tune to learn for a service and it is not given you till after the choir practice, learn it thoroughly, sleep over it, and then try it on Sunday morning without first looking at the Braille copy. Even when I have memorised a thing and know it upside down, to hear another piece of music will put it out of my head. Some blind organists have their Braille hymn-books, &c., on the organ seat beside them. I have never done that. I feel that to be constantly looking at a Braille book would make both myself and those who could see me far too nervous. Nor do I count each verse as I play it, for if there are many verses and they are long it is easy to lose count. It is better to get thoroughly familiar with the words, especially those of the last verse.

CHAPTER III.

THE BLIND SCHOOL AT YORK.

For at least a year before I went to the Blind School at York as a pupil, I was taken pretty regularly to the weekly concerts held there every Thursday afternoon. William Barnby, mentioned a few pages back, was the visiting and head music-master, and had a blind assistant, Mr Strickland, previously a pupil there, whom I knew because he tuned the piano at Welton House. There was also a sighted visiting music-master, Mr Fred Banks, a son of the music publisher of that name. For a few months before I entered the school Mr Banks gave me lessons. He was a quiet man and rather shy, but a fair musician. The only piece I remember learning from him was a fantasia or a set of variations of his own on Sphor's "As pants the Hart." He also taught me the scales in sixths and tenths. I preferred the sixths. I had also been introduced to Mr Buckle, the superintendent of the school, who at once took an interest in me.

Braille was then hardly known in this country, but Dr Armitage, to whom blind people owe so much, was persuading the various Blind Schools to adopt it, and York was just beginning to use it. In my second year there I began to learn it. Previously what was known as Pin Type or Alston Type was used for writing. This was suitable for correspondence because sighted people could read it, but far too slow to be of value for educational purposes. The letters—capitals only—were made

with pins stuck into a small block. The frame was in two parts: a set of pigeon-holes for the types on the right, and on the left a thick pad large enough to take a foolscap sheet. The paper was kept in position by a hinged frame with notches at each side, into which fitted a movable ruler as a line guide. To write, one took the required letter out of its pigeon-hole, placed it against the ruler, and pressed it through the paper, holding it in position with the left hand until one got the next letter. This in turn was pressed through, held in position while the first letter was put back in its place, and the next taken out. There were blank pieces of wood to form spaces between words. The letters came through raised, so that one could read what one had written.

It was a slow and laborious process. Our letter-writing was generally done on Sunday afternoons, and we hated the job and shirked it when we could. Mr Buckle had lent me this apparatus, and I learnt to use it before going to school. And I had got hold of a little book in Roman type, without capitals. This type was the ordinary small-sighted letters raised, and the little book contained the alphabet in rhyme. It began thus: "A is for Ape and B is for Bat. E is for Eagle and C is for Cat."

On the 15th February 1875, in the afternoon, Aunt Mary left me at the school. It was then known as the Wilberforce School for the Blind, but its name was changed some years ago to the Yorkshire School for the Blind. The building dates back to the seventeenth century, and was one of the King's manors. In my time no material alterations had been made except the building of a large dining-room with dormitory above.

Like most of the Blind Schools in this country, the York School was founded as a philanthropic or charitable institution, and the pupils were clothed, fed, and educated, first in school work and after-

wards in music and basket or brush-making, for three shillings and sixpence a week. As my father paid fees for me, I did not wear the school uniform. Otherwise no difference was made. In addition to the resident pupils there were a number of journeymen, or out-mates as we called them, who were employed in the basket and brush shops. There were forty-seven boys and thirty girls in the school. The boys and girls were kept apart, but not so rigidly as at Norwood. Every year in summer a patron of the school, who lived at Benningbrough Hall near York, gave us a day's treat in his beautiful grounds, providing a substantial dinner and tea. On these occasions boys and girls were allowed to mix and walk about the grounds in pairs.

Mr Buckle, the superintendent, had a deep bass voice and a brusque, austere manner. We all rather feared than loved him, but he was a fine type of man and well chosen for his job. My schoolmates, with one or two exceptions, came from poor homes, and many were very rough. The life was hard, but we throve on it. I remember only one case of fatal illness and none of infectious disease.

The pupils dined together in the new dining-room, boys and men on one side, and girls on the other. There were long tables down each side, divided in the middle on one side by the fireplace, and on the other by a harmonium in front of the desk from which Mr Buckle read prayers. We sat on forms without backs, facing each other, the newcomers at the bottom, except that if anyone was in disgrace he was sent down to the lowest place of all. The tables were narrow, with a partition about four inches high running the entire length of each to prevent our reaching over and getting our opposite neighbour's salt-pot or tin mug. There were no table-cloths, and the furnishings generally were of the scantiest.

Our food, like our life, was rough. At breakfast

and tea each pupil found a tin mug placed against the partition and immediately opposite him. The salt was in little gallipots, and each pot was shared between two. I think each tin mug must have held a pint, for mine seemed very large to me. For breakfast we had coffee or cold milk, whichever was preferred, with dry bread, and at tea-time we had tea or milk, again with dry bread. Some of the older pupils paid a shilling a week extra for two slices of bread and butter at breakfast and tea, and a plate was then provided; otherwise your piece of bread was put down on the bare wooden table beside you. For my last half-year I paid for bread and butter, but it was often not enough, and I usually finished up with dry bread.

Talking at meals was strictly forbidden. If you wanted more bread you raised your right hand above your head, and a maid came and dumped it down beside you. There were two kinds of bread: home-made, which was generally pretty heavy and came down solidly on the table; and "baker's," which we all preferred. It was very common for us to whisper to the waiting-maid, "Have you any baker's? Do give me a bit." We had a regular weekly menu for dinner, which never varied: Sunday and Wednesday—rice pudding and beef and potato pie; Monday—pudding of some kind and soup; Tuesday—boiled suet pudding with treacle, and stew; Thursday—Yorkshire pudding and roast beef; Friday—baked suet pudding with treacle, and fish; Saturday—boiled suet pudding with gravy, and boiled beef. For the little boys everything was cut up and the fish boned. We had a pewter spoon but no fork, and, worst of all, we had to make the same plate do for pudding and meat. I have mentioned the pudding first, because we always had it before the meat. The effect of suet pudding and treacle followed by stew on the same plate without its

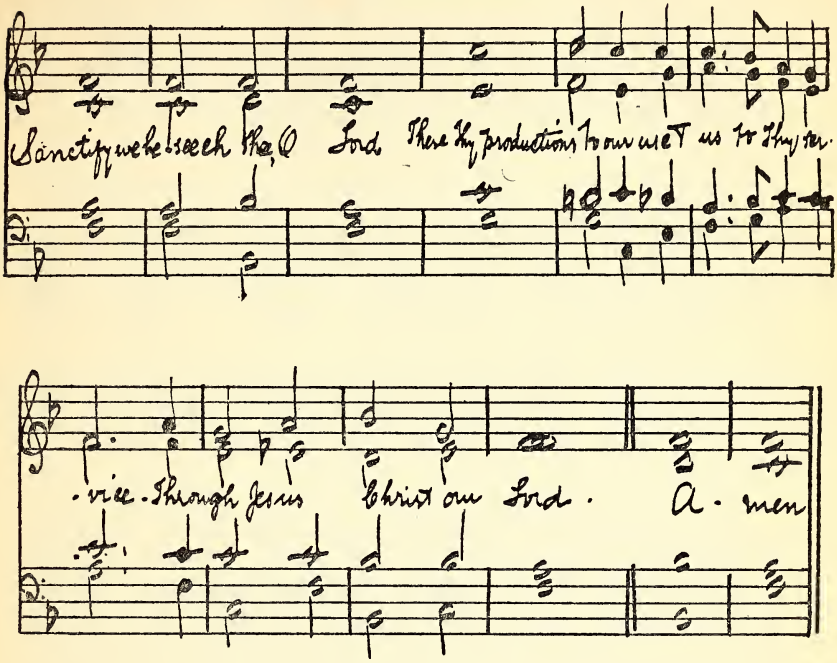
being washed may be imagined, but I stood it for three years and was none the worse for it.

The bell rang five minutes before each meal, and we assembled in a room near the dining-room called the railway room, because it contained two tall racks where the boys' travelling trunks were kept. We were formed into two lines, the men in one and the boys in the other. Every morning before breakfast, after we had fallen in, the two lines faced each other, and Mr Buckle walked between from end to end in order to see that our boots were clean. If anyone had shirked blacking his boots he was sent out of the line and not allowed to have breakfast till he had cleaned them and they had been passed by Mr Buckle. If the offence occurred frequently the luckless offender had to go without breakfast altogether. Anyone who cared to do so was at liberty to give another boy so much a week to clean his boots, and I was one of those who took advantage of that convenient arrangement. After the inspection, and on the second bell, we made a right turn, which brought us into single file. On the word "Forward," given by the head of the line, each boy put his right hand on the shoulder of the one in front of him. The bigger boys marched in first, and as soon as they were well inside the dining-room, "Forward" was given to our line, and we followed. We had quite a little distance to march from the railway room to the dining-room, and I imagine we made rather an imposing procession.

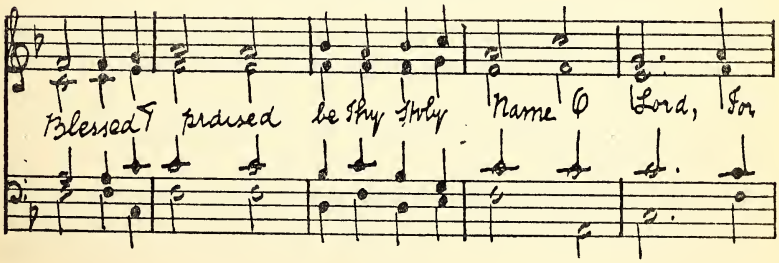
Everything was done in an orderly manner. Mrs Buckle generally presided in the dining-room, sitting at the desk and pouncing on any of us who even whispered. I can hear her now: "Hollins! do you stop talking!" After we were all in our places she knocked on the desk, and we all rose for Grace, which we sang. There were two forms of words,

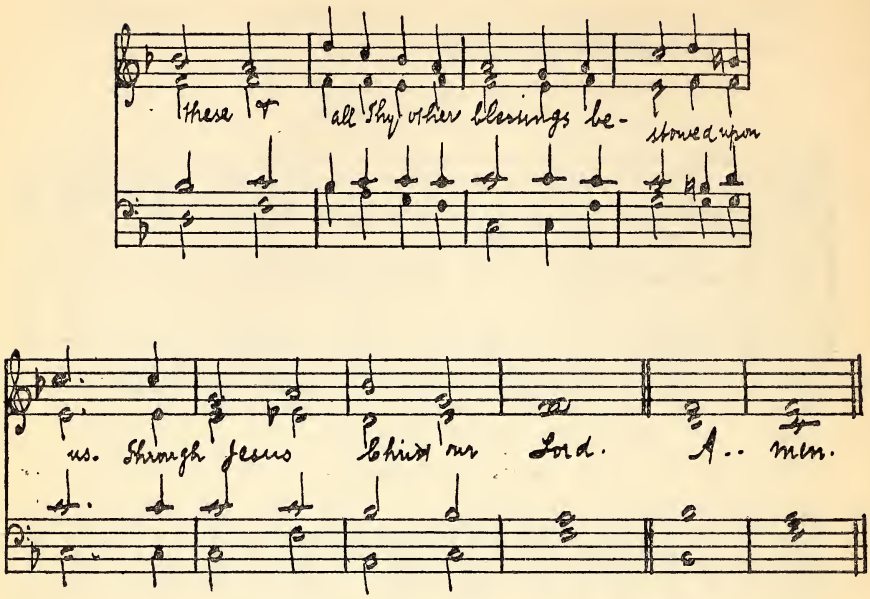
but who composed them I do not know. I remember them and give them here :—

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.



GRACE AFTER MEAT.





From March to September we got up at six, and during the other months at seven. The younger boys went to bed at eight, and the seniors at nine. There were three dormitories for boys: the First Room—seventeen beds; the Blue Room—six beds; and the New Room (over the dining-room)—twenty-four beds, where we little boys slept. Each dormitory had a monitor to keep order. One of the seniors was appointed locker-up and bell-ringer. Shortly before eight at night the "eight-o'clocks" assembled in the schoolroom, out of which a door led into the First Room. The locker-up unlocked this door and shouted, "All in!" After we were all in the door was locked again until it was reopened for the "nine-o'clocks." The schoolmaster had a room at the end of the New Room, and either he, or A. B. himself, would walk through an hour or so after we were in bed to see that everything was quiet. It

was quiet when either of them came, but as soon as the cat was away the mice resumed their play. We were not always noisy, however, for we would often find one of our number who had a gift for story-telling, and persuade him to " tell us a narrative."

But to us the real importance of the locker-up was in the morning. Only half an hour was allowed for washing and dressing, and as the lavatory accommodation was limited there was a great scramble. The bell rang again half an hour after the rising bell, and then, after five minutes' grace, the locker-up went through the three rooms calling " All out ! " And we had to be out quickly. Those who failed to get out in time were locked in until after breakfast. As breakfast was at eight all the year round, to be locked in during the summer meant waiting two hours, during which one's courage to meet A. B.'s reprimand might either be worked up or dissipated. If it was a first offence the breakfast tin of milk and one piece of bread were left in one's place, and one could sneak in and get it without anything being said ; but woe attended the second and subsequent offences. I was locked in three or four times, and a melancholy experience it was. From my dormitory above the dining-room I could hear the others march in and all that went on afterwards. As the last hymn at prayers was being sung, I began to quake, for I knew that my time was coming soon. But it was good training in punctuality, and one survived the punishment. Nor were punishments for minor offences severe : offenders were made to stand out and received one or more sharp strokes on the hand. Punishments for grave offences such as stealing were a different matter, and for these the birch-rod was used. Mr Buckle would order the boy to go to his dormitory and strip, and two of the seniors to hold him. We youngsters in the schoolroom listened in silence.

The school department was in charge of a resident master, but for an hour each morning Mr Buckle took a class of seniors, including one or two of the out-mates, in geography and algebra. During most of my time the schoolmaster was Mr Clark, whom I liked very much and who was fond of me. He was musical, and had a piano in his sitting-room. He introduced me to some of Chopin's easier music. It was not long before I was put under Mr Strickland, or Old Strick as we called him. The first thing he taught me was No. 1 of Cramer's Studies, and after my first lesson I went to Mr Clark in tears because I had hoped for some grand piece or other, and hated the Cramer.

There was only one pupil of outstanding musical ability—Arthur Stericker, who, like myself, was a native of Hull, and later went to Norwood. He was seven years my senior, and I looked on him as a kind of god. He played such pieces as the Moonlight Sonata and a Tarantelle by Thalberg which I thought wonderful. After I had been at the school a little while I used to ask him to let me blow for him when he played the organ, and I remember doing so while he practised Mendelssohn's third Sonata and the Overture to Samson. The organ was a very old one built by Booth of Wakefield. Probably it was an old one given to the school soon after its foundation.

I was anxious to find out all about this organ. It was in the concert room at the back of a deep and rather high platform, the front of which was divided into doors for access to the space beneath. I chummed up with a boy about my own age called Kinsley, who was as keen as I on prying into things, and we decided to get underneath the platform and find out what was kept there.

By that time I was allowed to practise on the organ, and had no difficulty therefore in getting into the concert room. The boys' entrance to

this room was by way of an outside flight of stone steps from the courtyard to the back of the platform. All went well the first time. We crawled to the back, and found a row of trackers, and behind them the feeders and main bellows. But we were not content with one visit, and when on our second exploration we were nicely ensconced in our cubby-hole we heard the outside door open and one of the pupils with his blower come in to practise. It was too risky to attempt to sneak out, for we were almost certain to be heard, so we had to remain crouching under the platform for half an hour until the pupil had finished practising.

Before long I was put into the choir, or, as we termed it, became one of the singers. I was by far the youngest member of the choir, which was not large, and consisted of senior girls and senior out-mates. The two principal girls were Mary Ann Scofield, a very good soprano, and Jane Smith, a contralto. They nearly always sang a duet at the weekly concerts, and one or other used often to sing a solo. Aunt Mary had taken a liking to Jane Smith some time before I went to the school, and invited her to spend her afternoon out—the first Saturday in each month—at our house. She was a nice quiet girl, and, I suspect, consumptive. She died a year or two after I left York. Mary Ann sat at one end of one row, and Jane at the end immediately behind her. The piano—a Broadwood Grand—was placed with its end towards the audience, and the men altos, tenors, and basses sat on the bass side and the girls on the other. At first I sat at the inside of the men alto row, but one day—whether in joke or not I do not know—Mr Barnby said: "Look here, Hollins, as you're the only boy treble, you had better go and sit next Mary Ann." This was heaven to me, but I paid for it by having to submit to a good deal of teasing.

To be in the choir was good training, for it made

me acquainted with some of the best music, both sacred and secular. Each programme served for two concerts, and was something like this: Piano Duet, usually played by Mr Strickland and one of the tenors, Tommy Haw. Sometimes Haw, who as a rule played treble, would forget to use the pedal, and we would hear Old Strick say in his rasping *sotto voce:* "Pedal, Tommy!" The next item was one of the old glees such as "Strike the Lyre," "Sleep, Gentle Lady," "By Celia's Arbour," &c., sung by four men. The alto in this quartette was a man called Charlie Holmes, and at first I was much amused by his falsetto voice. This was followed by a vocal duet sung by Mary Ann and Jane or by two of the male quartette. The fourth item was a song, and the fifth usually a part song for mixed voices. No. 6 was another song, and then a seventh item—another part song—concluded Part I. The second part began with an organ voluntary, played by either Strickland or Haw, which was followed by a few numbers from one of the oratorios or Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, or by an anthem such as "Praise the Lord" (Goss) or "I will wash my hands" (E. J. Hopkins). Our repertoire also included the Gloria from Mozart's Twelfth Mass.

The part songs we sang would be considered old-fashioned nowadays, but they were and still are well worth singing. For instance, we sang Pearsall's "Who shall win my lady fair?" and "O who will o'er the downs?" Another one never hears now was "Good night, good night, beloved," by Pinsuti. Mr Barnby was a brother of Joseph Barnby, and we heard much of brother Joe. We sang two of Joseph Barnby's part songs, "Luna" and "The Skylark," both very charming.

Barnby taught the choir and played most of the accompaniments, except those on the organ, which Strickland played. Barnby's method of teaching the choir new music was to play a short section of

each part, separately, several times until we had learnt it, and then proceed to the next. The parts are now brailled, and many blind choirs read them just as a sighted choir would, save with one difference: they cannot read music and words simultaneously, and must therefore either "la" the music and learn the words afterwards, or learn the words first and the music afterwards.

Probably the members of the male quartette will not be known to my readers, but I have a warm regard for those good, sterling people who influenced that early part of my life, and it gives me pleasure to record their names. They were all senior outmates. The alto was Charlie Holmes, a brushmaker, whom I have already described. The first tenor was Jacob Hird, a quiet man with a fair voice. He was a basket-maker. Tommy Haw was the second tenor, and the best musician of the four. The principal bass was a man called Wagstaff, who worked in the pan-shop—*i.e.*, the shop containing the pitch-pan where the brooms were made. The back window of the concert room overlooked the yard where the pan-shop was, and the smell of hot pitch always pervaded the room. There is no smell exactly like it. It is not unpleasant, and I can smell it now in imagination as I recall those days. Wagstaff was a bluff, good-natured Yorkshireman and had a broad Yorkshire accent. Barnby was a Londoner, and it was amusing to hear him trying to refine Wag's pronunciation. "Don't say *shahll*, but *shall!*" —which with Wag became *shell*, and Barnby eventually gave it up as hopeless. He succeeded better with the principal girls.

One of the best organists in the school was a man called Ware. He must have been well on in middle life when I was there, for we all thought him old. He lived out, and used to come to practise in the evenings. He played good music, such as Mendelssohn's first organ sonata, the last movement of

which is a fine piece of work. Ware regularly attended Evensong in the Minster almost up to his death. Dr Naylor and Dr Noble knew him well, and appreciated his love of the Minster and its services. The last time I met him was early in this century, when I went to York to play a concerto with Dr Noble's orchestra and attended service at the Minster.

Although Barnby came every afternoon except Saturday, I do not remember that he gave regular lessons to any of us. He would sometimes hear me play, but the only injunction of his that I recollect was, "Bend those fingers! Bend those fingers!" I think he must have left the spade-work to Banks and Strickland.

Every Friday the programme for the next week's concerts was arranged by Barnby, Strickland, and Wagstaff. Before arranging the programmes Barnby took the seniors in harmony, or Thorough Bass as it was more commonly called then. I was allowed to attend this class later on, but it was far beyond me.

Under the platform in the concert room were kept a table and two or three boards with the treble and bass staves marked in raised lines and pierced with small holes for reception of pins to represent note values and suchlike. The harmony class wrote little exercises on these boards. I did not reach that stage, but it was my duty to get out the table, boards and pins, and to sort the pins and replace them in their box during the harmony lesson. The book Barnby used was Stainer's Harmony Primer, but, as will have been inferred, I made nothing of it. It was the programmes that interested me, and on the plea of sorting pins I used to stay after the class and learn what we were to have.

I found peculiar pleasure in the printing of the programmes in raised ordinary letters under Strickland's supervision. We had our piano lessons in a stone-floored room called the lesson room, opening off the courtyard. In this room Strick kept his

types, arranged in the usual printers' upper and lower cases. The type was set up in an ordinary printer's forme, which was later put into a hand printing press kept on the schoolroom landing, some distance from the lesson room. Strick used to set up his programme between lessons, and it was then left in the lesson room for two or three days before printing off. This was my chance. I went into the lesson room after Strick had gone home and read the forme. It was always headed: CONCERTS AT THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND. And at the foot: "After the performance the pupils may be seen at work at their various trades. Subscribers admitted free. YORK. MDCCCLXXV." That is how—and where—I learned Roman numerals.

There were not many pianos, and most of the practising was done in the lesson room, but for some reason or other I was told to practise on a little Broadwood pianette in Mr Buckle's dining-room. My time for practising was just after the Buckles had finished breakfast, and either Mrs Buckle or the girls' schoolmistress used often to give me a piece of hot buttered toast.

The religious teaching at the school was that of the Church of England. At prayers we had the first part of Matins, omitting the Absolution and the Psalms. The General Confession was said in the morning, but sung at night. In chanting the Confession we used the same form as that used in the Minster, which had inflexions or deviations from the monotone A at various points, such as "like lost sheep." And every Friday night Mr Buckle intoned and we sang the Litany. When he began we stifled irreligious groans, for we knew from painful experience that long kneeling on those hard forms with our hands resting on the table was far from comfortable.

A door led from the boys' grounds into the gardens of St Mary's Abbey (in ruins) adjoining the school

and known as the Museum Gardens. On Sunday mornings shortly after ten o'clock we assembled in our own grounds and walked through the Museum Gardens, two and two, to St Olave's Church in Marygate.

My walking partner was a rough, vulgar boy whom I will call B. One Sunday morning we grew restless during the service, and B. began to talk to me. When we got home I received a severe reprimand from Mr Buckle, who threatened me with bread and water if the offence were repeated. B. was not blamed. Next Sunday I was particularly careful to resist B.'s overtures, and I kept quiet—or at least so I believed. But it was dry bread and water for dinner, and B. again went scot-free. Perhaps two Sundays then passed without further trouble, but on the third B. gave me a vigorous punch in the stomach with his elbow and knocked the wind out of me. No doubt I made a noise, and for the second time it was bread and water for dinner, followed on this occasion by dismissal to bed without anything more to eat for the rest of the day. Mr Buckle came up to the dormitory in the middle of the afternoon and told me that if there were further trouble he would birch me, and I knew that he meant what he said. How far I might have borne the bodily pain of birching I do not know. I was not physically strong, and was then—as I know I am to-day—extremely sensitive to any kind of harshness. But a grievous sense of injustice, such as only a child can know, was branded on my mind, and I knew I could not survive the disgrace of being birched like those boys whose dreadful punishment for thieving I had heard more than once. Heaven be thanked, I was transferred to another partner, and the offence was not repeated.

But let me end this account of my days at the school in York in a major key, for on the whole it was a happy experience. Although while there I

was not systematically grounded in music I acquired a good deal of musical knowledge, and my general education was improved. Strick had memorised all the choruses in the Messiah, and I became fired with the ambition to do the same. Strick began teaching them to me, and I got as far as the Hallelujah. Singing the choruses at the concerts was a great help in memorising them. So far as I remember, Strick did not give me any organ lessons, but I heard others play and was allowed to practise and find the technique out for myself.

Listening has been a great help throughout my life. To be able to listen intelligently and assimilate the best in everything is one of the greatest assets a blind person can have. From a very early age I trained myself to listen carefully not only to any piece of music, but to the player's style and technique, and if I liked either the music or the style I took the first opportunity of learning the piece and copying the style. Unfortunately at York we had very few opportunities of hearing music outside the school, but this was made up for at Norwood. During my time at York I think I went to only one concert, a performance of Acis and Galatea with a miscellaneous second part. I believe the Hallé Orchestra accompanied, but I must have been too young to realise what I was listening to, for it has left no impression on my memory.

To my grief, my grandmother died in April 1876, and soon after her death Aunt Mary sold Welton House and the furniture and travelled amongst friends. My father had married again, and after grandmother's death I spent my next holidays with my father and stepmother in Hull, where they lived at 2 Kingston Square. My brother Jim had left school some time previously and was apprenticed to a firm of timber merchants. He lived at home, and I had the joy of his companionship during the holidays.

The Kingston Square house was large and old-fashioned, with a basement kitchen. There was a speaking tube from the dining-room to the kitchen, and I remember blowing down the tube, hearing the maid answer, and saying, "Will you please come upstairs and help carry up the luggage?" Thereupon I constituted myself operator whenever the speaking tube was required.

Jim was very good to me and greatly interested in all my concerns. He had recently become engaged to Miss Charlotte Stephenson, whose father was a very musical man. He kept a high-class music shop, conducted the Hull Harmonic Society, and was organist of St John's Church, where to my joy I often sat beside him on the organ seat. And many a happy hour did I spend with Charlotte in her father's shop, trying new pianos and harmoniums and examining all other kinds of musical instruments. Jim sang tenor in St John's Choir, and it was not long before he persuaded Mr Stephenson to let me try his organ, a three-decker Forster & Andrews with tracker action and mechanical draw-stops. The console (inside the organ) was a kind of cubby-hole at the treble end. The organ was hand blown, and the blower was close beside the organist on his right. My first attempt was one Sunday morning when Mr Stephenson asked me to play the concluding voluntary, and I chose the Minuet from the overture to Samson. Probably I did not use the pedals, for I had learned the Minuet on the piano and had not the knowledge to arrange a pedal part. I made a bad start. I had been told that the Great was in the middle, but I was too nervous to think of such a thing and began on the Choir. I stopped and began again, this time on the Great, and after that all went well. St John's was famous musically in one respect, for John Bacchus Dykes was either vicar or curate there for a time.

Jim often took me to Evensong at Holy Trinity,

where a large three-manual Forster & Andrews with a pedal Trombone (a stop entirely new to me) had recently been installed. Holy Trinity is a fine church for sound, and the organ was in a splendid position. The organist was a Mr Jackman, who played well, and the choir was good. Altogether those services were a great treat and a real musical stimulus. Canon MacCormick (father of the famous Pat MacCormick and his endearing brother Gough) was Vicar of Hull, and I remember his preaching a sermon from the text: "Come, let us kill him, that the inheritance may be ours."

During my next holiday my father arranged with one of the church-wardens or sidesmen, Councillor Hewit, for me to try Holy Trinity organ. This was a red-letter day, for not only was the organ the largest I had yet tried, but the first to give me experience of pneumatic action. The pneumatic was Barker Lever, and I think it was fitted only to the Great and couplers, the action of the other two manuals and pedal being tracker. I was at once struck with the lightness of the touch on the Great, even with everything coupled.

Lying in bed one night and thinking about the organ the idea suddenly struck me that one could play a melody on one manual and accompany it on a softer stop on another. (Strangely enough, I had not heard it done.) Next morning I tried the experiment, using the Oboe for melody and the Dulciana for accompaniment, and the result filled me with delight. To a small boy not yet ten years old it was a wonderful discovery.

I have always found it a great help to think about effects and devices away from the instrument, and I still do a lot of practising in my head. When I have learnt the notes of an organ piece I begin to think how best to register it on my own organ, and what will be the quickest way of getting the various combinations. In fact, now that Braille music

notation has been so much improved by the use of the bar by bar method, I memorise almost entirely away from the instrument and practise in my head more than ever. Braille music was hardly known in this country when I was at York, but during one of the vacations Mr Buckle visited Denmark and the Copenhagen Blind School, and brought back some Braille music printed in Denmark and an apparatus for writing with a pencil. Among this music was a book containing the melodies of well-known chorales and hymn tunes. One of the senior boys named Clark, a good organist, had a knowledge of Braille music, and taught me. I learned to read these melodies and simple four-part music, but could not turn my knowledge to practical account until I went to Norwood.

All this time I had been having lessons both from Banks and Strickland, and although I can only remember learning a Rondo in D by Mozart and beginning the first movement of Beethoven's "Funeral March" sonata, I must have been able to play pretty well, for during my last "half" Barnby suggested that Stericker and I should learn a duet to play at the concerts. For me, only eleven, to be associated with the great Stericker, seven years my senior, was great promotion. We learned a fantasia on themes from Donizetti by Rosellen, and subsequently performed it in public. Our performances must have been a success, for we were at once set to learn the Overture to the "Merry Wives of Windsor." This was almost at the end of my last term, and I was unable to finish learning my part in the time available.

Another promotion of which I was very proud was being appointed one of the few who played the harmonium for prayers. Each one deemed qualified was given a week, and I was the youngest. The harmonium was not a good one, but I listened attentively to the best players and copied them.

We had our own regular round of chants and hymns, and I got into trouble for playing a chant I had heard at St James's Church, Hull, during the holidays. I liked it very much, picked it up by ear, and trotted it out when I got back and my week came round. I played the chant over and started the psalm, but no one sang. I persevered, and a few who had good ears began to chirp a little, but the daring experiment was a complete failure, and I was told that if I did such a thing again I should have my week taken from me.

It was at this time that I first heard an organ recital. It was at the opening of the organ in Lendal Congregational Church. The organ, a small two-manual (which I tried later), was built by Denman of York, and Dr Spark of Leeds opened it. I have forgotten his programme, except that he extemporised on a given theme, but I know that I thought both the organ and the recital very wonderful.

Throughout my life circumstances have brought me into contact with famous preachers, beginning, as I have already recorded, with Dr Hunter. After my grandfather's death, we frequently attended the Baptist Chapel, York, of which the late F. B. Meyer was minister. It was his first charge. My cousin Annie and I went to one of his Sunday School parties, when he gave each child a New Testament bound in American cloth. This was the only time I actually met him, for although when an old man he preached in St George's, Edinburgh, on a week-night, I was not at the organ. He had rather a high voice, with a southern accent, and the impression lingers that one of his mannerisms was frequently to begin his prayers with "Dear Saviour." I remember the consternation when Meyer announced that he had accepted a call to Leicester. I was present when he preached his farewell sermon from the text: "I commend you to God."

CHAPTER IV.

INTRODUCTION TO NORWOOD.

My stepmother, who was very kind to me and took a great interest in my welfare, was not satisfied that I should remain at York. Someone mentioned a wonderful new College at Norwood, and my father wrote for descriptive literature. I heard glowing passages from the College report: there were fifty practising pianos and three organs; there was a wonderful gymnasium. It seemed almost impossible.

Although on going to Norwood I had almost everything to unlearn in music, the hardy life at York was good training and had given me a very fair general education. I had learned to read and write Braille well, and could read two other types fluently, and I knew something of arithmetic, as far as simple and compound long division.

The Kingston Square house with its speaking tube had been given up in 1877 and we had removed to 1 Carlton Villas, on the Anleby Road Boulevard. On New Year's Day 1878 my father took me from Hull to London, and we stayed the night at a quiet little hotel in Norfolk Street off the Strand. For the first time I heard the real St Paul's clock strike on its deep A flat bell. How fine I thought it then, and how fine I think it now with its big splash of harmonics! Although Great Paul, which was hung a little later, has a deeper and purer note (double E flat), I prefer the clock bell, which carries much farther than its bigger brother. And in this preference I am in good company, for Lewis, the well-

known organ builder and bell founder, told me that Henry Smart considered the clock bell of St Paul's the finest he had ever heard.

Next morning, Wednesday, we took the train from Holborn Viaduct to Crystal Palace, High Level Station. Little did I dream how many hundreds of times I was destined to travel up and down that weary stretch of line, and how I would hate it and grumble at the hard wooden seats and the through-and-through smelly compartments! For sighted people it must have been still worse, for they would have the added discomfort of bad light. I have gone up to town by the first train in the morning and come down again at midnight, after being at some glorious concert, more times than I can count. There was nothing like that line and that journey for bringing one down to earth—and perhaps a little lower—after having been in the seventh heaven, listening perhaps to the Meistersinger Overture or some other great work.

We arrived at the College about eleven and were directed to Mr Campbell's house—a separate building in the grounds—and shown into his library. The first sound to greet us was a chorus of singing birds in a large aviary: a good omen. Campbell loved all birds and animals, and later on he had a kennel built which contained, first, two fine St Bernard dogs, and afterwards a great mastiff.

To tell all about the College and its first Principal would fill a book; I can do no more than give an indication of Francis Joseph Campbell's great work for his sightless brethren. Blind himself, his aim was to give his pupils the highest possible education, not only in music—which came first—but in every branch of scholastic work. He sought to equip them to take part in life with their sighted fellow-beings on equal terms and to gain such recognition as might have been theirs had blindness not handicapped them.

Campbell welcomed us and introduced us to his wife. She was his second wife, the first Mrs Campbell having died shortly after the College was founded in 1872. To say that Mrs Campbell was his right hand in everything is not enough. She was his second self, his eyes. Like her husband, she was American, one of two or three ladies whom he brought over as teachers in the school department. For the first ten years or so there was no schoolmaster, but as the College grew and many young men from other blind schools entered it to complete their musical training, Campbell found that a master was necessary. The first was Mr Jackson, an American, and an efficient teacher and disciplinarian.

There were then three buildings: The Mount; Mr Campbell's house; and the main building, known simply as The Building. Although not the first home of the College, which had begun with one or two pupils in two small houses in Paxton Terrace, lower down the hill, The Mount was the first property purchased. It has extensive grounds laid out in terraces, and there is a large meadow, acquired later. Campbell was an ardent advocate of open air, physical exercise, and as much playground as possible. This was at the time a new idea.

The Building, a four-storey structure, long and narrow, without any pretension to style, was specially designed for college purposes. The hall, which holds about five hundred people, was placed on the second floor, with a large platform and the organ at one end, and a small gallery—entered from the third floor—at the other. When my father and I went into the gallery to get a good view of the hall we noticed a cord suspended from the front and reaching to within six or seven feet of the floor—the middle part of which had been cleared of chairs—and a large Christmas tree immediately in front of the platform. The annual Christmas Festival had been held on the previous day. It was the custom to

give a concert and display of the pupils' parlour tricks, and for the Christmas tree—for many years in succession the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury —to be unveiled by a lady of high rank such as the Princess Frederica of Hanover. On the first evening the boys played games and were given presents from the tree, and the second evening was devoted to the girls.

The cord was for a game I must describe. A fairly large paper bag was filled with nuts and the mouth tied up. The bag was then fastened to the cord, and one of the party, with a good stout walking-stick in his hand, was led under the bag of nuts and allowed to touch it lightly with the stick. (A sighted player was blind-folded.) He was then turned round vigorously three times and allowed three tries at hitting the bag and bursting it. If he succeeded there was a general scramble for the nuts. Occasionally some mischievous person in the gallery pulled the bag up out of the player's reach and he beat the air in vain.

We came to the boys' schoolroom and were introduced to the little boys' teacher, Miss Adams, who was taking a class. I was glad to know that she would have me in her care. She was good and kind and a born teacher of and mother to little boys like myself.

My father said good-bye and left me with Miss Adams. In charge of a boy about my own age, called Wilmot, I went down to the sitting-room or play-room on the ground floor, where we remained until dinner-time, one o'clock. Wilmot is now piano-tuner with the principal music firm in Minneapolis, and we met again after many years when I was there on my last American tour in 1925. We talked over our old Norwood days and especially my first morning. I suppose that when we boys got together in the sitting-room there must have been a good deal of noise, and I daresay the others ragged me a bit.

Wilmot recalled how I jumped up and down if anything pleased or excited me, and how at last I said in a plaintive voice, "You'd better be careful what you're saying," and begged to be taken to Miss Adams.

The bell rang at five minutes to one, and we had all to be seated at table in The Mount by one o'clock. Each morning the bell gave one stroke two minutes after breakfast-time, 7.15, and anyone coming in after that was forgiven the first time and sent to report to Campbell the second. The young men and boys dined in a large room presided over by the matron, Miss Proctor, whom everyone loved, and the girls dined in a smaller room in charge of one of the teachers. We little boys sat at Miss Adams' table, and happily for me I was placed next to her. How different it all was from York! There were white linen table-cloths, and each of us had a table-napkin, knife and fork for meat, spoon and fork for pudding, and a tumbler. I had never been taught to cut my own meat, and I think Miss Adams cut it for me for a time. But I had to learn to do it for myself as well as I could. It was drilled into us that we should be ashamed to ask anyone to cut up our food, but I have since come to think differently.

Another thing both pleasant and strange to me was that after grace said by Miss Proctor we were allowed to talk to our hearts' content so long as we did not raise our voices too much. The two tables reserved for the young men were often a House of Commons in miniature, especially if there was anything going on in the outside world to excite strong feeling. Interest in the war between Turkey and Russia was then at its height. Over the dinner-table the men fought battles with words, and out-of-doors we boys knocked each other about and wrestled to make either Russian or Turk give in.

There was no grace after meals. When Miss Proctor saw that everyone had finished she said to

those at her table, " You are excused " ; and when they had got clear the teacher at the other men's table followed her lead. Last of all, Miss Adams excused her small charges.

When I first went to College there were three lady teachers who took boys and girls together in classes. Miss Adams taught arithmetic and general subjects. Miss Parker—younger and, as I have always imagined, rather nice-looking—taught physics or, as it was then called, Natural Philosophy. Miss Greene—the oldest and a particularly fine character—taught Euclid to the older boys and girls, and poetry to the younger ones. I can still recite with almost complete accuracy many of the poems Miss Greene taught us. They were both grave and gay. There was the Address to the Ocean from Byron's " Childe Harold " ; there was " Thanotopsis," by William Cullen Bryant ; and that great favourite of mine, " The Old Man Dreams," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. One of the humorous pieces was Trowbridge's " Darius Green and his Flying Machine." I wonder what Darius would think now if he could see how his wildest dreams of flying have not only come true but been far surpassed.

Wednesday afternoon was a half-holiday, and I spent my first in getting to know some of my schoolmates and learning the geography of The Building. I also heard a great deal about the inner workings of the College and the characteristics of those in authority.

Everyone was full of the first orchestral concert under the auspices of the College, which had been given in St James's Hall the previous year. It was a bold and original venture, involving the expenditure of a considerable sum of money ; but Campbell believed it would be worth it, and he was right. He wanted to draw the attention of leading musicians, music critics, and the musical public to the College and its work, and especially the musical

part of it. He engaged an orchestra of 119 players under the direction of Mr (afterwards Sir) August Manns, the conductor of the Crystal Palace Orchestra, whose Saturday concerts were even then widely celebrated. Mr Frits Hartvigson, the piano professor at the College—of whom there is much to tell—played the Tschaikowsky B flat minor Concerto for the first time in this country. A young singer, Herr Henschel, who was beginning to make a name for himself, sang. The College students took part with the orchestra in Gade's " Spring's Message " for chorus, piano, and orchestra, and a brilliant young blind pianist named Schwier, one of the pupils, played the piano part. With such an original programme and such original soloists it is not surprising that Campbell succeeded in his object. The Tschaikowsky Concerto alone gave the College a good press, for it raised as great a storm of adverse criticism as it now raises storms of applause, even though nowadays the ultra-moderns condemn it as being over-tuneful. In a critique I read recently it was described as restaurant music.

Another of many thrills that Wednesday afternoon was to learn that the great E. J. Hopkins (afterwards Dr Hopkins) was our organ professor, and that Wednesday afternoon was his day. Young as I was, I had already learned to appreciate Hopkins's compositions. I did not come into contact with him until two or three months later, but I found myself under his influence almost at once. He used to take the choir for the last hour of his visit each week, and even those who did not sing had to be present. When I went to the College they were studying certain numbers from The Creation and Elijah, and I remember my delight at the singing of the solo part in " The Marvellous Work " by one of the girl pupils, Annie Jones. I had not previously heard a soprano take high C, and thought it a wonderful achievement. Hopkins accompanied

on the organ. His clear, crisp touch and registration came home to me at once.

There were some first-rate solo singers, both men and women, but none of them achieved fame on the concert platform. A blind organist or pianist has a much better chance of gripping an audience than a blind singer or speaker. Let the singer have never so good a voice and method, he is handicapped by not being able to look at his audience. Even in everyday talk with sighted people, one who is blind nearly always finds it difficult to hold the attention of his listeners for long. Sight must have a peculiar power to evoke or command emotion, and the power seems to be raised to its highest when both parties to a discussion, or all those engaged in a conversation, can see each other. I can imagine how much easier it must be to sum up a new character when one can see the face, and particularly the eyes, inspired by it. The blind have no such help, and must rely on hearing and that subtle sense of appropriateness to which I have already referred.

There is in many sighted people a tendency to treat the blind in an off-hand manner, and even those who know a blind man personally will not seldom avoid speaking to him if they think the avoidance will not be noticed. Almost all sighted people will show the blind across a road or do things collectively to give them pleasure. They will arrange an annual tea or entertainment or send subscriptions to aid a blind charity, but as individuals they are slow to do anything to give a blind person happiness. There is plenty of pity for the blind, but of friendship or comradeship very little. It is almost as though they were condemned to be a race apart, and it is not surprising that they tend to herd together and become clannish and self-absorbed, with loss both to themselves and—if I may say so—the sighted also.

Another important member of the College staff

was Mr Young, the tuning-master. He had been a foreman in Broadwoods' factory and knew everything there was to know about the making of a piano. He had charge of the boys and men, there being no schoolmaster at that time, and he was a good friend. Both the College and its numerous pianists (professors and students) of two generations past owe a great debt of gratitude to the firm of John Broadwood & Sons. They presented to the College a Concert Grand for the hall, and later on, when this was transferred to one of the rooms and used for teaching, they supplied the hall with a Grand free of charge, changing it two or three times a year. They allowed Mr Young—perhaps the best all-round man in their factory—to become tuning-master, and arranged for tuner-students, one at a time, to go to their factory for six months to gain experience. Other leading piano-makers did the same for tuner-students.

I, too, am indebted to Broadwoods' for much kindness. When I began my public pianistic career they supplied me with a Grand for my own use at the College ; and after I was married they provided me with one in my own house, continuing to do so until I left London for Edinburgh. I had the same status with them as Sir Charles Hallé and other leading pianists, in that they would send a full Concert Grand for me wherever I was playing, and a tuner with it. All this was free of charge. The late A. J. Hipkins, the great authority on old instruments and one of the heads of Broadwoods', became a personal friend.

In 1878 there were in the College three organs built by Forster & Andrews two years previously : a large three-manual in the hall ; a small one for the boys ; a similar small one for the girls. Each of the small organs consisted of one manual and a full compass pedal board. All three were supplied with wind from three large feeders in the basement,

worked by an old-fashioned gas engine in a wooden house immediately outside the building. The little organs were very useful, not only for getting up the technique of a piece, but also for committing to memory from Braille.

Until ten or twelve years ago Braille music was written in short blocks or paragraphs: first, a few bars for the right hand, next the corresponding bars for the left hand, and finally (in organ music) the pedal part. Although after I had mastered Braille music I could memorise away from the instrument with the old style of notation, I found it easier to play as I read. First I read a block of right-hand with my left, playing with my right; and when I had done this several times until my fingers found the notes almost automatically, I read with my right hand and played with my left, thus memorising the left. While the left hand was learning, the right often forgot, and the job had then to be done again before I could put the hands together. Then I learned the pedal part, which in itself was easy, consisting as it did chiefly of single notes. But it was not always easy to play the two hands and pedal together without anyone near to correct me from a sighted copy. It was, in fact, a slow and often a difficult process, especially in big contrapuntal works like Bach's.

I must have pegged away pretty constantly for several years, for besides many other pieces, including Mendelssohn's first four organ sonatas, I memorised all Bach's great organ fugues. The opening bravura passage in his Toccata and Fugue in C gave me more difficulty than anything else, largely because of the way in which it was written in Braille. For instance, where a scale passage began in the right hand and finished in the left, at the point where the left hand took over from the right, the right hand was filled up with rests, which was confusing. I had learned and could play all

the fugues before I was twenty, and they are so fixed in my memory that I can still play many of them without difficulty. I remember almost all the music I learned before I was twenty far better than that which I learned, say, between twenty and fifty, but that is to be expected. As one grows older one's powers of memorising lose some of their resilience, and, apart from that, in my student days I practised hard and steadily, and the Bach is in fact only a small part of the music I committed to memory at that time. Before I was twenty I had played the piano part of four concertos with various orchestras, besides having learned a large number of solo pieces both for piano and organ and a quantity of accompaniments of choruses, anthems, songs, and so on.

There was a marked difference between Norwood and York in the way prayers were taken. York followed the form of the Church of England, but Norwood was undenominational and prayers were very simple, consisting of a chapter from the Bible (read in the morning by Mrs Campbell and in the evening by one of the pupils, except on Sunday morning, when Miss Proctor read), followed by a hymn and the Lord's Prayer. After we were all assembled for prayers, Campbell called on one of the pupils—either boy or girl—to play, and it was only then that he announced what the hymn was to be. The selected pupil became the organist for the day, but if he or she was not particularly good and a distinguished visitor happened to be present in the evening, one of the best pupils was selected. After the reading, a bell was struck for us to rise for the singing; and again, after everything was finished, for dismissal. On my first night I was not prepared for this bell and it gave me a great start.

Campbell did not keep any record of the singing and got into the habit of identifying certain pupils with certain hymns. When he announced a particular hymn we could always guess who would play

it. Then there were special hymns for special occasions, not all of them religious occasions. If some unlucky wight was going to have a thrashing, or there was to be a scolding for the whole school, we almost invariably had a hymn beginning "Glad hearts to Thee we bring." Before morning prayers Mr and Mrs Campbell and the teachers met in a room close to the hall, and if a long time elapsed before they came in we knew that something serious was brewing. Our worst fears were confirmed if we heard Campbell lay his cane on the piano, and in that he made a mistake. It would have been bad for any young children, and it was particularly bad for blind children. Until I was much older and more used to the custom I went to morning prayers frightened and unhappy, with my heart going nineteen to the dozen. I am glad to say that in later years Campbell saw and dealt with all offenders privately.

On Sundays we were allowed to attend our own particular places of worship. Although my father was a Congregationalist he told Campbell that he thought I should attend the Church of England, because I had been accustomed to do so at York, and with the other little boys I was taken by one of the maids to All Saints, the Parish Church of Upper Norwood. The psalms were said in the morning and sung at night. The church had a gallery all round except at the chancel end, and we sat in the back gallery immediately in front of the organ and the mixed choir. The organist at that time had a habit of pumping the Swell pedal and banging down the composition pedals, and later on I used to imitate him, much to the amusement of my friend, John Shillington, who will appear in these pages in due time. We did not go to church at night, but one of the senior girls, Miss Scott, who was a pupil teacher, took us little boys for an hour and told us a story. She told very simple tales, but so well that one could

not help thinking she was reading them. They were not short stories, but books which she repeated almost word for word.

Reminiscence has a way of leading one into by-paths. Many pages back I mentioned dinner at the College, and since then I have given first-day impressions, subsequent recollections, and comments suggested by reminiscence. Let me now direct my readers to tea, that homely and familiar meal than which there is none more delightful. It is an occasion when talking is more important than eating and drinking. It is a time for social intercourse. But even as a talk over the tea-cups is rightly discursive, so doubtless I shall again be tempted to wander before this chapter runs to its natural end.

At Norwood our afternoon feed was tea or milk, as much bread and butter as we wanted, and freedom of conversation. It was at six o'clock and we had usually finished by about twenty-past. At half-past six the bell rang and we went to our respective rooms for half an hour's meditation. We were supposed to read a chapter from the Bible or find some other religious interest, but blind boys are no more pious than sighted, and much secular literature was read during that time. On Sundays the half-hour was extended to an hour, and with many of us meditation became beditation, a relaxation involving risk of punishment. A narrow strip of glass was let into the door of every room so that anyone walking along the corridor might look in and see what the occupants were doing, and one might easily and literally be caught napping. Sometimes we were venturesome enough to hang something over the glass, but woe betide anyone who was caught!

In the morning at half-past six piano and organ practising began, and the babel of a dozen or more pianos was at first a strange and rather bewildering experience. Most of the pupils seemed to be practising one kind of slow exercise. I had never before

heard anything like it. Afterwards I learnt that it was the first exercise in Plaidy's Pianoforte Technique, and before long I was practising it myself. Campbell had studied under Kullak and Plaidy, and insisted on a thorough grounding in technical work. I think he overdid it. He had several collections of studies by different composers printed in Braille, and insisted on our learning as many as possible. He did not realise that it took a great deal of time to memorise the mere notes of an elaborate study, not to mention the further precious hours spent in practising it.

The College employed three or four music readers. These were young men and women who came to the College on mutual terms—*i.e.*, they received their board and lodging and piano and organ lessons in return for teaching the pupils, or, as we called it, reading to them the notes of their several pieces. The music readers were very hardworked. They read at least six or seven hours every day and had little time in which to practise for their weekly lessons. At York we were taught the notes by Strickland himself, or perhaps by Banks. At Norwood one had an hour's piano and an hour's organ reading every week, or, if lucky, perhaps two piano readings. During each reading one learned as much as one's head could take in, but if the reading hour came towards the end of the afternoon and either reader or student (or maybe both) were feeling tired and sleepy, much of the hour was lost. Even if conditions were favourable and memory of an hour's reading seemed reliable, something might easily prevent an immediate trying over of what had been read, and later on was too late. The thing was almost completely forgotten. Then an S.O.S. would be sent out to the poor reader: "Oh, Mr X. (or Miss Y.), can you spare a minute after you've finished this reading just to tell me a passage I've forgotten?" Our readers were kindness itself and would respond

willingly to a cry of distress, but how they managed it I do not know.

Frits Hartvigson gave bi-weekly piano recitals at five o'clock every Tuesday and Friday, and I heard him on my first Friday at the College. It was a thrilling experience. He was then playing Grieg's works as they came out, and at this, the first recital I heard him give, he played the Poetic Tone Pictures. I shall never forget that recital as long as I live. I cannot even begin to describe my delight at those beautiful and unexpected harmonies and at Hartvigson's playing. He had none of the sloppy sentimentality common at the time, and some might even have thought his playing cold. His touch was beautifully clear and crisp, and he was never carried away by the craze for excessive speed, so prevalent to-day. A year or two after I went to Norwood he injured his arm by over-practising. This injury eventually compelled him to give up playing in public, but he still continued his recitals at the College. Having the gift of sight himself, Hartvigson was a man who strove to help the blind by imparting to them all he could of his musical knowledge and skill. As some of my readers will recollect, he was a Dane by birth and at one time Court Pianist to the late Queen Alexandra when she was Princess of Wales.

CHAPTER V.

HERO-WORSHIP AND A PLAYGROUND RAILWAY.

PROBABLY it was on my second day at the College that Campbell started me on Plaidy. He gave me a regular lesson at least once a week, and I soon became a favourite pupil. He did not at once send me to Hartvigson, but for a month or two placed me under Miss Campbell, who eventually became a lifelong and intimate friend. Miss Campbell was an orphan, not related to Campbell himself. She was his first pupil, having entered immediately on the foundation of the College in 1872, and she remained there until her death in September 1931.

The lessons Miss Campbell gave me were very happy times. When I began work with her she was reading and thoroughly enjoying Mendelssohn's Letters to his sister Fanny, and she gave up much of the lesson time to telling me all about them. A good many hours were spent in talking about music and musicians, and in that way I gained much in general musical knowledge.

Throughout my college life there was a cult in piano and organ pieces, and we were all anxious to learn whatever happened to be in the fashion. I began with Raff's collection of moderately easy small compositions, Op. 75, and more particularly "The March of the Gipsies" and "On Horse-back." I think the Gipsies' March was actually the first piece of music Miss Campbell taught me. I had never heard anything so weird and strange, and I cannot say that I ever liked it. But it taught me

staccato playing. I had not previously been shown how to play with a loose wrist.

The other little work I have just mentioned—"On Horse-back"—afterwards became a show piece of mine. It was necessary to show off both the College and the pupils to visitors, for Campbell could never have carried it on and increased its usefulness had he not enlisted the interest and help of distinguished people. In theory, only one afternoon a month was given up to visitors, but as Campbell's work came more and more under public notice the number of visitors increased, and pupils never knew when they might be called from work to display their prowess.

It was not long before I became a show pupil, both in music and in certain departments of school work. Always fond of getting to the bottom of anything mechanical, I found Miss Parker's natural philosophy class very interesting. Our apparatus for experimental work was scanty and antiquated, but it included an air pump, and as it happened that I understood and could explain it better than others in the class, Miss Parker used to ask me to demonstrate its construction and working. One experiment nearly always drew a scream from any lady who happened to be there. A glass receiver shaped like a bell, but with a small circular opening at the top, was placed on the plate of the air pump and a thin piece of bladder tied over the opening in the same way as a housewife covers a jam-jar. The air was then exhausted from the receiver, and when a sufficient vacuum had been created the bladder burst with a loud report.

We had little electrical apparatus, and what there was of it was of limited use. There was an old frictional electric machine which was excited by flicking one of the plates with a fur glove. Although we spent most of the class time for several days trying to make it go, we only succeeded once for

two or three minutes, and that was on a dry, frosty morning. But it gave us amusement, and we learned a good deal of the theoretical side of the subject, if not of the practical.

Later on I was put into Miss Greene's Euclid class. I have heard that music and mathematics often go together, but it is not so with me, and I did not get beyond the Asses' Bridge. The Moon Press published the figures only of the first book of Euclid, with the Definitions, Axioms, and Postulates at the beginning, and this we used. Some of the more advanced students tackled the second and third books, and for them Miss Greene made the figures on a board with string fixed round nails.

Just before I left York I had heard someone read an article describing a wonderful invention called the Typewriter, recently brought out in America, and I could not understand how it was possible to have a key for each letter and print any required letter in any part of a line. On my first morning at Norwood, when my father and I were being shown round, we were taken into the office, and there, to my joy, was one of the first Remington typewriters. Compared with typewriters of the present day it was a queer-looking and cumbersome piece of machinery; but it worked well, and I thought it marvellous, as indeed it was. From that moment it was my dream to have a typewriter of my own, but my dream did not come true for some years.

Campbell always felt that the typewriter would eventually become an absolute necessity to a blind person, and when the mechanism had been developed and brought to perfection he made typewriting a part of the curriculum. This was after my time. Nevertheless, it was Campbell who, some years later, taught me how to use the typewriter and got my first machine for me. This was a Remington No. 4, which wrote only capitals, but was a marked improvement on the machine I saw on that memorable first

day. Campbell's belief in the value of typewriting to the blind has been fully justified, especially since the invention of Braille shorthand and a special machine for writing it. Several past pupils hold posts as typists with business firms.

It was not very long before I was singled out as having special musical talent and placed under Hartvigson.

All young students make a hero of their teacher, and rightly so. Hero-worship helps in the pursuit of studies. I cannot speak dispassionately of Frits Hartvigson, for I owe to him whatever success I have had as a pianist. His method of teaching was so entirely different from anything I had previously known that for some time I found it difficult to assimilate and appreciate it. In point of fact he had no actual method in the present-day sense of the word. His underlying idea was to teach blind pupils to use their hands gracefully and as nearly as possible like sighted people. Until I came under Hartvigson's influence, like many blind pianists I had had a certain hesitation in lifting my hands from the keyboard, especially in wide skips such as those in the opening of Liszt's E flat Concerto. Hartvigson, realising that hesitation in the touch of a blind player is fatal to success, especially as a public pianist, taught me to play with certainty. Hesitation spoils a player's attack, and his audience is apt to watch him with a nervous discomfort that makes appreciative hearing impossible. But even sureness of touch, important as it is, does not mean everything. The immense development of pianoforte technique and the executive demands made by modern compositions have introduced difficulties which for a blind man are probably insurmountable, and I believe I am correct in saying that no blind person has yet become a really successful and outstanding public pianist. Probably I have been as fortunate in that sphere as any other blind man,

but I am known only as an organist, and my work as a pianist has brought me neither fame nor money.

It was Campbell's ambition that I should become a public pianist, and he gave me every opportunity of doing so. But it was not to be. If choice of instrument had had anything to do with it, a pianist I must have been, for although most of my life has been devoted to the organ my own personal love is for the piano. I like the organ for its mechanism and variety of tone colour; and to try a really fine organ has always been—and will be to the end of the chapter—an intense interest; but as a musical instrument it cannot give me the same pleasure as the piano does. Moreover, I agree with Stainer when he says that everyone who wishes to study the organ should first be a good pianist, for crispness and clearness of touch are essential for the organ, and cannot be acquired without the help of the piano. Hopkins held the same opinion. He was a strong advocate of Bülow's method, that is, of repeating a note with a different finger wherever possible.

All my published compositions are for the organ, and some of my friends have expressed surprise and regret that I have not put out any piano music. The explanation is simple and has already been suggested: I became an organist instead of a pianist, and I suppose I am luckier than the many who find that what they would choose if they could is far removed from what they do from force of circumstances. The organ has at least given me a musical career, and perhaps it is as well that I was saved from wondering whether engineering would suit me better.

Hartvigson disliked show pieces. He wanted to get his pupils thoroughly grounded in the classics, and to teach music suitable for public performance interfered with that ideal. And here I must explain that although the College was primarily a music school, not all of the pupils were really talented. There is a popular belief that every blind person

must be abnormally musical, but, as Campbell realised, there is no foundation for the belief. He was, however, most unwilling to refuse any application for admission, and it grieved him if after thorough trial a candidate already admitted had to be pronounced a failure. Consequently, all and sundry were sent to Hartvigson, and I have no doubt that many of them gave him a bad time and had a bad time themselves. But in most cases there was no cause for regret. Many of my fellow-students who studied under Hartvigson but did not become professional musicians look back on " Fritsie's " lessons with gratitude and pleasure. Many who seemed unlikely to make anything of music have achieved success by sheer dogged perseverance. There are many old Norwood pupils who are a striking illustration of the maxim : It's dogged as does it.

Campbell required observance of a system of marks for each pupil. Ten was the highest and zero disgrace. Mrs Campbell used to read out the week's marks after prayers every Wednesday morning, and anyone who got less than five for any subject was kept in to study it all that afternoon, which was the weekly half-holiday. Hartvigson was not in the habit of giving me very high marks. Once he gave me zero. Campbell wanted to find out whether I could manage the Schumann Concerto. Hartvigson selected the chord passage in the cadenza in the first movement as a test. I had never previously heard the concerto, and, worse still, my reader, who seemed to me not very kind of temper, did not—or perhaps could not—play it over to me, but merely read out the notes and told me with which hand the chords were taken. Consequently I went to my test knowing practically nothing about the music, and my mark was zero. A lady had promised that I should spend that afternoon with her, and I mustered up courage to ask Campbell if he would let me off. " Well, Alfred," he said, " you know

I've always made a bit of a pet of you and I'd like to do it, but you haven't been doing at all well lately, so you'll just have to stay in and learn that cadenza." I do not remember what mark I got next time, but I never got zero again.

One day after I had been at the College two or three months Campbell found me in the schoolroom and called me to him. "Alfred," he said, "I think you might go up to the Hall at four o'clock and report to Mr Hopkins. I'd like to see what you can make of the organ." I was wild with excitement, and at four o'clock presented myself to Hopkins. I had grown accustomed to his voice and manner in his weekly drilling of the choir and felt at ease with him. Although he was then not quite sixty, we all thought him old and called him Daddy. He shook hands and greeted me with: "Well, you're a young shaver. Can you tell a pedal stop from a pump handle?" I said I would try.

Thus began a lifelong friendship. My admiration and affection for Hopkins have never varied. He was not one of the outstanding musicians of his time. In comparison with Best, Smart, Guilmant, or Widor he was not even a great organist, and his output of compositions is small. But as an accompanist of the church service he was unsurpassed. It was Hopkins who founded the system of chanting still used in the Temple Church, and Sir Walford Davies—his successor there—afterwards took it to St George's Chapel, Windsor.

I shall never forget the thrill and pleasure of my first attendance at the Temple Church for the afternoon service. I sat with Hopkins in the organ loft, and during the sermon he let me get on to the stool and examine the console. There were three long vertical rows of huge draw-stop knobs on each side, on the straight, there being no room for angle jambs as the console was fitted in between two marble columns where there had once been a window. The

draw-stops were worked by pneumatic composition pedals. I think it must have been on that visit that I gave both Hopkins and myself something of a fright. Sometimes he played the Amen at the conclusion of a prayer and sometimes not. During the prayers he used to turn round on the stool to face the boys, but he always had the Dulciana on the Choir and the Violone on the Pedal, ready drawn for the Amen. I was on the organ seat at the treble end and was playing about with the composition pedals, never having seen pneumatic ones before. All the stops on that side jamb (which contained the Pedal, Great, and Solo) were in, except the Pedal Violone. Before beginning my explorations, I took good care to note which knob was out, so that if I pulled out any of the others I could put them in again in time for the next Amen. The pedal nearest me sent out full Great and Pedal. The Pedal Trombone knob was at the top of the outside row of the Pedal stops, rather out of the way. I thought I had got everything put back all right, but I had forgotten the Trombone, and as ill-luck would have it Hopkins suddenly turned round and played the Amen, using the pedals as he always did. The effect of the Trombone as a bass to the Dulciana can better be imagined than described. "Wretched boy that you are," said Hopkins, "get off the stool at once, and don't ever dare to touch the stops again." But he soon forgot the incident, and for the future whenever I went to the Temple he used to allow me to play the concluding voluntary.

I was not more than fourteen when I played the concluding voluntary for the first time. It was part of the Wedge Fugue, and to be asked to play it was a complete surprise, for Hopkins did not mention it until sermon time. I had had no previous practice on the organ—in fact, I had never touched it before—and when I had played the Amen after the Benediction, Hopkins fixed the stops for the voluntary and left

me to it. To play so large an organ was a sufficiently terrifying experience, but Hopkins, who sat in the church to listen, told me afterwards that I had done very well.

But of all these times, the proudest for me was Sunday, 7th May 1893, Hopkins's jubilee Sunday. He had just composed the last of the three pieces he dedicated to the Royal College of Organists, the Allegro Finale in A, and I had the honour of playing it on that occasion, the first time it was played in public. Then nearly seventy-five, Hopkins did not feel equal to such elaborate music after two long services.

In my time Dr Vaughan was Master of the Temple and Mr (afterwards Canon) Ainger was Reader. Ainger's reading of the lessons was something to listen to and remember. He read in a low voice, with perfect diction and enunciation, and every word was distinctly heard all over the church. Whenever I went to the Temple and Ainger took the service Hopkins used to say: "Alfred, did you ever hear more beautiful reading than that? I am very proud of Mr Ainger, for I was one of the judges who selected him when candidates for the appointment were being tried."

Another feature of the service was the extempore introduction to the anthem. Hopkins excelled in this. It generally lasted three or four minutes, and was listened to with great attention. To the best of my recollection it was not his custom to use a leading theme or phrase from the anthem; he preferred to use original themes—generally two—and work them up into a voluntary. Doubtless it took the place of the long voluntary known as "the middle voluntary" that used to be played between the end of the psalms and the first lesson. I believe that nearly all Henry Smart's Andantes were first extemporised or composed as middle voluntaries, and Hopkins's beautiful little Placidamente in A—one of his "Four Pre-

ludial Pieces"—was first extemporised by him at Westminster Abbey on an occasion when he was deputising for Turle. A lady in the congregation told him afterwards that she liked it very much, and Hopkins, thinking that the leading theme might be worth recapturing, wove it into one of his most charming little compositions. I often wonder why Hopkins's and Smart's pieces are so little played now, for many of them are real gems, and the Placidamente in particular.

After a service I am often asked about one of the voluntaries. Many times it has been extemporised, but I have seldom worked any up and published them, although my Romanza in G for organ was first extemporised.

There was a peculiar atmosphere and charm about the Temple Church, especially on a Sunday afternoon, an atmosphere one experiences nowhere else. When I first knew the church it was lit by candles, the soft glow of which must have lent something to the peace and tranquillity that pervaded it.

I used sometimes to go to the Temple for the morning service and remain for the afternoon. On those occasions I lunched with Hopkins and his twelve choir-boys in the little choir-room under the organ. We had great fun together. Lunch was supposed to consist only of meat and potatoes, unless, as Hopkins explained, the housekeeper to the Benchers happened to be in a good humour, when pudding would also be sent over from the Temple dining-hall. I think she must have been in a good humour every Sunday, but it was evidently not to be taken for granted and only one lot of plates was provided. The choir-boys were usually in too great a hurry to spend time in washing their plates, and simply turned them over and ate the pudding off the under-side. They did not object, so long as there was a pudding to eat. But one of the little fellows kindly washed the plates of the

more fastidious seniors, and we used all to laugh about it. After lunch we walked in the Temple gardens until it was time to assemble for service at three. How wonderful it is to go down Middle Temple Lane, out of the roar and bustle of Fleet Street, and find yourself immediately amongst lovely flowers and in an atmosphere of perfect quiet! I believe there is nothing quite like it anywhere else in the world.

But I have wandered far from Norwood and my first lesson, and must go back.

I was rather at a loss when Hopkins asked me to play something. But I knew a good many of the choruses from the Messiah, and chose "Surely He hath borne our griefs." It happened to be a good choice, for it was the means of teaching me to avoid a common fault with both instrumentalists and singers. I played it as though it were written in six-eight time, making the dotted note too short and the little note following it too long. I have never forgotten the experience, and to hear dotted notes played in that way has fidgeted me ever since. Hopkins also showed me how to pedal from the ankle and how to use my heels. Until then I had only used my toes, and I did most of my pedalling with the left foot, keeping the right for the Swell. Although Hopkins used Best's & Schneider's pedal exercises, he did not give them to me, but set me at once to learn the "Giant" fugue by Bach.

There was one little difficulty in our organ lessons. Campbell would not allow any but soft stops to be used, and consequently we were not taught registration. I was not allowed to practise on the hall organ—the big organ—for some time; but when my turn came I explored it thoroughly, both inside and out. Campbell used often to put his head in at the hall door and tell me to make less noise.

To say that I explored the inside of the organ is literally true. One day, on going up to the hall for

practice, I found the tuner at work. I might have used the hour at the piano, but if the inner voice said so I did not listen to it, and risked being caught in apparent idleness. And the risk was real, for the hall doors were mostly of glass, and Mrs Campbell and the teachers had an eagle eye for "furious loiterers." I was very nearly caught once when I was inside the organ sitting on the edge of the Swell box. Campbell came into the hall and kept the tuner in talk for what seemed an interminable time, but I sat still on my perch and escaped.

Summer holidays came, and during a month at Bridlington I made my first public appearance as a conductor. On the Parade there was a small military band of about thirteen players, conducted by Mr Lockwood. I was always near the bandstand when the band was playing, and before long Mr Lockwood and I became great friends. One evening he invited me into the bandstand and gave me a seat close to the conductor's desk, and after that introduction I sat in the bandstand every evening until we returned to Hull. Once I summoned up courage and asked Mr Lockwood to let me conduct the National Anthem, with which the concert always finished. With great kindness he placed the baton in my hand. Whether I actually conducted, or whether, as is more likely, the band paid no attention to my antics, I cannot say, but I gave them a preliminary bar, beating the usual down, left, up, and they all came in on my next down beat, and all went well.

Although as a boy I was fond of playing at orchestras I have never felt at ease when conducting in public, and for that reason I have done practically none of it. A blind man needs a course of lessons and a great deal of practice—with a sighted person at hand to correct any awkwardnesses—before attempting to conduct in public; and even if after much practice he becomes easy and natural with the baton it is doubtful whether he can ever be entirely

successful. The magnetism of the eye is nearly everything to a conductor. I referred to this difficulty when, some pages back, I wrote of the blind solo singer, and I think the blind conductor's handicap is even greater. If I heard two singers, one blind and the other sighted, one after the other, I believe I could tell which was the blind one, and it would be the same with conductors.

But the blind have one peculiar gift that few sighted singers have : whether as soloists or in chorus they almost invariably sing in tune, and blind choirs hardly ever lose the pitch. Probably this is because all blind people must of necessity develop the sense of hearing to a high state of perfection, and consequently those who are musical have a more accurate ear than most musical sighted people. The College at Norwood, being primarily a college of music for the blind, naturally had a large proportion of musical pupils and nearly all had good voices. Many of the piano-tuners were good enough to be drafted into the choir, which helped them to acquire a correct ear. It followed that the choir should and did always sing in tune. There were also several pupils who, when they entered the College, were not particularly musical, but from living constantly in a musical atmosphere became good musicians, and ultimately secured posts as organists.

As with the sighted, so with the blind, there are two types of musician, the "head" and the "heart" —*i.e.*, those who cultivate music, and those who have it born in them. Amongst the blind I would say that the "heart" musicians preponderate, but although they are the more natural and make better composers their ear is too ready to save them the trouble of memorising a composition accurately, and consequently they are extremely difficult to teach. I suppose I am one of the "hearts," for I have always found harmonic passages more difficult to memorise than contrapuntal.

The beginning of my second term at Norwood meant looking forward to uncountable months from October to August, and for the first few days after getting back I felt rather miserable. But the misery did not last long, for there were many new interests. Most institutions have their changes, but none could compare with Norwood for rearrangements, either of work or quarters or both, as each new term came round. The little boys might have the top corridor ; they would return to find it allotted to the girls. The time-table would almost certainly be altered, usually to our annoyance until we got used to it, when the new became the old and suffered a change —again to our annoyance. What interested me most on going back was a new Crossley silent gas-engine for blowing the organs.

Just before the end of my first term at Norwood we were told that Prince Alexander of Hesse, afterwards Landgrave of Hesse, was coming as a pupil. He arrived soon after the new term began (October 1878). He was then nearly seventeen, three or four years my senior. To us youngsters he seemed older. Except that sometimes he had his meals with the Campbells, and enjoyed the privacy of a sitting-room and bedroom on the top corridor where we boys slept, he was treated in the same way as the rest of us. He joined in our games and submitted to our raggings with easy grace and good temper. His readiness to adapt himself to conditions very different from those in which he had previously lived was remarkable, and although none of us could at the time have put our thoughts into words we felt the charm of his natural courtesy.

One little incident will serve to illustrate both the difficulty the Prince must have had in changing over to an entirely new way of life and his desire to consider the feelings of others. Campbell had appointed Mr Pulley, the college steward, to wait on him. On one occasion Mr Pulley, whose temper

had perhaps been too sorely tried by young Hollins and others, resented a remark made by the Prince, and left him to finish a little job for himself—*i.e.*, taking off his boots. When Mr Pulley looked through the glass in the bedroom door he saw with misgiving that the boots were still on and went in to apologise and make amends. But it was Prince Alexander who offered an apology.

Another endearing quality is the Prince's unfailing memory of any with whom he has come in contact. For instance, when in later years he visited Glasgow he sought out one of the old Norwood pupils whose address he had kept in mind. On another occasion, when we were all dining together at the College, I heard him ask Campbell what had become of Mrs So-and-so, one of the women who scrubbed the floor of the hall. (How we used to hate it when our hour happened to fall on a scrubbing day! Even now I can smell those wet boards and the soapy water and hear the irritating noise of the scrubbing brushes.) Nor are trifling incidents forgotten. It was during the same dinner that I was asked a question which greatly amused me: "Hollins, does the Swell pedal of the big organ still squeak?" I had to admit that it did.

It soon became clear, even to us youngsters, that Prince Alexander was intensely and naturally musical; so much so indeed that he could never accustom himself to memorising from Braille music or from having the notes read to him. But with great perseverance, after leaving Norwood he learned and thoroughly mastered Braille music, and all his compositions are first written in Braille. No other blind man and few of the great sighted composers have composed larger musical works. The latest—recently finished—is a symphony for full orchestra, every note of which was first written in Braille. Modern in character though it be, his music is by no means extreme, and while one can trace in it the

influence of Schumann and Brahms, it is natural, melodious, and always the work of a true musician. His taste is catholic, and he greatly admires Sullivan, Edward German, and Percy Grainger of the lighter school.

When in 1904 my wife and I were staying in London for a short time before sailing for Australia, Prince Alexander was also there, taking lessons from Sir Walter Alcock, then organist of the Chapel Royal, St James's. The Prince kindly asked me to come to the church one morning and hear Alcock give him a lesson on my Andante in D.

It may surprise my sighted readers to learn that Guy Fawkes Day was observed at a Blind College. We youngsters went to Miss Adams once a week for our dole of pocket money. Ordinarily we were not supposed to require more than fourpence, but for Guy Fawkes Day we were allowed to be somewhat lavish, and the more fortunate would spend a shilling or even eighteenpence on fireworks. Noisy ones, such as squibs and crackers, were the most popular, but Roman Candles and Catherine Wheels were also bought by those who had a little sight, and Mr Pulley, who was not above joining in the fun, let off rockets. We all gathered round a huge bonfire which all helped to feed. If we could not see the flames we could at least hear the crackle and feel the heat. The fully or partially sighted people lighted the touch for us, and as soon as we were told that our firework was "going" we threw it as far as we could and waited in delighted expectation for the hiss and then the bang of a squib, or the series of pops of a jumping cracker. It often happened that one of our fireworks was a failure: it might not be well enough lit or we might throw it amongst a lot of wet grass. This meant keen disappointment. But on the whole we got on very well. The sighted people made sure that each of us had a clear space in which to throw his firework, and I do not remember an

accident or even the slightest burn. When any of us had no more fireworks he would beg of his neighbours. The phrase was: "Oh, I say, do lend me a firework, will you?" It was never "sell" or "give." Prince Alexander was as keen as any of us, and I can hear him now: "Ah, do lend me a firework."

Campbell insisted on plenty of play as well as plenty of work, and encouraged all kinds of games. One of us took it into his head to become a railway engine. He ran from The Building to the bottom of the meadow and back, whistling and puffing as much like a locomotive as he could. Before long several trains had been formed, each consisting of engine, driver, and guard, and perhaps a carriage or two. A boy with some sight was generally chosen to be engine and to go first. The driver followed, holding the skirt of the engine's jacket. Then came the carriage or carriages, and the guard brought up the rear. I christened one of our engines The Swiftsure, a name someone had seen on a fishing-boat at Bridlington and had mentioned to me.

Certain suitable points were chosen as stopping-places and named after the principal stations on what was then the London and North-Western main line. The starting-point was Euston; next came Willesden; then Rugby and Crewe. The grounds were not large enough to take trains beyond Crewe. As a train was marshalled for starting there was all the bustle and noise characteristic of a large railway station. The driver had prearranged signals with the engine, and could evoke a whistle by pulling the back of the engine's jacket collar, holding on according to the length of whistle desired. A touch on one shoulder would open the safety valve; a touch on the other would start the train. And so on.

The company's rolling stock increased so rapidly that we had to appoint Miss Adams superintendent, and after tea each evening the engines, drivers, carriages, and all the paraphernalia of the railway

were arranged by her for the next day's traffic. Her duties must have wearied her at times, but she always managed to make us believe that the choosing of an engine, driver, or guard was the most important thing of the moment. She had real sympathy with the blind, the rare gift that enables one who sees to understand the needs of those who do not, to be critical of their weaknesses without hurting their feelings, and with a touch of humour save them from becoming super-sensitive in their darkened world.

Before long it was found that the couplings were undergoing a severe strain: jackets were being pulled out of shape. I think it was Mr Young, our tuning-master, who thought of strong belts of webbing made with two looped ends we could take hold of. These belts relieved Miss Proctor and her sewing-maids of at least one worry.

The next invention was mine. Like all ideal and enterprising companies, we were out for developments, and as the number of trains increased by leaps and bounds the danger of collisions became acute. It seemed to me that it would be possible to have mechanical or electric signals, and I broached the subject to my fellow-directors, who sent me as a deputation to Campbell. Excellent administrator that he was, Campbell gave the deputation very sympathetic consideration, but would not commit himself. But a week or so later, on getting the first morning train ready, we were agreeably surprised to find an ordinary house pull-bell fixed to a tree or some other convenient upright at each station, complete with cord to pull it. Campbell himself came out and explained the use of these bells. Unlike real stations, ours were within hearing distance of one another, and our trains were to be worked on a very simple block system. Henceforth, as soon as the first train starting from Euston arrived at the next station—Willesden—the signalman at Willesden rang his bell and so signalled line clear for the second

train to leave Euston. At the same time he gave the signal to the train at Willesden to enter the next section. This seems to me a very good example of Campbell's quickness to seize an opportunity, however small. He encouraged our train game because he saw that it would give us exercise—mental as well as physical—in the open air. If we had been ordered to go out and run backwards and forwards in the grounds for half an hour we would have objected. Campbell waited for us to discover our own form of exercise, and then encouraged it.

> For he who'd make his fellow creatures wise
> Should always gild the philosophic pill.

And if the patient does the gilding himself, so much the better.

Play was never allowed to interfere with work, but after the fashion of boys I wanted to rush off to drive my engine the moment I was free to do so. Years later, when we were talking over early days at the College, Campbell told me that just after I had played at an important College concert (at the Crystal Palace, I think) his wife and he saw me in the grounds playing trains as though nothing unusual had happened.

CHAPTER VI.

MAY I GIVE YOU A TEXT?

A GREAT orchestral concert was given by the College in St James's Hall on 19th November 1878. An orchestra of 120 players was engaged, with Hans von Bülow as conductor, and the principal item for the choir was Gade's Spring Fantasia, the pianoforte part of which was played by Schwier, our best pianist. I have not heard the work since, but I remember the principal tunes, and can still play them.

Liszt's Todtentanz for piano and orchestra, with Hartvigson as solo pianist, outshone all the rest. Liszt's music was then hardly known in this country, and any composition of his raised a storm of adverse criticism. It was left to Liszt's friend and pupil, Walter Bache, to be his apostle over here. He did his work nobly, and lived to see his great master received and welcomed in London with the honours of a monarch. Whatever may be said nowadays of the merits of the Todtentanz, it is an enormously difficult composition, and it would be impossible to overpraise the wonderful clarity of Hartvigson's rendering or the ease with which he conquered all the difficulties.

Imagine what it meant to me to hear a great orchestra for the first time, under one of the finest living conductors and in a magnificent hall for sound! That concert left a lasting impression on my mind.

Hartvigson told me that Von Bülow, during one of his recitals, had been much annoyed by a lady in the front row who continually fanned herself.

At last he could stand the clicking noise no longer and stopped in the middle of a piece. "My dear lady," he said in a loud voice, "it is impossible for me to play in four-four time if you will insist on fanning yourself in eleven-thirteen time."

The Annual Prize Festival on 9th July 1879 was another great occasion. The Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Alexandra) presented the prizes. Campbell offered three medals of gold, silver, and bronze for the best playing of pianoforte technical studies; and I was fortunate enough to win the bronze medal. The silver medal went to Schwier, but the gold medal was "unattained." Hartvigson and Campbell were the judges.

There was a large marquee in The Meadow. The Prince and Princess of Wales were accompanied by their three daughters and by Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Duke of Westminster, the Archbishop of York, and others. The Prince of Wales made a speech. The Princess sat behind a table in the middle of a long platform, and prize-winners had to walk from one end of the platform to a prearranged place opposite to Her Royal Highness's chair. The platform was carpeted, and underneath the carpet two narrow strips of wood were nailed, like railway lines. These strips served as guides, and a mat under the carpet indicated when we must turn to face the chair. After we had received our prizes we had only to step back a few paces and down a couple of shallow steps to the floor. The Princess, when she had given me my prize, said, "Mind the step." She had very kindly said that we need not trouble to walk backwards, but on being told that the ceremony had been carefully rehearsed allowed it to proceed as arranged, and the prize-winners went through their paces without hesitation. Unfortunately my medal had not come, and I received as a token a small bag intended to hold pins, needles, &c. It was empty. My medal

arrived later, and I was in the boys' sitting-room when Campbell gave it to me. In my hurry to open the case I turned it upside down. The medal rolled on the floor, and I had to grope about and pick it up.

It was—and I think still is—the custom for the professors and teachers to provide their own prizes, but there was usually an additional prize given by friends of the College, and in 1880 one for general musical improvement given by Miss Stocking, an out-of-college pupil of Hartvigson's, was awarded to me. It comprised Chopin's entire piano works—Klindworth's edition in six volumes—then recently published, and has been most useful to and greatly valued by me.

Some distinguished person has been asked to present the prizes each year since the foundation of the College. In 1880 I think it was Mrs Craik, the authoress, who presented them. I have also had the honour of receiving prizes at the hands of John Bright, Mrs Richardson-Gardiner, Phillips Brooks, Princess Frederica of Hanover, and other distinguished people.

Without any diffidence about conducting, I formed an orchestra. Its members were half a dozen boys, each having comb and paper, and I enlisted the services of one of the young men who was a fairly good flautist and of another who had a drum. I composed a solo for the flute, and called it "Spring Flowers." It was in A flat, but how it went I have forgotten. I also arranged some marches and tunes for the combs, but chose to play the piano myself. We gave a concert which was attended by all the pupils and by the teachers in their war-paint. How they endured an hour of such noise is a mystery, but Campbell evidently thought we were on the right lines, for he bought us half a dozen wooden flageolets and a proper side-drum, and next term we gave another concert. The flageolets could only play

in D, and I had to arrange all the music in that key. We got a great deal of pleasure out of our little band.

Mr Richardson-Gardiner once brought the Paris Blind School Orchestra to London and gave a concert in St James's Hall. He also brought over the small string orchestra of about twelve players from the Blind School at Milan. These visited the College and gave us a concert. When they arrived —perhaps a couple of hours before the concert— some of us were told off to show them round. They knew no English, and we knew no Italian except musical terms. If therefore we wanted them to walk slowly we said, " Andante," or if a little faster, " Allegro," or if faster still, " Presto "—much to the amusement of all. We admired their playing, but the performance was spoiled by the conductor, who held in his hands a small glass ball and a stick with which he beat time, striking the ball with the stick even in the softest passages.

My step-mother died in April 1879, and on going home to Hull for the summer holidays I found Aunt Mary keeping house for my father. She took me to Buxton for a fortnight at the beginning of August, and I played a couple of piano solos at one of the Saturday Night orchestral concerts in the Pavilion. The conductor took a great interest in me, and I remember being kissed by him as well as by the lady vocalist after the concert.

But the visit was memorable for another reason. At the Pavilion concerts we met Mr Corbett of Belfast, who invited us to go there during my holidays in the following year. This friendship materially influenced my after life, as I will explain in due course.

The Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace, conducted by Sir August Manns, were an important factor in our musical education. Space will not permit of my enlarging on Manns' great work for the cause of young composers and their music, but it is certain that many a composer who has now made a name

had his first composition performed at a Palace Saturday concert. And what an unspeakable boon those concerts were to us blind music students no sighted musician can imagine. It was through them that I learned to know and appreciate practically all the classics; they were my opportunity of hearing for the first time compositions which are now firmly established, and come to me over the wireless as familiar works, first heard at the Palace half a century ago, although often new to my friends. Unfortunately we had to sit under the gallery at the side, and did not hear to the best advantage. It was hot and stuffy there, and sometimes I went to sleep, especially in the slow movements of symphonies. Miss Campbell used to tell a story which is worth repeating, even though it may be only one of her many "make-ups." One of her friends said to her before going to a Saturday concert: "Now, my dear, I've had such a good dinner that I know I'll go to sleep in the concert. You and I will be next to each other, and if you hear me snoring do stick a pin into me." Miss Campbell, who was blind, got separated from her friend and unknowingly sat next to one of the visitors, a stranger. In the middle of a soothing slow movement she heard a "prodigiously tough snore." She produced the promised pin and stuck it into her luckless neighbour.

For some reason which I have forgotten, no one went home for the Christmas holidays in 1879, and I have a vivid recollection of the terrific gale on the night of Sunday, 28th December, which destroyed the Tay Bridge. I had been to All Saints for Evensong, and coming back I could hardly keep my feet for the wind. Next morning we heard of the terrible disaster and the appalling loss of life.

It was Campbell's custom to have the chief items of news read to us every morning, and Mr Young used to get the youths into the tuning shop and

read the parliamentary reports and political articles to them. In that way we were kept in touch with the outside world. Sometimes feeling ran high, and a debating society which was formed included some very clever speakers. To hear the news read every day is a great blessing to the blind, and it was still more so in my early days when there were few Braille books and no Braille magazines. But even with wireless to help there is still need for those who are sighted to keep their blind dependants informed of happenings from day to day, and I count him a lucky man who, though blind, has someone near and dear to him possessed of the almost lost art of reading aloud and willing to use it for his benefit. Whether reasonably or not, blind people are usually rather fastidious about the way in which they are read to, and I confess to a dislike of emotional expressiveness or a change of voice or inflection for each character in a story or play.

Although I do not recollect the date, it must have been at about this time that I was given an engagement to play at one of the Cambridge University Musical Society's concerts. The late Professor Sedley Taylor of Trinity College, the great authority on acoustics, showed me all round Trinity, and I remember clearly the kitchen and the old-fashioned spits for roasting. He introduced me to Professor Stanford (afterwards Sir Charles), who showed me the organ in Trinity Chapel built by Hill & Sons. Many years later, when on a visit to Cambridge with my friend Colonel George Dixon, I had breakfast with Sedley Taylor, who remembered my having played for the C.U.M.S. He was a charming man and very musical; extremely learned and possessed of a vivid sense of humour. At breakfast he told us of a celebrated conductor who was rehearsing with a lady singer and the orchestra. The lady sang hopelessly and consistently out of tune, and at last, in despair, the conductor stopped and said

very politely: "My dear Fräulein, if you wouldn't mind sounding your A, we'll tune to you."

When Campbell founded the College he visited practically all the important cities of Great Britain, and in each of them prevailed upon the leading men to form a Committee whose work was to promote an interest in the College, collect subscriptions, and find blind boys and girls who would be suitable as pupils. The Glasgow Committee was the strongest of these, and in 1880 organised a concert in the then new St Andrew's Hall to be given by College pupils in March that year. I was one of the party chosen, and thus paid my first visit to Scotland.

Besides having to play two piano solos I had to learn the accompaniment of "Hush, ye pretty warbling choirs," from Handel's Acis and Galatea, for one of the Scotch girls, Jenny Dick, who was to sing it. I learned this accompaniment from the piano score, but Hopkins arranged it for the organ for me. Until then, I had not played the organ in public, and my passion to try any new organ made me look forward to my début as an organist.

The organ in St Andrew's Hall, built by Lewis in 1877 to the design of Best & Smart, was difficult to manage, and Hopkins went with us to assist. He warned me to be careful, and as the Swell pedals were set rather far in and my legs were hardly long enough to reach them I was saved from part at least of the temptation to investigate. But I was greatly attracted by the pneumatic draw-stop action and by the fine tone, and I registered a hope that if ever I became a church organist my organ would be a Lewis. That hope was fulfilled, and Lewis became a kind and intimate friend. He used to say that I was the successor of another blind friend, Henry Smart, who arranged the chimes for a very fine clock made by Dent for Lewis. There were eight chiming bells and a ninth bell for the hour.

The journey to Glasgow was the longest I had

yet made. We went by the Flying Scotsman, and reached Glasgow about eight. Corridors were then unknown, but we had half an hour at York in which to get some dinner. The carriages were nicely upholstered and very comfortable. We all noticed the change of accent when we crossed the Border. It seemed as though we had passed into a remote country.

I may be wrong in thinking that the train stopped at a small station between Edinburgh and Glasgow, and that I then heard the wheel tapper come along the train and tap the wheels. Be that as it may, to me the tapping of carriage wheels is a pleasant sound, peculiar to railways. Blind people are quick to notice different sounds, some of which they use as guides and some as warnings. From travelling frequently up and down our three northern main lines I have come to know each of the principal stations by its individual sound. Crewe has a different sound from Rugby, Derby from Leeds, Grantham from Peterborough, and so on. There are, of course, many sighted people who from constant travel learn the different sounds of a railway line, and engine-drivers know them well. But in the blind the sense is usually developed to so high a degree as to respond to what might seem soundless. Some call the faculty a sixth sense, but I believe it to be simply a refinement of one of the senses common to mankind, or possibly of two of them, hearing and touch. If I am walking alone in a street I can tell without touch whether I am passing railings, a high wall, or shops. I know when I pass a lamp-post or pillar-box. I do not remember a time when I had not this faculty, and when I was quite a little boy people used to test me by asking me to say when we passed a lamp-post or the like.

As I have before remarked, the blind instantly notice the slightest peculiarity in the formation of what they walk on. Campbell made great use of

this sensitiveness when he laid out the College grounds. At every corner, and wherever two walks met, he had a slight rise made so that, feeling it with our feet, we might turn or go straight on as we wished. This was particularly useful when we walked in an open part of the grounds with nothing on either hand to serve as a guide.

When my wife and I visited Australia in 1904 we sailed out and home in the *Ortona*, having stayed in Australia long enough to allow of her making another homeward and outward voyage. On going on board again we were met by the captain, who took us down to the dining saloon. I asked whether anything new had been done to the ship, and he thought not. "There's one thing you've got," I said, "and that is a new carpet." The captain had not noticed it, but the chief steward, on being appealed to, said I was right. On another occasion, when I was at a dinner-party in a friend's house, our hostess asked if any of us noticed a change in the room or furniture since our last visit. I thought I knew the answer to the riddle, but apparently no one else did. I said: "I think I notice something different, but it is such a little thing that it may not be what you mean. You've had your chairs recovered with cloth. They used to be covered with leather." "You are perfectly correct," was the reply.

In Glasgow we stayed at Blair's Hotel, Bath Street, and Mrs Blair looked after us well. The porridge was the right stuff, but we were surprised to find a small bowl of cold milk placed beside each plate and to learn that the proper way to take them (for porridge is "them" in Scotland) is to dip the spoon first into the porridge and then, well filled, into the cold milk. The hot porridge with cold milk on top of it is delicious, but the method is difficult for one who cannot see, and to avoid soiling Mrs Blair's clean table-cloth we asked that the milk might be poured over the porridge in

Sassenach fashion. Bacon and eggs (or was it in the Glasgow speech ham and egg?) followed, together with the Scottish morning roll, or bap, as both Scots and Irish call it, indigestible to older folk but a trifle to the hearty appetite of youth.

Mrs Blair gave me a box of caramel walnuts. They were so good that I determined to spin them out as long as possible. But my miserliness caused me grievous loss, for one day I left the box—still containing many walnuts—on my bedroom window-sill, and the caramel, heated by the sun or the hot-water pipes beneath the window, became a sticky mess.

The then Duke of Westminster took a great interest in the College and was Chairman of the Committee (now the Board of Governors). Nearly every year His Grace gave the use of Grosvenor House for a concert by the pupils, and himself presided. I used to hear a good deal about the excellent refreshment prepared for us, and particularly about the iced coffee. The first of the Grosvenor House concerts at which I played was on the 30th June 1880. I do not remember anything about the concert or what my own solos were, but on looking up a record of it I find that besides the Duke there were present Professor Fawcett, Dr Hueffer (the music critic of The Times), and the Hon. James Russell Lowell, the poet and writer, who was, I think, American Ambassador at the time. But if I have forgotten the concert I have not forgotten the excellence of the coffee, which went down sweetly.

I owe to one of the Grosvenor House concerts a particularly fragrant memory. The Duchess had recently given birth to a daughter, who was brought down for us to touch and admire. One of our party was so bold as to kiss her, an act of which he was afterwards very proud.

In the February of that year (1880) we gave a concert at the Mansion House. Schwier played the

piano part in a quartet by Raff, a work I have not heard since, but, from what I remember of it, one that certainly ought not to be consigned to oblivion. When my turn to play came Hartvigson thought the piano stool was not quite high enough, and put a small book under me. From the hall it must have looked like a piece of sheet music, for my father, who was in the audience, was amused at the idea that anything so thin could make any difference.

Hartvigson always impressed on his pupils the necessity of making sure that a seat was the right height, and perhaps it is his insistence that has made me faddy about organ bench and piano stool. A comfortable seat makes all the difference in the world, as most public players will agree.

Mr Corbett renewed his invitation, and Aunt Mary and I went to Belfast. We crossed by the night boat from Fleetwood, a new and thrilling experience. But still more thrilling was the first ride on an Irish jaunting-car. To begin with, nothing would induce Aunt Mary to trust herself and me to so dangerous a vehicle (or "machine" as it is called in Ireland), but as there was nothing else to be had at the quay she had to give way. We felt sure we must be pitched off any minute. The car seemed to fly through the streets. But we arrived at the house without mishap, and Mr and Mrs Corbett and their family were extremely kind and gave us a most enjoyable time. David, the youngest son, and I became close friends, and, with the other children, found a great source of delight in a donkey called Tim, on whose back we used to ride about the grounds.

The streets were paved with cobblestones. Even in a main street there was only a comparatively narrow strip of flags. I tried two or three organs, including one in the Carlisle Memorial Methodist Church. Little did I think that I was to find in the organist, John Shillington, a lifelong and devoted friend and one whose genius for friendship is the

birthright of very few. He was of a shy and nervous temperament, and many thought him unapproachable. He could not tolerate anything approaching humbug, and would, as it were, size people up before admitting them to his friendship. Our first meeting, when he showed me his organ, did not take us far. To me he was just an organist who was good enough to leave his work and spend a little time with me at his organ. To him, as he told me afterwards, I was just an interesting and promising boy. It was on my next visit, a year later, when we had been reintroduced, that our real friendship began.

One of the many friends of Mr Corbett's whom we met in Belfast was Mr James Harper, a widower. He became engaged to Aunt Mary, and they were married at the following Christmas. My father married again at about the same time, and after a little while gave up housekeeping and travelled both in England and abroad. Consequently I saw little of my second step-mother, who died in 1893, and Belfast became my home during the holidays.

On that first visit I was introduced to Mr Stelfox and his wife, musical and intellectual people, who gave me many a delightful evening in their home. I was also introduced to Professor Everett, the Science Professor at Queen's College, who showed me one of the first phonographs. It was crude, and the recorded voice was hardly understandable, but what an experience it is to have lived to see the marvellous development from so small and imperfect a beginning to the present-day gramophone and electric recording!

Uncle James was one of a large family, and I soon became specially intimate with two of his married sisters, one of whom was the wife of Dr Orr of Antrim, a well-known minister in the Irish Presbyterian Church. Orr was a good talker and seemed never to tire of answering my questions. One day I said to him: "Uncle Orr, how do you choose your texts? Do people ever give you a text?" He replied: "Not as a rule.

I like to choose my own texts best." "Well," I went on, "may I give you a text, and will you preach on it?" "You may give me a text, Alfy," he said, "but I won't promise to preach on it." I told him that I liked the verse in the 107th Psalm: "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" Orr thought it a beautiful text but said no more, and I forgot our conversation. But two or three Sundays later he gave out the text I had quoted. I was sitting next to Annie Orr, who, many years afterwards, told me that when her father spoke those words from the pulpit my face was a picture of delight.

The other new uncle and aunt were Mr and Mrs Turnbull, who lived near to Aunt Mary. For many years they went to Groomsport, near Bangor, County Down, for the summer, and it was there I met them for the first time. Aunt Mary took me to spend a day with them, and it was a day of unalloyed pleasure. Martin, the second son, and I became firm friends, and our friendship was only broken by his death a few years ago. He was keen on all outdoor sports, and at once took me in hand. He had a pony, and put me on its back and trotted me up and down a little sandy bay while he ran alongside. There were two bays, and I remember as though it were only yesterday his telling me the names of them—Maxwell's Bay and Bogue's Bay. After I had tired out both the pony and Martin he took me to sea in a boat, which I think had a lug-sail. When we had gone out a good way he got out two fishing-lines, giving me one and keeping one himself. That was my first experience of sailing and fishing, and to say that I enjoyed every minute of it is to say very little. To most sighted people such a day may seem hardly worth speaking about, but to me, a young and eager blind boy who had never had a like experience, it was a day in ten thousand.

CHAPTER VII.

KNOX AND I WANDERED.

A NEW term always brought with it new pupils, and among the newcomers in October 1880 were two brothers, Fred and Harry Turner, with both of whom I formed a lasting friendship. Fred and I ran neck and neck, as it were, particularly in our organ studies. Many a battle we had to see which of us could play certain pedal passages without smudging, as Hopkins called playing a wrong note, or rather, not striking a note cleanly. Bach was our principal struggle—*e.g.*, the long pedal solo in the Toccata in C, the two pedal solos in the Toccata in F, and the final pedal passage in the D major Fugue. For one of us to smudge evoked a shout of derision from the other, who immediately pushed his rival off the organ stool and took his own turn. How vividly it all comes back to me as I write! What splendid fun we had over it, and how it made us " watch our feet " !

There was also a sighted young man, Roger Askham, who came to the College as a reader. Askham developed a passion for Liszt, Wagner, and other then modern composers, and his *tour-de-force* was Liszt's brilliant transcription of the waltz from Gounod's Faust. I can hear him now, banging away at it in one of the rooms downstairs after prayers at night when the whole school was in the hall for reading, and I know I paid far more attention to Askham than to what was being read to us.

In 1880 I had my first experience of a Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, and I must confess to having been disappointed. In preparation for every festival the entire wooden wall of the concert room nearest the centre transept was taken down and a low barrier erected. The concert room itself was used as a restaurant. We were given a row of seats immediately inside the barrier, but as there were more pupils than seats we had to take turns at standing. Worse still, these seats were so far from the orchestra that we could not get anything like the full effect of the music, and so close to the restaurant that we heard the constant washing of dishes and glasses. Even during the performances, when everything should have been quiet, it still went on. But in spite of these drawbacks I was much impressed by the grandeur of the works, and particularly by the Hallelujah and the Hailstone choruses. At subsequent festivals we were given better seats, and then we enjoyed the music as it ought to be enjoyed. The overwhelming effect of the huge chorus and orchestra, backed by the organ, can never be forgotten by anyone who has heard it.

I remember a memorial performance of a selection of Handel's works on festival scale given in aid of the dependants of those who lost their lives in the terrible disaster to H.M.S. *Victoria* when she was inadvertently rammed by H.M.S. *Camperdown* during naval manæuvres. Shillington was in London at the time, and obtained seats for my wife and myself next to his own and directly opposite the orchestra. It could hardly be possible to hear anything grander or more impressive. The choruses included "The Horse and his Rider," which roused me to a high pitch of enthusiasm. "Jack!" I exclaimed, "wasn't that glorious! The horse! Bang! bang! And his rider! Bang!" His laughter must have been heard all over the building. My wife has covered

all my sheet music with brown paper and labelled each piece in Braille so that I can find whatever I want. On my copy of Smart's organ arrangement of the Horse and Rider chorus—a spirit of mischief or reminiscence must have been in her at the time —she has brailled " Bang ! bang ! "

The next of the St James's Hall Orchestral Concerts organised by the College was held on 26th February 1881. For me it was a momentous occasion because it was then that I played with an orchestra for the first time. Manns conducted, and I played the solo part in Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante for piano and orchestra, Op. 22. Manns was an excitable conductor, and we used to hear about his long mane flying, especially in quick passages or when he was working up a crescendo. Sometimes he became so excited that he sang a principal tune —to make the players who had it " bring it out "— not only in a rehearsal but in the concert itself. He took infinite pains to help me both at rehearsal and concert. In the Capriccio the piano speaks first, the strings coming in later, with pizzicato chords. I heard a slight sound which the string players made in getting ready for their entry, and suffered a momentary fear lest my fingers had done something wrong.

I have always enjoyed playing with an orchestra more than solo work, and I wish I could have done even more of it. But I have great cause for thankfulness, for I can say with confidence that no other blind pianist has had so many opportunities as have fallen to my lot of playing with celebrated orchestras under celebrated conductors. Some of the orchestras I have played with are given in the following list. In each case the name of the conductor is added in brackets :—

Berlin Philharmonic (*Klindworth*) ; London Philharmonic (*Svendsen*) ; Boston Symphony Orchestra (*Gericki*) ; Peabody Orchestra, Baltimore (*Hamerik*) ; New York

Philharmonic Orchestra (*Theodore Thomas*); The Hallé Orchestra (*Sir Charles Hallé*); The Crystal Palace Orchestra (*Sir August Manns*); Glasgow Choral Union Orchestra (*Sir August Manns*).

There have been several more.

I have always found playing with an orchestra much less nervous work than playing piano solos or giving organ recitals. The only thing that used to trouble me was coming to a recapitulation such as that in the last movement of the Schumann Concerto, for if one were not careful one would be landed at the beginning again and find oneself playing the second subject in the original key.

I was told that my first appearance with an orchestra had been a success, and the newspaper critics were very kind to me. Best of all, next day I received a scrap of paper from my friend Mrs Woodrow, who was present, on which was written: "I give you 10 for last night's performance." It was posted unenclosed and only bore a halfpenny stamp, and as in those days one was not allowed to send any open communication, except on an authorised post-card, I had to pay a penny for it. But what is a penny when it makes a youngster the proud possessor of ten marks, the sign-manual of perfection at the College! Manns must have been pleased with the performance, for on the 4th November (the anniversary of Mendelssohn's death) Campbell sent for me in the morning and told me to go to the Crystal Palace to play the Mendelssohn Capriccio with the orchestra under Manns that afternoon.

In the same year (1881) a great Electric Exhibition was held at the Crystal Palace. The concert room was lit with arc lamps, which were switched on in the middle of the Saturday concert, and drew from the audience an exclamation of wonder and pleasure, for electric light was then only in its infancy. Incandescent lamps were still almost unknown, but I

remember examining a small standard reading-lamp with a switch similar to those used nowadays. Of course my fingers could not let it alone, but just gave it a wee turn. The friend who was with me exclaimed: "Now you've done it! You've put the light out!" I switched it on again at once—quickly enough to avoid a reprimand from the attendant. Telephone boxes were erected in different parts of the building, with a central exchange, to demonstrate the working of that new and marvellous invention. Askham and I tried it one day, he leaving me in one box and going to another some distance away. But we could not get connected, and I had to wait a year or two before being initiated into the mysteries of the telephone. A friend who had one in his office took me there one morning and allowed me to get all his calls for him. It was in Belfast, and in those days the Belfast exchange was so small that the operator would connect you if you merely gave the name of the firm or person you wanted.

After their marriage, Uncle James Harper and Aunt Mary took a house in University Street, Belfast, and thither I went for most of my holiday in 1881, and in several subsequent years. My six step-cousins were all at home, and although they were of a quiet turn of mind the house was kept lively. It was the sort of family life I had to a great extent lacked. It gave me a bracing domestic atmosphere in which youngsters scrambled about and poked fun at each other, and I have the most selfish reasons to be thankful for the romance of Aunt Mary and Uncle Harper. (I learned to call him Uncle Harper or Uncle James: sometimes one, sometimes the other.) Two of the girls were at school in York, where they learned music. They played duets, one of which was the overture to Rossini's Semiramide, and I used to stand beside the piano and conduct while they practised. At

first I made anything do for a baton, but before long my orchestra of two bought me a real baton for a birthday present, and my conducting became, if possible, still more active.

The elder son, Knox, and I became close friends. Uncle James was a member of Fisherwick Place Presbyterian Church, and we all had to go there on Sunday morning. But in the evening we were allowed to wander, and Knox and I took full advantage of our liberty. At that time, and for many years after, instrumental music was forbidden in the Irish Presbyterian Church, and Fisherwick knew neither organ nor anthem, but must be content with hymns and metrical psalms. The minister, Dr Williamson, was a good, solid, orthodox preacher, innocent alike of any touch of emotion and any spark of oratory, and I found the service wearying. But time brings its revenges. Twenty years later I had the honour of drawing up the specification of the organ (which I afterwards opened) in the new Fisherwick Church. But although neither organ nor anthem was heard in Fisherwick, there was a good choir and an excellent precentor named Louis Mantell, who had a charming light tenor voice. His wife was also a good singer, and I once spent a very pleasant evening in their house, an evening memorable because among the pieces they sang were Gounod's setting of " O that we two were maying " as a duet for soprano and tenor, and his Barcarolle. Gounod, like other fine artists, has come into the inevitable period of temporary disfavour, but " O that we two were maying " is one of my greatest favourites, and to hear it—I wish it were oftener—still moves me almost to tears. I had not heard the Barcarolle before the Mantells sang it to me, and I went into raptures over the modulations in the middle section. Mantell used a small harmonium for giving the choir their chord, and when Dr Williamson came to see us I

used to remind him that he could not do without an instrument in his church after all.

Knox and I wandered, and if I am not careful I shall be wandering again in these pages—perhaps not for the first time or the last. He told me of the wonderful elocution of the Rev. R. J. Lynd, minister of May Street Presbyterian Church, and we went to hear him. Like Ainger of the Temple and Fleming of St Michael's, Chester Square, Lynd was an exceptionally fine reader, and to hear him repeat the Lord's Prayer was something never to be forgotten. His genius, changed in form, reappears in his son Robert, the well-known writer.

On another Sunday evening we went to St George's Episcopal Church, the Parish Church of Belfast. The organ was then in the west gallery above the main entrance, and to my delight it was well and brilliantly played. It had a very fine Swell, and I felt sure that it must be a large three or a small four-manual. When the concluding voluntary was finished Knox proposed that we should go up into the gallery and speak to the organist ; and although I demurred at first, feeling rather shy of strangers —and especially of strange organists—I yielded to persuasion. We found the organist shutting up, and were turning to go downstairs again when he inquired if we wished to see him. He then opened the organ again and asked the blower (a woman) to stay a little while longer. The organ was large, but it had only two manuals. It had been built some years previously by Walker to designs prepared by Dr Chipp before he became organist of Ely Cathedral.

The man I met in the gallery was Joe Firth, an amateur organist who became another of my steadfast friends. He introduced me to a great many of the musical people of Belfast, both professional and amateur ; he invited me to one of his choir practices, and asked John Shillington to come to

the church at the same time so that I might meet him again. And John Shillington—or Jack, as I soon learned to call him—and I became firm friends from that night.

I could fill a volume with Belfast happenings, for gradually I became as closely identified with the musical life of the city as any of its leading musicians. Not a holiday passed without my giving an organ recital in Carlisle Memorial Church, which was invariably crowded. And during one of my later holidays—perhaps in 1884—Shillington conceived the idea of my giving an organ recital in the Ulster Hall, and forthwith put the idea into execution. The organ was a large four-decker Hill, extremely heavy and cumbersome to manage, and I do not know how I contrived to give a recital on it entirely unassisted.

It was the first of many recitals I gave in that hall. I used to include piano pieces as well as organ solos, and I have an uneasy suspicion that the programmes were rather long. One, at least, was very long indeed, and must have included my entire repertoire. Only my most intimate and devoted friends could have remained to the bitter end, for in addition to the inordinate length of the programme itself there was an extended interval during which a lady friend provided, not mere refreshments, but a substantial tea. Shillington got to know that I was very fond of a small pastry and macaroon cake called Stanley cake. These cakes and plenty of thick cream were always provided, and feeding me with thick cream and Stanley cakes became a standing joke. For one of my recitals —not in the Ulster Hall but in the Carlisle Memorial Church—he had one or two copies of the programme printed with the legend: "Mrs Boyd will provide tea with thick cream in the vestry during the interval."

No one but myself knows what happy days those were. I was young and affectionate, and had not

yet been out into the world to encounter professional jealousy and roughness of life, but was surrounded by those who loved me and whom I loved in return.

I never did more than clear expenses at my Ulster Hall recitals except once, when I made a profit of four pounds. I made up my mind to spend this, almost the first money I had made, on a watch, and to buy a chain also if the funds would run to it. Next day Jack Shillington went with me to a reliable watchmaker, and I came away with a silver "hunter" —it is in my pocket now as I write—and a silver curb chain. At first the watchmaker asked four pounds for the watch alone, but when Jack said I wanted a chain as well, he replied: "Oh well, the four pounds were just made for both," and both I had.

I would fain linger in Belfast, but were I to do so this story would become like those Ulster Hall programmes, and as I have to go much farther afield, I must tear myself away. I must, however, mention that the Irish Presbyterian Assembly at last permitted the use of organs, and that my name is identified with nearly all of the more important organs built in Belfast as the result of that permission, either by my having drawn up the specifications or opened them. At one of these functions—not in a church but in the Y.M.C.A. Hall—I met Antoinette Stirling, the celebrated singer who made Sullivan's "Lost Chord" popular. She was old, but her voice still had its fine, resonant quality. I liked her kindly manner.

Nor have I rounded off the consequences of the wandering Knox and I indulged in, for although it means anticipating the future I must explain how important my first meeting with Firth ultimately proved to have been. He introduced me to Mr Charles Howden, one of whose sisters was the wife of Mr Muir M'Kean, later on Provost of Paisley. About 1887 or 1888 there was built in Sherwood,

a residential part of Paisley, a new Free Church, of which Mr M'Kean was an elder, and the first minister was a young man fresh from college who gave great promise. This was Hugh Black. He had only been a very short time at Sherwood when Free St George's, Edinburgh (more accurately St George's Free Church and now St George's, West), called him. As Sherwood was quite a new cause, Black placed himself in the hands of the Assembly, who requested him to remain in Paisley for the time being. But in 1896 Free St George's tried again, and this time succeeded in getting Hugh Black as Dr Whyte's colleague and successor.

Howden introduced me both to Hugh Black and to M'Kean, and told the latter that when an organ was wanted for the new church he could not do better than go to me for advice. In due time M'Kean consulted me, and I showed him my organ at St Andrew's, Upper Norwood. Lewis was then given an order for Sherwood. I drew up the specification, and opened the new organ in April 1893. On the Sunday the organ was opened there were three services, and Hugh Black preached in the afternoon. He has always had a characteristic burr, which gives a distinctive character to his delivery, and I was at once arrested by his voice and eloquence. His sermon so impressed me at the time that I have never forgotten the text: "They are dead which sought the young child's life."

And now for the conclusion of what came out of the wandering. When Hugh Black went to Free St George's there was no organ. Without difficulty he persuaded Dr Whyte and the Session and Deacons' Court to instal an organ, and as the Sherwood instrument had proved very satisfactory Lewis was recommended and the order placed in his hands. The next thing was to find an organist. Whyte had read something about me in a newspaper, and on inquiry found that Hugh Black already knew me.

Whyte then deputed him to call on me at Norwood, and I was asked to accept the appointment. One or two in the congregation had hesitated before agreeing to the appointment of a blind man, but it was not long before they became my friends, and one of them an intimate friend. Thus, thanks to wandering and Knox's persuasion to climb up to the organ gallery of St George's, Belfast, I met Joe Firth, who was the first link in the human chain that passed me on to St George's, Edinburgh.

During the summer holidays of 1881 Campbell, who had had a good deal of practice in mountaineering, astonished everyone by climbing to the summit of Mont Blanc. For a blind man to have accomplished such a climb is almost past belief. His son Guy—all Campbell's children had normal sight—helped him in that great feat, and it goes without saying that he had two of the most experienced Swiss guides obtainable. When they reached the summit the chief guide said: "You are the first blind man to stand on the top of Mont Blanc, and you will be the last." So far the guide's prophecy has proved true. Campbell was often asked how it could have given him pleasure to do so dangerous a thing. He replied that although he had the mountaineer's love of climbing, the pleasure of the adventure was not the main incentive. It was one of his ceaseless efforts to prove that in large measure the blind man can do as the sighted man does, and he was frankly desirous of drawing the attention of the public in general, and the Press in particular, to the College and its work. He used to say that his having successfully climbed Mont Blanc was the biggest advertisement the College ever had, and that it was only after the Mont Blanc episode that The Times gave prominence to what the College was doing.

Campbell developed from very small and crude beginnings a fine gymnasium equipped with all the

latest apparatus, and placed it under the control of his son Guy. He tried every possible means of giving his pupils—especially those who appeared on the concert platform—ease of movement, for he realised that if left without training, the blind may develop awkward movements which make them undesirably conspicuous. It occurred to him that acting would help, and W. H. Cummings, who had been appointed teacher of singing, recommended Mendelssohn's charming operetta, "The Son and Stranger." Campbell accepted the recommendation, but found a difficulty in the casting of the various parts. He shook his head at the thought of lovers and love-making in the operetta: it would never do for a blind young man to make love to a blind young woman even on the stage. Fortunately the difficulty was overcome without violence to his scruples. My former teacher, Miss Campbell, was the heroine; a blind young man with a first-rate baritone voice was the mountebank stranger; and Cummings was the son, the soldier hero. The College choir supplied the chorus, and the accompaniments were shared between four of us, two boys (of whom I was one) and two girls. The first performance was given at our Christmas Tree Festival that year. H.R.H. the Princess Frederica of Hanover, who was present, had a peculiar sympathy with the College because her father, the King of Hanover, to whom she referred in her impressive address, was blind.

Getting up that operetta was great fun for those who took part in it, but not for the producer and coach. Cummings had no easy task in trying to get anything like natural action and freedom of movement into the players. That he succeeded to a remarkable degree was proved by the enthusiasm of the audiences. The hall platform was transformed into a stage with wings, footlights, scenery, and curtain. The only difference from the real thing

was that instead of bare boards we had a carpet with padding carefully arranged beneath it so that the blind actors could tell where they were. There were various thicknesses and sizes of padding, and the actors were carefully taught what to do in each place and how far they might move with safety. For example, West, the baritone, had to dance during his song, "I am a roamer." A friend of mine who was in the audience could not understand how it was possible for him to caper about so close to the footlights and not fall over them. I had to impart to her the secret of the padded carpet.

A few months later we gave the operetta in Glasgow, when I accompanied the entire work, and to this day I remember the difficulty I had in learning the last chorus. I have found Mendelssohn's accompaniments more difficult to memorise than those of any other composer, and whenever I have one to learn I know that both my reader and I are in for a bad time. And it was far worse in my student days, for then we were not allowed to hear anything played over and the notes of each hand were read separately to us. How on such a system I ever committed to memory great works such as the Schumann and Emperor Concertos is a mystery to me now.

All this time I was receiving organ lessons from Hopkins, but organ was a second study rather than a first, for Campbell was pressing me to concentrate on the piano. After finishing the Mendelssohn Capriccio I began almost at once on the Schumann Concerto, just mentioned, and of all the compositions for piano and orchestra that I have learned or heard it still remains my supreme favourite.

On the 24th June 1882 a Command Performance by the College Students was given at Windsor Castle before Queen Victoria. We went to Windsor in all our war-paint, I wearing a knickerbocker suit specially bought for the occasion, and arrived at the Castle in time for an excellent lunch. (Although

I have forgotten the rest of the menu, I still remember the dessert, which included the largest and most delicious strawberries I ever tasted.) We were assisted by the Queen's private orchestra, whose members were the finest orchestral players in London, and it may be of interest to my musical readers to know their names :—

First Violins	L. Straus (Principal), W. F. Parker, J. Rendle, F. M. Wallace.
Second Violins	G. Deichmann (Principal), J. W. Gunnis, A. J. Haynes, Phillipsboon.
Violas	W. H. Hann (Principal), W. Egerton, W. H. Hill.
Cellos	C. Ould (Principal), Trust, W. C. Hann.
Double Basses	H. Progatzky (Principal), E. Ould, J. H. Waud.
Flutes	A. P. Vivian, H. Chapman.
Oboes	G. Horton, J. A. Smith.
Clarinets	H. Lazarus, Augarde.
Bassoons	J. Anderson, T. Anderson.
Horns	T. E. Mann, F. Markland.
Trumpets	T. Harper, W. Ellis.
Trombone	J. Matt.
Drums	V. A. Chaine.
Conductors	August Manns, W. H. Cummings.

The following was the programme :—

Madrigal "All creatures now are merry minded" *John Benet*

Concerto . . . . . *Schumann*
Piano—Master Alfred Hollins

Cantata . . Toggenburg . . *Rheinberger*

Rondo for two Pianos . . . . . *Chopin*
Miss Gilbert and Miss Inskip

Concertstück for Piano and Orchestra . . *Weber*
Piano—W. F. Schwier

Motet . . . "Hear My Prayer" . *Mendelssohn*
Miss Campbell and Choir

National Anthem

Even great men make a few mistakes, and that concert was one of the rare occasions when Campbell erred. The programme was long and not well chosen. It was too ambitious. We all had an uncomfortable feeling as of having outstayed our welcome. But we forgot our disappointment very quickly, for when the programme was repeated on the following Saturday, 1st July, at a concert given in the Guildhall and attended by the Lord Mayor of London, the Lady Mayoress, and many other distinguished people, it was a complete success. This concert was part of the annual Prize Festival for that year, and the Lady Mayoress presented the prizes.

In the same year (1882) the first performance of Wagner's Ring was given in this country. It was produced at Her Majesty's, one of the largest theatres in London. An entire German company, including a large orchestra, was brought over for it, and the conductor was a young German, Anton Seidl, who had already made a name as a Wagnerian conductor in his own country. Several performances of the entire work were given, but it was received with anything but enthusiasm. Incredible as it may seem to-day, The Ring was then greeted with hisses, and provoked a storm of adverse criticism. The audiences would have been small if the greater part of the house had not been "paper." A few tickets were given to Campbell for the use of his pupils, and I went to one of the Valkyrie nights. I came away bewildered. Wagner's system of motifs had been explained and the leading motifs played over to us, but I was too young—or too much a child of my own generation—to understand his music. It might have been easier had I heard any opera before, but I had not. And even the oldest and most experienced musicians were perplexed by Wagner's new ideas. I understood The Ride and the fire music at the end, but the long recitatives bored me. At first, too, I was confused

by the low pitch. Hitherto I had been accustomed to the high Philharmonic pitch, and for these performances the Viennese was used—about half a tone lower than Philharmonic. It was highly instructive to go out into the lobbies between the acts and hear the disputes between the Wagnerites and the old school, and it was something of an experience to be summoned to our seats for the next act by the trumpets playing one of the leading motifs. On the occasion of which I write it was the Sword theme.

That night was vividly impressed on my mind, not only by hearing the opera but also because it was the night—6th May 1882—when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke were murdered in Phœnix Park, Dublin. Mr Young, our tuning-master, who took me to the opera, lived at Blackheath, and always went home for the week-ends. After the opera I spent the Sunday at his home, and together we went to St Michael's Church, Blackheath, of which Baring-Gould was then vicar. We heard of the murder for the first time during the evening service at St Michael's, and I cannot forget the wave of horror that passed over the congregation when the news was announced.

A pleasant occurrence marked the next holidays. Shortly before we broke up, Hopkins told me he had been asked to draw up the specification of an organ for All Saints' Church, Woollahra, Sydney, N.S.W., and to certify the instrument before it left this country. The builders, Forster & Andrews of Hull, were therefore bound by contract to have the organ completely playable in their factory. They wanted Hopkins to give a recital on it, but he declared that he was not keen on recital work, and as the organ was being built in my native town asked if I would like to give the recital in his stead. Naturally I said yes, and as it was my first public organ recital (for Belfast, mentioned

some pages back, was later of date) I give the programme :—

I.

1. Motet	"Deus Tibi"	*Mozart*
2. Andante in F		*Haydn*
3. Sonata No. 4		*Mendelssohn*
4. Aria	"If with all your hearts"	*Mendelssohn*
5. Fugue in G Minor		*Bach*
6. Two short pieces in A and D		*Hopkins*
7. Toccata in F		*Bach*

II.

1. Coronation Anthem	Zadok the Priest	*Handel*
2. Aria	"O rest in the Lord"	*Mendelssohn*
3. Gavotte in D		*Bach*
4. Verdi Prati		*Handel*
5. (*a*) Cantabile (*b*) Fanfare		*Lemmens*
6. Andante in E Minor		*Batiste*
7. Wedding March		*Mendelssohn*

It is a mixed grill. Up to then I had not been able to give enough time to the organ to get a really good repertoire.

Forster & Andrews' erecting room was large enough to accommodate a considerable number of people, and on the night of my recital it was filled by a very attentive and enthusiastic audience, including the principal organists of Hull and district and many of the leading townspeople. Judging by the applause and the kind things Hopkins said to me afterwards, I can safely say that my first organ recital went well. Mr Forster, the senior partner, showed his pleasure in a practical way by presenting me with a new sovereign.

But my cup of happiness for these holidays was not full yet. On the day after the recital Hopkins

went to see his old friend Mr Rodgers, organist of Doncaster Parish Church in succession to his father, Jeremiah Rodgers, a noted organist of his day. In Doncaster Church was the famous Schulze organ. Some years previously, Hopkins and Jeremiah, during a visit to Germany, had met a young and very promising organ builder, Edmund Schulze. Rodgers was in search of a builder for his new organ at Doncaster, and, being much impressed by Schulze's remarkable gifts as a voicer of flue-pipes, with Hopkins's support eventually persuaded the vicar and church-wardens of Doncaster to give the order to Schulze, who revolutionised the voicing and tonal scheme of organs in this country, as in later years Hope Jones revolutionised electric action.

Organ enthusiasts will appreciate how important that visit to Doncaster was for me. Until then I had not paid much attention to tone quality or "build up," and by taking me to Doncaster my revered master opened up a new field of knowledge and pleasure which I have never wearied of exploring. I remember the feel of the console even now; its bewildering array of huge stop knobs; and how stiff and heavy they were to pull out. Hopkins made me stand on a form to feel the mouths of the wooden pedal Violone, which faced into the choir vestry at the back of the organ.

On the way to Doncaster Hopkins told me that the Benchers of the Temple had presented his name to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the degree of Doctor of Music, a degree that was not conferred on him until after the College had assembled for the next session, 1882-1883.

It will be recalled that the Windsor programme opened with John Benet's old madrigal, "All creatures now are merry minded." It was Hopkins who had recommended this madrigal to Campbell as one suitable for the choir to learn. Written, like so many other madrigals of its day, in praise of

Queen Elizabeth, it ends with a very fine passage set to the words, "Long live fair Oriana." On the day of Hopkins's next visit to Norwood after receiving his degree, the choir assembled in the grounds near the gate by which he would enter, and as soon as he appeared the signal was given and the choir burst into this passage, substituting "Good Dr Hopkins" for "Fair Oriana." It greatly pleased the new Doctor of Music to receive so novel a welcome, and us to give it him.

But even yet my experiences of those holidays were not over. My brother Jim, who had been married during the previous December, lived a little way out of Hedon, a small village not far from Hull. The road from his house to the village was almost straight, and I soon learned to find my way to Hedon and back, and would often go there on a shopping errand for my sister-in-law. Jim had a collie dog named Prince, who made friends with me, and always accompanied me to and from the village. On one side of the road there was a ditch nearly all the way, and Prince's instinct must have told him that I could not see, for he used to walk between me and the ditch both going out and coming in, changing sides as necessary. I am convinced that this was deliberate care on Prince's part, and not mere chance.

The organist of Hedon, Mr Batty, who was also church clerk, asked me to give one or two recitals. The organ was in such bad order that I had to get someone to sit beside me and pull up any key or pedal that stuck down. It was a rash moment when I promised to give those recitals, but I fulfilled the promise gladly enough because of my great admiration for the vicar. He was the Rev. J. L. Clark, afterwards Vicar of Dewsbury, and ultimately Bishop of Melbourne. I remember the headings of one of his sermons. He took as his text the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, from the

twentieth verse to the end, and his headings were: 'Speak the Truth,' 'Control the Temper,' 'Be Honest,' 'Be Pure,' 'Control the Tongue,' 'Forgive.' To my young mind these headings summed up St Paul's exhortations in a marvellously arresting way, and they became the simple directions by which I have tried to rule my conduct throughout life.

The church was always full for the recitals, and after the last one the vicar told me that he and a few friends wished to give me a small present. He asked me what I would like, and I chose Hopkins and Rimbault's book on the organ. I was presented with the latest edition (1877), specially bound and bearing the following inscription: "Presented by a few friends in Hedon to Master Alfred Hollins as a tribute to his great musical talent and in gratitude for the pleasure received from his recitals on the organ."

In 1883 I played twice in Glasgow, and at the second concert I met Dr Peace (who was the solo organist) and heard him for the first time. He played the Overture to Zampa and Weber's Invitation to the Waltz. To hear such pieces so brilliantly and clearly played on the organ was a revelation and delight, and since then Peace has remained my ideal concert organist. I have never heard anyone to equal or surpass him in that particular style of organ playing. Best was generally considered a greater player—and in many respects perhaps he was—but although he was most painstaking and meticulously accurate he had some peculiarities, amounting almost to eccentricities, which in my opinion detracted from his art. Peace's playing would not be approved of by all to-day, for the style requisite in concert work does not find favour at present.

To me it seems strange that so few organists appreciate and take advantage of the facilities afforded by electric action and modern stop control.

Perhaps the chief reason for such apparent general neglect is that nearly every organist in Great Britain is a church organist whose playing is necessarily confined to a style suitable to his work. Repertoire is apt to be limited for the same reason. The late Edwin Lemare, a dear friend of mine, broke through such hidebound traditions. His vicar and churchwardens at St Margaret's, Westminster—where he was organist for many years—were far-seeing enough to give him a free hand, and for his Saturday afternoon recitals the church was always crowded with silent and appreciative listeners. The fine Walker organ at St Margaret's was designed by and built for Lemare, and as played by him I have never heard a finer instrument. His rendering of the great Wagner pieces can never be forgotten by any who heard it.

Peace preferred the older orchestral music. He was a past master in well-known overtures such as Freischutz, Oberon, or the like, which he played from the orchestral score, and he revelled in Handel's choruses and organ concertos. Many considered Peace's playing too staccato, and Best is reported to have said that there was far too much of the cat on hot bricks about it. I can only say that I always found it a very great treat to hear him and that I took every available opportunity of doing so. Both when I first met him, and always afterwards, he was kind to me and showed interest in my welfare.

At that time there were two great rival organ builders, each with his own peculiar quality of tone and design. One was Henry Willis (honourably known as Father Willis) ; the other was Thomas C. Lewis. These two great builders were well represented in Glasgow by two of the largest and most important organs in the city : Willis by the Cathedral organ, where Peace, an ardent disciple of his, was organist ; Lewis by the organ in St Andrew's Hall.

Peace preferred the Cathedral organ, which had been built to his specification and voiced to his particular liking. He explained to me the difference between the two organs, and invited me to try the Cathedral one so that I might make a comparison for myself. From the examination I learned a great deal. Peace insisted on the treble of each stop being as brilliant as possible, a feature particularly noticeable in his organ at the Cathedral, which many of the older school thought weak in the middle register and too strong in the bass and treble.

Peace greatly preferred combination pedals to pistons. He maintained—and I cordially agree with him—that one can spare a foot more readily than even a thumb. When he tried my organ at St George's and found that it had no combination pedals, he told me that much as he liked the organ itself I need not ask him to give a recital on it unless I was prepared first to ask my church authorities to pay for " compositions " being put in.

The Prize Festival at the College in 1883 was an important one. A large marquee had been erected in the grounds, and in it John Bright presented the prizes and gave an impressive address, impressively delivered. His rich voice, perfect diction, and superb oratory still linger in my memory. All of us older pupils were keenly interested in politics, and nearly all of us were Liberals. Several of Bright's speeches had been read to us, and we were ardent followers of the doings of Parliament as recorded by " Toby " in " Punch," and other writers. John Bright's visit had therefore a special interest for us. I was fortunate enough to win the Hartvigson prize—a beautifully marked, light walking-cane with a tortoise-shell handle. When I went up to receive it, John Bright said: " My word! you will look a swell when next you walk down Piccadilly carrying this fine stick."

The Festival began with a concert at the Palace.

The pupils were assisted by the orchestra under Manns, and I played the Beethoven Emperor Concerto. To learn it had given me much trouble. Jenny Gilbert, our best lady pianist, played Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia for piano and orchestra, and in reporting the concert the music critic of one of the newspapers, after praising her skilful playing, wrote: "It is a pity that so talented a young lady should have wasted her time on such valueless eccentricities."

CHAPTER VIII.

MANY GREAT MUSICIANS.

THREE matters of major importance absorbed our interest when we returned after the holidays in 1884. The first was the engagement of Klindworth for the Orchestral Concert in St James's Hall; the second was a prospective trip to Brussels and Berlin for Command Performances before King Leopold of Belgium and the Empress Frederick—our Princess Royal—of Germany; the third was another munificent gift from Dr Armitage—a swimming bath.

Klindworth came from Berlin specially for the concert, and Madame Albani consented to sing. It was held on Tuesday, 5th February, and was attended by Princess Louise and many other distinguished people. Klindworth said some kind things about my playing of the Emperor Concerto, and Princess Louise sent for me during the interval and made me sit next to her for some time. Madame Albani was gracious to us all, but except for a handshake I hardly met her then. Some years later, when I was engaged as solo organist on the occasion of a Primrose League meeting in the Albert Hall, she sang the national anthem, and I had the honour of accompanying her on the organ. She would leave nothing to chance, and asked me to call at her house (in The Boltons, Kensington) a day or so before the meeting to try over the music. Her voice was wonderful but rather peculiar. In her upper register she excelled; in her lower she was comparatively weak, and it had a slight tremolo. Her

upper notes were completely steady, and I never heard another singer with such a power of sustained pianissimo on top notes or so finished an art of making a pianissimo passage fill a huge building like the Albert Hall or the Crystal Palace.

We left for Germany during the evening of Thursday, 28th March, and went by the Queenborough - Flushing route. It was not a smooth crossing, and some of our party were unlucky. The rest of us chaffed them unmercifully, and they heaped coals of fire on our heads by taking all in good part. From Flushing we took train for Brussels, there to give a private concert before King Leopold of Belgium. Everything was new to us: the language, the food, the delicious coffee, the kind of railway carriage, even the smells. Brussels was reached about noon, and after lunch we went to the Palace. King Leopold graciously shook hands with each of us, and at the concert spoke in excellent English of the pleasure the music gave him. The rest of the day was spent in visiting places of interest in the city.

The train for Berlin left Brussels at 6.30 next morning. We rose with the lark, but our song was less blithe than his and died away altogether when we were told to prepare for sixteen hours in one compartment. Although it was early in the year the day became hot and dusty, but we kept lively and made the best of it. One of our party who could read French bought a newspaper and read the news to us. We learned that the Duke of Albany had died suddenly at Cannes the day before, and it was perhaps as well that we did not then realise what a complete difference his death would make to our trip.

In the girls' compartment there was much laughter. It was before the days of restaurant cars or any sort of vestibuled coach. Luncheon baskets had to be ordered in advance; the ticket examiner had to walk along the footboard outside. The luncheon

baskets contained soup, and with the bumping and rocking of the train it was almost impossible—especially for blind people—to avoid spilling it. Mrs Campbell therefore collected the different portions into one vessel, opened the window and threw it out. As ill-luck would have it the ticket inspector was on the footboard at the moment and received the entire contents in his face and on his immaculate uniform. The door of the compartment was opened and an astonishing vision presented itself—a furious inspector bespattered with a greasy mess of soup from head to foot, spluttering incoherent German. No one in the compartment understood that language, but as spoken by the inspector it sounded highly volcanic. To make matters worse, Mrs Campbell could not utter a word for laughter, and whether the unfortunate inspector believed himself the victiin of a practical joke or an accident no one knew.

We reached Berlin in the evening of Saturday, 29th March, and went straight to the Central Hotel, adjoining the station at which we arrived. Our bedrooms looked out on to the glass roof of the hotel winter garden, which would be more correctly described as a covered-in beer garden. A very good orchestra was playing, and although at the moment we were too tired to pay much attention to it, next evening we wanted to go down and hear it. Campbell thought it might have a bad effect on our morals were we to visit a German beer garden and hear Strauss waltzes on a Sunday night, and permission was refused. This was my first experience of a continental Sunday, and I think I was secretly shocked to hear such gay music and the clinking of glasses.

On Sunday morning we were taken to the Dome Church to hear the wonderful Dome Choir, of which Campbell had given us a glowing account. It was a highly trained choir of boys and men, who sang two or three short anthems before the morning service at ten o'clock. I had heard few of our own famous

church choirs except the Temple, and could not attempt a critical comparison, but we all thought it perfect singing. One of the anthems was Mendelssohn's setting of the forty-third Psalm, "Judge me, O God." It made a particularly strong impression on my mind, because it was my first experience of a choir singing in eight parts. I had myself sung in five or six-part madrigals, but these are contrapuntal and the Mendelssohn is harmonic. I still recall the thrill of that lovely modulation from B flat to D major, set to the words, "will praise Thee upon the harp, O my God."

The proposed Concert before the Empress Frederick had to be abandoned because of the death of her brother, the Duke of Albany, and after we had given a private concert at the residence of the Countess von Schleinitz, to which many well-known people in Berlin were invited, we returned to Norwood.

That year (1884) I received the organ prize given by Hopkins, and I was given my first organ appointment. Fred Turner had become organist of St John's Church, Redhill, some two or three years previously, but had remained at the College and travelled on Fridays and Sundays for choir practices and services. He and I had many a chat about his doings at Redhill, and I often chaffed him about his being a real live organist with an organ key in his pocket. There was a touch of exaggeration in this, for the organ—very old and poor—had not had a lock for many years and was hardly worthy of one. (At a later date, when a lock had been put on, I once forgot to take the key with me. Thus Fred Turner scored.) A new and important church in Glasgow—the Wellington United Presbyterian—then nearing completion, was to be opened in October. It took the place of an old church in Wellington Street (hence the name), and was to have what the old one had never had—an organ. Hopkins was engaged to specify it and to play at the opening services,

and was consulted about an organist. On his recommendation, and thanks to one of the leading office-bearers, Mr William Arrol, a blind man, Fred Turner's name was placed on the short leet. It was a great gain to the whole world of the blind that one of their number should be allowed to compete with sighted candidates for so important a post, even though he might not obtain it.

Fred Turner asked me to take the choir practice on Friday and the service on Sunday while he was in Glasgow for the competition. The Vicar of St John's, the Rev. J. M. Gordon, a Scotsman of an old county family near Montrose, was a man of shy, nervous temperament which at first made him seem rather cold and unapproachable, but my first impression was radically altered when I knew him better.

Had I the sense of sight and the gift to use an artist's brush I would paint a series of portraits, each bearing the title Portrait of a Gentleman or Portrait of a Lady. Each would be inspired by hero-worship, and the character of the hero or heroine would in each case shine out from the canvas. Without implying the exclusion of other men and women who have specially attracted me or influenced my life, I will mention here two whose portraits would certainly be found in my intimate gallery. One is Gordon, Vicar of Redhill; the other is Alexander Whyte, minister of Free St George's, Edinburgh. Widely different in character, each profoundly believing in his own religious persuasion, both had the same unconscious power of compelling one's admiration and affection.

Gordon, a graduate of New College, Oxford, was a bachelor, a man of culture whose means sufficed to gratify his taste in books, art, music, and furniture. He kept a comfortable house and a good table. He was generous, and the greater part of his fortune was spent on improving his church. When I first knew St John's it was a plain rectangular building without

transepts or Chancel and only a small apse at the east end for the Choir and Altar. During his thirty years as vicar, Gordon added Chancel, side Chapel, porch and tower, new vestries, a ring of eight bells, and a new Willis organ which I had the honour of opening in 1897. In fact, except for the walls and pews, he made it a new church.

In Scotland, church organs are of comparatively recent introduction, and nearly all are blown mechanically. Scotland is the poorer to the extent of a picturesque tradition which has taken root in England, where all organ-blowers are said to be old and possessed of a quaint humour peculiar to their work. Brewer, at St John's, was in the tradition. He was proud of his office and told me that he had blown seven years for the choir practices before he dared attempt a service. On the Sunday when I first played for Fred, Brewer said: "There's two or three banns to-day, Mister, but you needn't worry because I won't stick the wind in 'er till the banns is all finished." On a later occasion he said to one of the Norwood men who was deputising for me: "You ain't no musicker, you ain't!" "Why?" asked my friend. "Because you don't take no wind like Mr 'Ollans do." Poor old Brewer! It was said that he used to work in a quarry and had broken nearly every bone in his body. He was a dirty, untidy old man, but a reliable blower. Not once did he let the wind out, and if there were no banns he never failed to "stick the wind in 'er" the instant he heard "Here endeth the second lesson."

Fred Turner was appointed to Wellington Church, and went to Glasgow at the beginning of October. He had almost his entire three months' notice to serve at Redhill, but Gordon agreed to release him if I took his place for the period. I played for the first time as deputy on Sunday, 12th October 1884, about a month after my nineteenth birthday.

Redhill is some fourteen miles from Norwood, and

I did the journey there and back twice every week (three times during Advent and Lent) for more than three years. On Friday I took train from the Crystal Palace (Low Level) Station to Croydon, where I changed into a main line Brighton train. Very soon I could manage the journey alone, except from Redhill Station to the church. On Sunday there was no convenient train from the Palace, and during the winter I walked to Norwood Junction—a good mile and a half from the College—in the morning and back from there at night. During the summer I got up at six, had an early breakfast, and walked to East Croydon, more than three miles away. Coming back at night I could use Norwood Junction.

One Friday evening I got to the low level station some little time before the Croydon train was due. The platform was then an island one with lamp-posts at intervals in the middle, and to find my way I used to keep near the row of posts, touching them with my stick as I went along. That evening I must have felt energetic, for instead of touching the posts lightly I gave each one a hard knock—perhaps to see if the posts had different notes—and, unluckily mistaking a man for a post, I caught him a good sound whack across the legs. I was so taken aback that I blurted out: "Oh, I do beg your pardon. I thought you were a lamp-post."

On another occasion, when I got into the train at Croydon, I fell full length over a box which a woman —the only other passenger besides myself—had placed on the floor close to the door. I had hardly scrambled to my seat when the window was hurriedly pulled down and an agitated voice called: "Guard! Guard!" and then in an audible whisper, "Is this man perfectly safe to travel with?" "Yes'm," was the immediate reply, "we know 'im."

I thoroughly enjoyed my Sundays at Redhill, and soon began to think with regret of the time when I must resume the old routine at the College. But

I need not have let myself feel anxious. I was offered the appointment, and entered upon a period of unalloyed happiness at St John's.

The organ was old and very poor. Probably it comprised two separate organs that some builder had made into one. A thorough cleaning and a new set of keys did something to improve it, and shortly after my appointment I persuaded Gordon to let Binns put in an 8 feet Lieblich Gedact and a 4 feet Lieblichflöte in place of the old wood Stopped Diapason and Flute on the Great. There was only one pedal stop—rather a heavy 16 feet Open Wood—and no 16 feet of any kind on the manuals.

I met many charming people, some of whom became my permanent friends. One of them was a delightful old lady, Miss Lempriere, who, like myself, was blind. I used to visit her every Sunday afternoon to teach her to read Braille, but as these visits were begun only a comparatively short time before I left Redhill I was unable to do much more than teach her the alphabet. The first time I went to her house I noticed a carriage clock of a sort which was new to me—for it chimed the quarters as well as the hours—and I told Gordon how much I liked it. I had forgotten the incident, but Gordon had not, and he and "Many friends in Redhill" (so the inscription runs) presented me with a replica as a parting gift when I left St John's in 1888.

Noted lecturers, pianists, and singers visited the College. One of these was J. G. Wood, the great naturalist. We were instructed to take notes of his lectures, which could only be done in Braille, and to lessen the noise we used damp paper. But the slight sound we made was like that of sweets being crunched, and as we wrote on our knees the frames could not be seen. Wood asked us to suck our sweets instead of biting them, but the "biting" went on. Campbell then ordered the offenders to leave the hall, but when the misunderstanding was ex-

plained Wood said: "By all means bite as many of that kind of sweet as you like."

Henschel and his wife visited the College, and I particularly recall his singing "Why do the nations?" and the wonderful accompaniment he played to it. In later years I went to his house and played to him on a Broadwood Grand, the music desk of which, as he told me with some pride, was of his own design. Afterwards he sat down at the piano and played a charming Canon in B flat that he had just composed. I did not hear it again, but the opening bars stuck in my memory, and some forty years later, in writing to congratulate him on his eightieth birthday, I quoted the opening phrase of the Canon. He replied by sending a further excerpt for my wife's birthday book, and I was glad to find that the years had not played any tricks. And I had remembered the right key, B flat. It is a habit of mine to remember a piece in the key in which I first hear it, and I do not like it sung or played in any other key.

Bülow gave us several recitals. He came first to the College shortly before I went to Berlin to study under him, and after dinner I was told to go to the dining-room, where I found the Campbells with Bülow and Hartvigson. They were all sitting round the dinner-table, Bülow and Hartvigson smoking cigars. Campbell asked me to go to the piano and play Chopin's Berceuse. The piano was worn and hard, and quite unsuitable for the Berceuse. Then I played the Black Key Study, and when I finished there was an awkward silence. I suspect that the Berceuse had had a soothing effect on Bülow, and that he was sound asleep. Campbell relieved the tension by saying, "Thank you, Hollins, you may go now."

Sophie Menter, d'Albert, and Pachmann were other great pianists who visited the College.

Sophie Menter was the most brilliant and forceful woman pianist I have ever heard, and the great

strength of her playing was the more wonderful because she suffered terribly from asthma.

d'Albert was a very great pianist and a talented composer. At a Palace Saturday Concert I heard the first performance of almost his first composition, the Concerto for piano and orchestra in A minor. d'Albert was the soloist and Manns conducted. Everyone was amazed at the maturity of the work, and it was difficult to realise that the composer was little more than a boy. Shortly after this brilliant début he went to Germany to study under Liszt, and it is unfortunate that he alienated his old professors and friends in this country by repudiating and disparaging the musical training and advancement he had received here. He became a naturalised German subject, and did not visit this country for many years. When he came back he gave a recital at the College, and it was then that I met his wife and him. d'Albert insisted on speaking German, but his wife, although she knew little English, did her best to use our language.

Pachmann's incomparable playing of Chopin is a living memory, and I need not enlarge on it. My second meeting with him was in Edinburgh, many years later, when he gave a recital in the Music Hall at which one of my friends—a first-rate amateur pianist—and I were present. We had been asked to play some duets for two pianos in the same hall that night, and when the recital was over and Pachmann had played several encores we went out to get some tea before a final rehearsal in the hall. When we got back Pachmann was playing to an audience of three — himself, the attendant who travelled with him, and the tuner in charge of the piano. We introduced ourselves and said how greatly we had enjoyed the recital. "Now," he said, "I will play you a piece by the greatest composer in the world, arranged by the greatest pianist in the world." This was Godovsky's arrangement of

Chopin's Black Key Study. He also played several other pieces, and then asked me to play to him. I tried to excuse myself, but to no purpose, and played one of my own compositions, Reverie d'Amour. At the end he almost embraced me and said, "Ah! it is beautiful! it is noble! You are a great pianist." He asked if I played the organ at any church, and, on hearing that I did, insisted on knowing where the church was and the time of morning service. "I will surely come if you will get me a seat," he said. I was taken aback, and urged him not to think of coming. I explained that we had very simple music and dreadfully long sermons. All my entreaties were in vain. He was determined to be at the church, and I spent more than one bad quarter of an hour. But he caught a cold and was obliged to stay in bed. I was sorry for the cause of his absence, but devoutly thankful to be spared the ordeal of playing the service and listening to it with Pachmann's ears.

I had an interesting experience in 1884, the year of my introduction to St John's, Redhill. In the music room of Mr Nathaniel J. Holmes's house in Primrose Hill Road there was an organ, designed by Best and built by Bryceson Brothers (the first builders to use electric action in Great Britain), which had several novel features, including a small Echo organ bracketed out on the wall opposite the main organ and played from the solo keyboard. As there was a separate reversed console close to the organ, the organist faced the music room. Holmes was an enthusiastic amateur, and his Saturday afternoon receptions, at which both British and foreign celebrated organists played, were a feature of the musical world of London for many years.

One of the organists most frequently heard at Holmes's house was Lemmens, the famous Belgian composer, who was Guilmant's master. Lemmens made a great feature of his "Storm" Fantasia, and it occurred to Holmes that the effect of the thunder

might be enhanced by preceding each peal with a flash of lightning. He therefore ensconced himself in the little balcony over the entrance to the music room, where there was a small cupboard containing the taps controlling the gas lights, and immediately before every peal of thunder lowered the lights and let off a magnesium flash. At the end there was a tremendous outburst of applause and much clamour for a repetition; but Holmes, rushing frantically down to Lemmens, exclaimed: "For God's sake, Lemmens, play any blessed thing you like, but don't play the Storm again, for I've got no more lightning powder." And an old lady who was at the recital said: "Oh, Mr Holmes, I knew you had a thunder stop on your organ, but I didn't know you had a lightning stop as well." I was almost the last to play that magnificent organ in its original setting. It went to the new Albert Palace, Battersea (now the Battersea Polytechnic), which was opened in 1885, and there I gave a recital on it after a concert by the College in aid of the Fawcett Memorial.

Thanks to John Shillington and his elder brother, I met W. S. Hoyte, organist at All Saints, Margaret Street, who made the music of that church justly celebrated. I had an opportunity of attending the Choral Celebration one Whit Sunday, and was much impressed both by the effectiveness of the organ and by Hoyte's playing. There was a virility in it that appealed to me, and his setting of the Lord's Prayer, which I had heard before in St George's, Belfast, where my friend Firth introduced it, has always been a favourite of mine. The organ was blown by two men who were at All Saints before Hoyte was appointed. He made many improvements, but declined to have one of the most desirable of all —mechanical blowing—because he would not supersede his two faithful blowers so long as they were able for their duty.

A short time after I went to Norwood, Coward,

the Crystal Palace organist, died, and A. J. Eyre, whose service in E flat is well known, was appointed in his stead. There were two organs at the Palace, a small three-manual in the concert room, built by Walker, and a large four-decker Gray & Davison in the great centre transept. Eyre usually gave a recital on the big organ before the Saturday concert, and a second one after it. We always went early to the Saturday concerts in order to secure good seats, and as the walls of the concert room were only of wood we could hear the organ fairly well.

Roger and I thought it would be a good idea to speak to Eyre. We had seen people mount the orchestra steps and go up to the box surrounding the console and, after a short conversation with Eyre, be asked to go in, and we decided to imitate them. Eyre was very kind, and invited us to enter. I stood at the treble end of the console, and for the first time felt those huge draw-stop knobs on their slanting jambs. It gives some idea of their size to recall that Roger counted them — seventy-seven altogether—when he was standing on the floor of the transept.

From that evening Eyre always showed a most friendly interest in my career. If I took a fancy to anything he played, and I was unable to buy the music, he would lend it to me. Besides being organist of the Crystal Palace, he was organist of St John's Church, Upper Norwood, then a temporary iron building, and one Sunday we coaxed Sarah (the maid in charge of us) to take us there. The service was very high—at least, so it seemed to me—and I felt all the time that I was doing wrong by attending it.

Eyre was a great admirer of Lewis's work, and shortly afterwards, when the present church—designed by Pearson—was built, Lewis put in the beginning of a three-manual organ. If not the first it was one of the first of Lewis's organs with electric

action. I used often to go to the Wednesday evening service, and one evening I heard Eyre extemporise an opening voluntary on an original theme which made a strong appeal to me. Afterwards I wrote a piece on his theme, adding a second subject of my own. The two subjects worked well together, and the whole was pretty good. But I found that I had unconsciously followed rather closely the second subject of Hopkins's Allegro Moderato in A, and for that reason I did nothing with it except play it occasionally.

Shortly after the Saturday when, with Roger Askham, I spoke to Eyre for the first time, he made me gasp by asking me to play the Palace organ. I chose one of Bach's fugues, which did not require any changing of stops. Eyre was very pleased. So, it would seem, was the audience.

At a later date, when I was preparing to give one of the afternoon recitals, I used to go to the Palace at six in the morning to practise. To be in that enormous building when everything was quiet except for the squealing of the parrots was an eerie experience. I felt the same thing when I practised in the Albert Hall and everything was still, and again in some of the big auditoriums in America—a kind of deafening sensation, very difficult to explain.

Another well-known musician with whom I became acquainted was Dr Naylor, organist of York Minster, who was still at All Saints, Scarborough, when I first met him during a holiday with my father. Naylor took us to his church, and his son Edward, of whom I saw a good deal a year or two later, was one of the party. I was made to put my hand on Edward's head to learn " what a tall chap " he was. Naylor was an ardent admirer of Widor, who at that time was hardly known outside France, and gave me my first introduction to Widor's music by playing the Minuet and March from the third organ symphony. There and then I determined to study Widor, and

eventually I prevailed on Campbell to have the second and fifth symphonies printed in Braille.

I was still quite a boy at the time, with very little practical knowledge of the organ, and when Naylor asked me to play I was somewhat taken aback. My father said, " He doesn't know the organ." Naylor replied, " I am quite sure he knows it well enough to play something." I played the Great Toccata in F. Naylor strongly advised me to practise extemporising. He maintained that although one might possess a natural gift, constant practice was necessary to be able to improvise easily and in a definite form. After hearing Naylor's remarks I determined to give more time to improvisation. At first I was content with a simple form : first part, second part, and a return to the first. The chief difficulty here is to remember the melody of the first part accurately and so be able to return to it with confidence. So as to avoid the aimless meanderings one so often hears for an opening voluntary, it is wise to keep to square section (as it were) of eight or sixteen bars in length. I did not try improvising on popular tunes until I heard Guilmant and found how much it was liked. With practice I was soon able to do it successfully ; but what I have always liked best is to extemporise on a short rhythmic phrase given me by someone in the audience.

I am constantly surprised to find how few among the general public know what improvisation means. I have been asked to improvise on the Overture to Tannhäuser, the Lost Chord, the Hallelujah Chorus, &c. I have even been asked more than once where " that piece called ' Improvisation ' " was published. After an improvisation an encore is often demanded, but it is better not to give one. The strain of an elaborate improvisation is considerable, and an encore may easily fall flat.

Facility in improvising is certainly increased by practice, but I believe it is in the first place a natural

gift, without which little can be done. I once heard Widor give a lesson in the art, but even he seemed to have difficulty in making his pupil grasp what he wanted. Improvising will come readily to anyone with absolute pitch, but if an attempt to cultivate it is made by one without a true ear, it lacks spontaneity and sounds mechanical.

In improvising, there is not only the actual music to be considered, but tone colour also. It greatly adds to the interest to get as much variety of tone colour as possible, and an organ which is poor, either tonally or mechanically, is a serious handicap. I have often wondered how it is that French organists excel, as they do, in improvisation, for their organs, although fine in tone, are lacking in stop control, and therefore cumbersome to manipulate.

In 1883 or 1884 Messrs Weekes & Company published my first composition, comprising two short preludes for the organ, in C and G, which began as improvisations. The main outlines were extemporised on the College hall organ during practice time, and afterwards worked up into proper form and written out. Given a good organ and congenial surroundings I can extemporise easily, but to put my compositions on paper has always been a labour—far more for the one who wrote them down than for myself. I very seldom compose at the piano. Sometimes I hit on something that takes my fancy when extemporising on the piano, but more frequently it is a voluntary that gives me a new idea. I then develop the idea into a composition and memorise it, completing the process without touching an instrument. Next I dictate the composition, and it is then that I become fidgety about it. A piece may sound all right in one's head, but it sounds, or looks (whichever is the right word), very different on paper, and I find myself possessed by a desire to make little alterations. My wife, who has written out practically all my compositions, is full of patience,

but at last she says : " As long as this piece is in the house you will keep on altering it. Leave it as you've got it now and send it off."

Wolstenholme's method is the one to admire and copy. He could make an almost perfect manuscript in Braille at the first attempt. From his Braille manuscript he dictated to his amanuensis, and for all practical purposes that was the end of it. I have the manuscripts of many of his compositions written in Braille straight from his head and there is hardly a mistake in any of them. Prince Alexander does the same, and as he writes the orchestral scores of his compositions in Braille his labour must be prodigious. I try to console myself for my own defective way of working by remembering that Beethoven laboured at his compositions and altered them again and again before achieving the finished work, but there, alas ! the similarity ends.

I spent a few days with my father at Cheltenham. He met me at Gloucester, and we went into the Cathedral for Evensong. After the service I met the organist, Dr Lee Williams, who allowed me to try the organ. It was exactly as Samuel Sebastian Wesley had left it at his death nine years before, and there were some fine old stops. The beauty of the Cathedral penetrated my mind in the loveliness of sound it gave, and that impression was confirmed on a second visit, nearly forty years later, when, on the invitation of Dr (afterwards Sir) Herbert Brewer, who succeeded Lee Williams, I played the fine new Harrison organ and afterwards drank tea in Wesley's old study.

In the middle eighties Rubinstein gave a series of recitals in London. By many people he was regarded as the greatest pianist the world had so far known, but this was the musical amateur's opinion rather than the trained musician's. His playing was forceful, and his light and shade wonderful ; I have never heard any pianist produce a finer pianissimo. But to my mind his fortissimo passages were too noisy,

and he sometimes muddled them by keeping the pedal down too much. I heard him play Liszt's "Au Bord d'une Source." Hartvigson had taught me to play it smoothly, quietly, and comparatively slowly. Rubinstein took it at top speed, as though Liszt had had a rushing, foaming torrent in his mind when he composed it, instead of a gently flowing stream.

Rubinstein had an abnormally large hand, and it was said that he could stretch a twelfth easily. From his playing I judged that this report must be correct, and it was confirmed by actual experience after the recital. He had a huge hand and a cordial hand-shake.

Many of Rubinstein's compositions were extraordinarily popular in my youth. For instance, the Melody in F—like Lemare's Andantino later—was dished up in all kinds of ways. His pianoforte Concerto No. 4 in D minor was another favourite. It is a melodious, brilliant, and interesting work, and I wonder that pianists neglect it as they do. They miss a great opportunity of capturing an audience.

CHAPTER IX.

RECITAL ORGANIST.

1885 was a crowded year.

Towards the end of March a party of us went on tour. Jenny Gilbert's show piece was Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia and mine his E flat Concerto. Regardless of expense, Campbell engaged Hartvigson to play the orchestral parts on a second piano.

Fred Turner, who was to be solo organist, joined us in Glasgow. Smoking was strictly forbidden at the College, and even on tour, but Fred, no longer a pupil and supposing that the rule did not apply to him, on our return to the hotel after the concert lit his pipe. He was informed that his services would not be required for the remainder of the tour.

The next concert was in Edinburgh, and it fell to my lot to open the programme with what ought to have been Fred's solo, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in D. I had to play on a really dreadful organ, built in 1842, and I did not bless either Fred for his smoking or Campbell for his high-handedness; but, all things considered, I got on pretty well. The organ in the Kinnaird Hall, Dundee, where we went next, was also old, but in better condition than the Edinburgh one. The console—inside the organ—was completely enclosed by folding doors, and there was ample room for the organist to play unseen behind them. I had not seen anything like it before.

From Dundee to Sheffield. The organ in the Albert Hall, where we gave our concert, was then, and is now (reconstructed though it was a few years

ago by an English firm who added a new console), the largest in Britain built by the great French builder, Cavaillé-Coll. A blind pupil was not allowed to use the organ unless a recognised sighted organist became responsible for its proper use, and Campbell engaged Hopkins to join us.

I must refrain from technicalities and merely say that there were several complexities, some peculiar to French organs in general, and some to the Albert Hall organ alone. Even Hopkins was puzzled, and as I could see that he was tired I persuaded him to leave me to practise by myself, assuring him that I would be all right, although my real feeling was far removed from confidence. Fortunately he had not been gone very long when Mr Speed, a friend of Mr Phillips—one of the leading organists of Sheffield—came and spoke to me, and on hearing of the difficulties I had encountered, offered to ask Mr Phillips to come and explain them to me. Phillips knew the organ well, and with his coming my anxiety was at an end.

As was usual on that tour, I opened the concert with the Bach D major Fugue. It received an ovation, and I had to play an encore. In short, the Sheffield concert, which had promised so ill, proved to be one of my triumphs, and Mr Phillips's kindness is vividly impressed on my memory.

The last concert of the tour was at Huddersfield, in the new Town Hall, where there is a fine Willis organ—one of the most comfortable, if one may use the word, that I have ever played.

Our leading tenor—a Scotsman named John Moncur—and I were to take part in a Command Concert before the Princess Royal (then Crown Princess of Germany and later the Empress Frederick) on Monday, 20th April. The month was well advanced before we finished our tour, and I had little time in which to get ready the three concertos and the accompaniment for Moncur's singing of Beet-

hoven's Addaïde. Campbell and his son Guy went with us to Berlin, and as we had an evening to spare, Klindworth gave us tickets for a piano recital by a young and brilliant pianist, Max Schwartz of Frankfort, who was making his first appearance in Berlin, and from whom, two years later, I had lessons. I did not know that in Germany it was not the custom to applaud a performer when he first came on to the platform, and I was surprised when Schwartz began to play without any previous applause. The knowledge enabled me to understand the stony silence with which my own appearance was received on the following Monday, and saved me from feeling uncomfortable and nervous.

Our concert was given in the Sing Akademie, the home of all big concerts in Berlin. It was by invitation, and was honoured by H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany, H.R.H. Princess Victoria, Sir Edward and Lady Ermyntrude Malet, and many other persons of high rank. I opened the programme with the Beethoven Emperor Concerto—No. 5 in E flat. Next came Beethoven's Adelaide, sung by Moncur, which I accompanied. I then played the Schumann Concerto, which was followed by Moncur's singing a light French song, "O Ma Maîtresse," by Felicien David, and the programme was brought to an end by my playing Liszt's E flat Concerto. At the time I was too anxious and excited to form any opinion of how I played, but both audience and orchestra were most enthusiastic in their applause, and Klindworth was warm in his praise. All the newspapers were kind and encouraging. Two quotations will suffice :—

"BERLIN. *April 20th.* . . . with the exception of Eugène d'Albert, it may well be doubted whether any professional pianist in the enjoyment of his five senses, and as young as Mr Alfred Hollins—for he is only 19—could have performed to the equal satisfaction of a critical audience three such difficult concert pieces. . . ."—The Times, *21st April 1885.*

". . . The performances of this young artiste, though deprived of sight, are only equalled by some of our greatest pianists. . . ."—Die Deutches Tageblatt, *22nd April 1885.*

We came straight back to Norwood, but I was in Berlin again within a very short time, and remained there for nearly a month. Raff, who had died three years before (1882), and whose music was very popular, had many admirers, including Bülow, anxious to raise a memorial to him. Bülow decided to help by giving a course of lessons, first in Berlin and then in Frankfort. Thanks to my father I was able to attend the course, and one of our music readers went with me.

So far, this narrative has been one of "ups." But there has never been, and never can be, a life which has not also its "downs," and that month in Berlin, made possible by the generosity of my father, and fair of promise, proved to be one of my "downs." Bülow was nervous and irritable, and had a sharp, sarcastic tongue. His voice was rough and his manner abrupt. We were all frightened of him. He was beyond doubt a very great pianist, but I would not place him among the great teachers. He did not care for teaching. In a letter to Hartvigson he remarked that he was not really fitted for the task.

Things began badly. Bülow had heard from Klindworth about my recent performance of the three concertos in Berlin, and sprang a mine by asking me to open the ball with the Liszt. It was early morning ; I had not touched a piano for three or four days ; the atmosphere and surroundings were entirely new to me. Worse still, Bülow would not speak English. Klindworth, in whose conservatorium the lessons were given, thought to help by getting one of the girls, who understood English fairly well, to sit beside me at the piano and interpret. But the poor girl could not take in quickly enough what

was said, and Bülow declared with much emphasis that he was teaching in Germany, that German was the language of the country, and that if English pupils chose to come to Berlin for lessons from him and did not understand German they must take the consequences and be content to pick up what they could. Later he relented a little, perhaps because there was another English pupil in the class, Frederick Lamond. And I must add here that in Frankfort Bülow was a different man, and took the trouble to speak English to me.

After the first morning I got on better, and often received high commendation from the master, to whom I played several pieces, including Brahms' Scherzo, Op. 4, his Capriccio in B minor, Op. 76, and the piano part of Mendelssohn's Capriccio for piano and orchestra.

Almost immediately after my return to Norwood I played at the Albert Palace, Battersea, in connection with the Fawcett Memorial, as mentioned in the preceding chapter. There was a concert at which Sir Alexander Mackenzie conducted, and I played the Liszt E flat concerto. After the concert I gave an organ recital. Holmes was there, and remarked that he had expected to find his organ "much too big for such a little man, and a blind one at that."

Before the concert I met Sir Alexander at his house in Sydenham. On the music desk of a cottage piano was a sheet of manuscript music. Mackenzie explained that he was composing a new work. When I asked whether he had written anything for the organ he went to his music cupboard and brought out copies of his three organ works—Baptism, Wedding, and Burial—which he kindly autographed and gave to me.

Next day I went early to the Albert Palace to get used to the organ, and on learning that there was to be an orchestral concert in the afternoon

decided to stay for it. The decision cost me a lecture from Campbell, who had expected me back at mid-day, but it was worth it. The fact that Caldicott was the conductor was an additional interest, for the College choir sang nearly all his humorous part-songs and a serious but most effective one entitled "Winter Days." The part-songs—"Humpty Dumpty," "Jack and Jill," "Little Jack Horner," and "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"—are clever, musicianly, and altogether delightful. Why are such good things neglected?

Howard Reynolds, one of the most celebrated cornet players of the day, was the principal cornet that afternoon. I shall never forget his magnificent tone and wonderful expression. He could achieve a perfect pianissimo or make his cornet ring through the entire building, full and resonant. At our own concert on 20th June 1885 he gave me a rose from his garden. I laid it in my much-prized Hopkins and Rimbault, and there it still is after fifty years.

In 1885 the great Music and Inventions Exhibition was held in buildings specially erected on the site where the Imperial Institute now stands.

My connection with the exhibition changed my musical career, and I became more and more an organist and less and less a pianist. I would have liked to continue as I had begun, but I see now that it was better otherwise. Although I can practise longer at the piano than the organ without fatigue, the physical strain inseparable from the life of a public pianist would have been too great for me. But there is no doubt that training and experience as a pianist helps an organist greatly. Piano practice gives freedom of movement with the hands, and it will teach a blind man to lift his hands from the manuals without fear and to go for any required stop without hesitation. A blind man must not be afraid to lift his hands from the keys and strike octave or chord from a high position of the hands

and forearms. In going from Choir to Swell he must jump up at once, without touching the Great on the way, and *vice versa*. An old lady who used to walk with us to or from a Palace concert often said: "Walk bold, my dears! Walk bold!" It is good advice.

Hopkinsons, the well-known piano-makers, engaged me to give a recital on a Grand they were exhibiting. It had a Pedalier attachment, placed underneath it, which was in effect a separate Grand comprising only two and a half octaves—from the the lowest C to F, the fourth line in the bass stave —with a pedal-board instead of keys.

During the exhibition, and for two or three years afterwards, I had a delightful companion named Willie Dawe, who, then a young boy (sighted), had come to the College to run messages and do odd jobs. In our spare time some of us taught him to read ordinary printed music and to dictate it for transcription into Braille. Although not musical he was quick to learn, and made himself very useful. Campbell promoted Dawe to be one of our music readers. It was thus that he became my companion.

Balfour was engaged by Willis, and Lemare by Brindley & Foster, and always played their own organs. Other organists were not attached to particular makers. Although the building was as dead as mutton for sound, one did not have to listen very hard to know that the Willis organ was remarkably fine and that Balfour showed it off well by his judicious registration, clean technique, and delightful phrasing. When I met Balfour shortly afterwards he told me he had noticed me at his recital and had heard me say: "What a lovely clarinet!" and "Isn't he a fine player, Willie!" The warm and happy friendship between Harry Balfour and myself has lasted firm and unbroken for nearly fifty years.

I did not go home for the summer holidays that

year, and day after day Dawe and I went to the exhibition. Nearly every well-known builder—and some who were not known—had an organ there. Willis's and Walker's were the largest and finest. Both had electric action to the Solo manual, and in Walker's the Solo was bracketed to a wall at some distance from the main organ and immediately over Broadwood's Stand. To listen from the Stand and get the effect of the main organ at a distance and a sudden crash of the Tuba just over one's head was a novel experience.

Certain pieces were very popular with both organists and audiences. One of these favourites was Widor's Toccata, from his fifth symphony, and it was interesting to go from one recital to another and note the different ways in which it was played. Most organists hurried it too much—anything for speed. Some played it comparatively slowly, and Widor himself more slowly than anyone else.

Hoyte often gave a recital, not only on the Walker organ at the exhibition but in the Albert Hall as well. To walk across the grounds to the Albert Hall and listen in peace to an organ recital or a special band such as the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna was a welcome change. I have never heard, and cannot expect to hear, Strauss waltzes played as they were played under the conductorship of Edward Strauss. There was an atmosphere that even our best orchestras have failed to create. The "Blue Danube," for example, transported one to the gayest of all cities, and one saw its brilliantly lighted ballrooms crowded with magnificently dressed women and men in handsome uniforms. I have never been to Vienna, but it was easy to imagine all this brilliance while the orchestra played. Another and very different band in the Albert Hall was an orchestra from Siam. If some of the music of to-day were very much less noisy it would be not unlike what I

heard on those curious tinkly instruments. In the exhibition grounds one or other of our own military bands, and sometimes a foreign band, played twice daily. Altogether I had a veritable feast of music.

A young organist of my own age was attracting a good deal of attention by his brilliant playing and masterly improvisations on a large one-manual organ built by Brindley & Foster of Sheffield. This was Edwin H. Lemare, and I marvelled to hear how much he was able to get out of so limited an instrument. Lemare and I met, and our meeting was the beginning of another lifelong friendship. His death in September 1934, when he was sixty-nine years old, took from the world a virtuoso of the organ. He had a wonderful memory and astonishing power as an improvisator.

My first recital at the exhibition was on the Willis organ. One day Harry Balfour had an engagement which prevented his playing as usual, and asked me to take his place. It was a delightful organ to handle, and as I was not very nervous I thoroughly enjoyed myself. After the recital an old gentleman—Father Willis himself—came forward and congratulated me, saying some very kind things about my playing, and particularly about my rendering of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in C minor, which, when I opened his organ at my old church at Redhill twelve years later, he told me he had never forgotten.

Among others who spoke to me after the recital was Carlton Michell, senior partner of the firm of Michell & Thynne, who had just begun business and were building an organ in the exhibition concert room. Michell was then organist of St John's, Westminster. Thynne had been Lewis's head voicer for many years. Great things were expected from this, their first organ, and expectations were not disappointed. Michell drew up the specification with a view to getting the utmost variety with the

smallest possible number of stops, and the result was a striking success. He asked me to give a week's recitals when the organ was ready, as it was very soon. At that time my organ repertoire was limited, but I got together a number of old pieces and learned some new ones, including Lemare's Marche Moderne—almost his first published composition. When he presented me with a copy I took it home and made a quick study of it, so as to be able to include it in one of my programmes. I pay tribute to Lemare's generosity to young organists. He was always quick to appreciate and play their compositions and to further their interests whenever possible.

My recitals on the new organ were considered a distinct achievement, and Michell asked me to give a second series. Thus began my career as a recital organist. There was no fee for the recitals, but they brought me into touch with most of the leading organists of the day and led to many professional engagements.

H. C. Tonking also recited on Michell & Thynne's organ. Besides being a clever organist he was an accomplished violinist. He was organist at Westminster Chapel, where there is a fine Willis which was rebuilt a few years ago. Tonking was proud of his organ, and invited Michell, Balfour, Lemare, and myself to see it one night after we had finished at the exhibition. I remember how we had to run from Victoria, underground, up the steps to the Brighton Victoria and along what seemed an interminable platform to catch the last train to Norwood.

We had some fun, too, on the switchback, waterchute, and toboggan. I liked the toboggan best, and as Willie Dawe always went on with me and the attendant steered, there was no risk. Next year, when I went to play at the Liverpool Exhibition, my joy-rides on the toboggan were few. After one or two turns the attendant found out that I

was blind, and tabooed me for ever. But his power did not extend beyond Liverpool, and later on, at the Glasgow Exhibition, I renewed the sport, and held to it unchallenged.

Properly to understand what all this meant to me, the sighted reader must try to put himself in my place for a moment and imagine himself living in a country where it is always night of a blackness he has never known. He will then form some idea of what an entirely new world of music, musicians, organs, and—I will add—life the exhibition episode opened up.

In due time I found some of the exhibition organs in other places and played on them again. I gave recitals on the Michell & Thynne at the Liverpool Exhibition in 1886; on the Walker at Glasgow in 1888; and on a small organ by Wedlake in the Presbyterian Church, Kimberley, South Africa, in 1909. The Willis organ, fully electrified, went to Canterbury Cathedral, and I played on it there a few years later.

After the summer recess the weekly rehearsals of the Royal Choral Society were resumed in the Albert Hall on Monday evenings. Joseph Barnby, founder of the Society (originally known as Barnby's Choir), was the conductor and Stainer the organist. It was the custom then, as it is now, to rehearse every work with organ accompaniment. It requires great skill to arrange some of the bigger works for the organ, and even more to play them. Balfour, a pupil of Stainer's, used often to attend the rehearsals, and once took me with him. Barnby was a born choirmaster, and it was most interesting to hear his corrections and suggestions to the choir. Stainer's accompaniments were wonderfully fine. Hodge, a fellow pupil of Balfour's under Stainer, was deputy organist, and Balfour told me that Hodge could imitate Stainer's style so perfectly that it was hard to distinguish between master and pupil.

The post of organist to the Society has always been a kind of apostolic succession. First was Stainer, the master. His pupil, Hodge, succeeded him, and was in turn succeeded by Balfour, who has been followed by one of his own pupils.

Campbell had urged me to practise the great Beethoven trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, Op. 97. It is not surprising that it was neglected during the attractive hours of the exhibition. To make amends I worked at it closely for eight or nine weeks, and played in it next May, after having spent two months in America at the beginning of the year (1886).

CHAPTER X.

DAFFODIL DAYS.

CAMPBELL had long wanted to let his countrymen see what he was doing for the higher education of the blind in England, and he arranged to take Miss Campbell, Miss Gilbert, Moncur, and myself on tour in America. The four of us appeared before the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Alexandra) at Marlborough House. The Princess was very gracious, and came and talked to me at the piano after my solos. She had heard that I was a pupil of Hartvigson's, with whom she also had studied, and spoke of him in the warmest terms. We also gave a farewell concert in the Steinway Hall on 17th December 1885.

We sailed in two parties, Campbell, with his son Guy and the two ladies, leaving a week or so after Moncur and myself. Christmas Day was not many hours in the past when, very early in the cold and eerie morning, Moncur and I set out to catch the first train from Euston to Liverpool. We sailed in the *Abyssinia*, an old boat of the Guyon Line, and the weather was bad. Of the very few passengers I remember one, an old German, who greeted us every morning with: "Haf you got your sea-lecks on to-day?" And when the ship gave a particularly bad lurch he would say: "Ach! Sea-lecks! Sea-lecks!"

In Brooklyn we stayed with Mr and Mrs Knolton, whose kindness caused us quickly to forget the troubles of the voyage. Mrs Knolton was an old friend of Campbell's, whom she had known when he was music master at the Boston School for the Blind.

To get used to American ways and American food was easy. American hospitality is deservedly famous, and I marvel that more of their special dishes are not found over here. Our introduction to the first meal in the Knolton's house was tomato soup, the like of which I have not tasted elsewhere. And what could be nicer than cinnamon toast, oyster stew, Graham gems, chicken salad, pumpkin and squash pie, or many another choice dish? It is worth making the trip across if only to taste such good things. I reserve a separate sentence for mention of the various kinds of ice creams. Words fail me to describe them.

An important member of the household was a German maid, Annie, who had been with the Knoltons many years. Soon after our arrival Mrs Knolton took Moncur and me down to the basement kitchen and introducted us to Annie, and it was then that we learned our first American "Don't." Our boots were dirty, and Moncur asked Annie if she would give them a rub over. She went to a cupboard and brought out brushes and blacking. "There are the brushes and blacking, and you can put your foot on that stool," she said.

A year or two before this time, Frederick Archer, the first organist of the Alexandra Palace (for whom and to whose specification the magnificent Willis organ had been built), had left England and settled in New York. Hopkins had given me an introduction to him, and our first job ought to have been to call. But on hearing that Tannhäuser was being given in the Metropolitan Opera House that night we forgot to feel tired, forgot the excitement of landing and meeting new friends, forgot letters of introduction, and went to hear it. The opera was in German, as is customary in that House. Forty years later (in 1926) I heard one of the last performances to be given in the old building — Smetana's The Bartered Bride.

My earliest impressions of New York and Brooklyn were unevenness of pavements, high kerbs and wide gutters, wonderful ferry-boats, and the great Brooklyn Bridge. And there was, as alas! there is now, the awful "El," which in those days was not the Elevated Electric, but was run by steam. Americans use the letter H carefully and correctly. Were they to aspirate the abbreviated name of that abomination one could not blame them. Electrification has made it less bad, but that is the kindest thing to be said of it. My recollection of it in 1886 may be summed up in four words: Steam, smoke, dust, noise. And if to-day the noise overhead is less (which I beg leave to doubt), the clamour at street level has been doubled.

Archer, who was then editing a musical paper called The Keynote, received me kindly, asked many questions about the College and our visit, and took a special interest in the fact that my first appearance in America was to be at one of Theodore Thomas's Popular Concerts. The orchestra was extremely good, and Thomas could do anything he liked with it. He accompanied me beautifully, and both audience and newspaper critics gave me the glowing encouragement of a good beginning.

The first concert in which we all took part was given in the Boston Music Hall on 20th January 1886. An orchestra was engaged, and B. J. Lang, an old friend of Campbell's, conducted. He was a man of few words, a good musician, and a fine character. Campbell told me that one word of commendation from Lang meant more than a dozen from most people, and I had my full share both of his few words and his more ready kindness.

Boston has always had the name of being the intellectual city of America, and certainly it seemed to me that there was more culture, more friendliness, and less hustle in the people of Boston than in those of New York. Except for a concert in Washington,

our activities centred in and around Boston, which we made our headquarters. The two ladies were invited to stay with the brother and sister-in-law of Miss Greene, to whom I have already referred as a well loved teacher at the College. Moncur and I stayed with Mr and Mrs Taft, friends of the Greenes. Both families lived at Milton, about seven or eight miles from Boston.

Campbell's strictly enforced rule that girls and boys must be kept apart broke down here. Our first meeting was at a luncheon given by Mrs Greene, who knew nothing about the dividing wall of Campbell's implacable resolve, and must have wondered at our extremely stilted conversation. Properly understood it was a comedy. Moncur and I had to address the ladies through a neutral person, as it were, and they could only reply through the same medium. As thus :—

A. H. "I wonder how Miss Gilbert liked the piano we had at last night's concert? I found it rather heavy."

Miss G. "I am surprised to hear that, Mrs Greene, for I thought Mr Hollins seemed to manage it so easily. Didn't he play beautifully!"

A. H. (gallantly and modestly). "Mrs Greene, I am sure it was Miss Gilbert who did so well."

Even Campbell saw that things could not go on like that, and gave us permission to talk freely to each other, at the same time expressing the hope that when we got home we would be "sensible" and remember the rule, &c., &c.

Our concert in Washington was given on the 29th January in a church whose organist—a blind man—had been a pupil of Campbell's at Boston. Although not orchestral, this concert was perhaps the most important of the tour, inasmuch as President Cleveland and other distinguished people were present. Admission was by invitation only, and the President honoured us by shaking hands afterwards.

I made a second and much longer American tour alone at the beginning of 1888, and it is now difficult sometimes to determine which events belong to the first and which to the second tour. I distinctly remember staying in Philadelphia and going to St Stephen's Church to hear a celebrated blind organist, Dr David Wood, whom I afterwards met. I also visited the Blind School which, if my recollection is trustworthy, was then at the north-west corner of Twentieth and Race Streets. The peculiarity of the address sticks in my mind, as does the rhyme by which the Philadelphians remember the names of their principal streets. Those running in one direction are numbered. Most of those at right angles to the first are named after trees :—

Market, Arch, Race, and Vine,
Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, and Pine.

Market Street is the central thoroughfare, and it was there that I had my first experience of cable tramcars.

One of the many friends I made in Boston was S. B. Whitney, organist of the Church of the Advent. He gave me—and I afterwards played—some charming organ pieces he had written. A fine organist, a good musician, and a delightful man, I spent several happy hours with him at his organ, a three-manual built by Hutchings, at that time a young builder who was already a formidable competitor of Hook & Hastings, one of the oldest firms of organ-builders in America.

At the house of Mr Beeby, a musical amateur, I met Mrs Tippett, an excellent soprano and a good pianist, who introduced me to some of Jensen's songs, and Grieg's. I was particularly attracted by Jensen's "An Der Linden" and a hunting song of Grieg's in E flat called, I think, "Die Jagt." And one night I went to a small chamber concert in Miller's piano saloon, where I heard the Schumann

Quintet for the first time. It was my first work after our return to Norwood.

Moncur and I had one rather alarming experience. We had been spending an evening in Boston, and being too late for the last train to Milton had to go by tram. In those days there were only horse cars, and the seven or eight miles from Boston to Milton seemed unending. Snow was on the ground, the night was bitterly cold, and the only heat in the car was that of the oil lamps, which smelt abominably. There was more warmth from the thick, clean straw on the floor, and that was little enough.

When we reached Milton, Moncur (who, it will be remembered, could see a little) was not quite sure where we were or in which direction the Tafts' house lay. We knew that on leaving the railway station we crossed a bridge over a rushing stream, and on picking up the sound of the stream made our way towards it. After groping about we found the bridge and crossed it, but we were not much better off. Moncur reported that there was no light to be seen, and after a short discussion we decided that there was nothing for it but to keep on walking in what seemed to be the right direction, mainly because walking was better than standing still. We were cold and hungry, and had reached the stage of being too alarmed to admit our fear to each other, when at last Moncur saw a light, and we made for it. Luckily, it was in a house whose owner was able to direct us to Mr Taft's, which was not very far away. The welcome we received from our kind friends, a warm fire, and a hot supper soon made us forget our discomforts, real as these had been while they lasted.

We visited the Blind School, or, to give it its correct name, the Perkins Institution for the Blind, and met Laura Bridgeman, who, deaf, dumb, and blind almost from birth, was the first so afflicted to be

taught the names of things and how to speak on her fingers. She was, therefore, Helen Keller's predecessor, but without her advantages. Laura's teacher, Dr Howe, the Principal of the School (whose wife, Julia Ward Howe, wrote the famous Battle Hymn of the Republic), had to invent his own methods of teaching. I knew the deaf and dumb alphabet, and was able to speak to Miss Bridgeman by taking her hand and forming the letters of each word on it. In replying she did the same. She preferred this method to the speaker's forming the letters with both his hands and letting her feel them.

Howe had had long and patient work—indeed, almost superhuman work—before he could get the first simple idea into Laura's head, but once she had grasped it, the second idea was apprehended more quickly, the third more quickly still, and so on. She liked to put her ear to the case of an organ when it was being played so as to feel the vibrations of the pedal notes. She spent a great deal of her time knitting. It seemed wonderful to me then, and seems so still, even after hearing how much Helen Keller has accomplished, that Laura Bridgeman could ever have learned—or been taught—anything at all.

Our last orchestral concert was given under the direction of Mr Lang in the Boston Music Hall on 8th February, and I gave a farewell organ recital in the New Old-South Church a few days later. The name strikes one as paradoxical, but the explanation is simple. The first church was in the heart of the city, and was called the Old South Church. The congregation gradually migrated to the suburbs, and a new church, erected in a more fashionable quarter, was called the New Old-South.

We sailed for home in the *Arizona*, another Guyon steamer, but newer and finer than the *Abyssinia*. It had been a happy and satisfactory tour, but

whether successful financially I did not learn. Expenses must have been very heavy.

For the best of all reasons I was glad to be home again. (The College at Norwood was my home at that time.) I think I know within a little why the new green of springtime inspires good verse, noble prose, and fine music. It is something not to forget as we grow older that still there is the ever-recurring miracle of

> daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty.

I returned joyously, as a lover should, but there was little poetry in the grimly practical life of the next few months, for I was booked to play with Joachim, the great violinist, and Piatti, the famous 'cellist, at a " Saturday Pop " early in April, and I had to get ready for it.

Many years had elapsed since Liszt's previous visit to England. He was now seventy-five, and at last it occurred to a few distinguished people in musical circles that something should be done to honour him in this country and make amends for our tardy recognition of his genius. Eventually a week early in April was arranged for.

Many important functions were held in Liszt's honour, including a grand concert in St James's Hall, which was attended by royalty and at which his oratorio, St Elizabeth, was performed; but the event that concerned me was a reception given by Walter Bache at the Grosvenor Gallery on Thursday, 8th April 1886, to which I had the honour of being invited. I shall never forget the sudden hush in the animated conversation and the sigh of expectant delight when Liszt walked over to the piano. His first piece was one I did not know. I was told afterwards that it was a Divertissement by Schubert transcribed by Liszt himself. Next he played the

Allegro from his 13th Hungarian Rhapsody. Although his touch had lost some of its vigour, it was very beautiful and clear. He was still a great pianist. During the evening several of the guests, including myself, were presented to him. Hartvigson, speaking in German, said: "Master, may I present a talented blind pupil, Mr Hollins?" Liszt shook hands with me and said: "Ich habe von ihm gehört." He had a deep voice and spoke quietly. His hand felt rather large, and its grasp was cordial.

Two days later I was to play with Joachim and Piatti. Joachim had a brother living in Kensington with whom he stayed when in London, and I went to see him there before the concert. From the entrance hall I heard a violin. It was Joachim, practising. He put me at my ease at once, and I played a little of each movement of the Beethoven trio. This seemed to satisfy him. I was introduced to his sister-in-law, an English lady, who remarked that she was particularly interested to meet me because her father had been blind during the latter part of his life, and she had written down his compositions from dictation. Her father was Henry Smart.

The concert was given during the afternoon of Saturday, 10th April, and in spite of the powerful counter-attraction of Liszt's being at the Crystal Palace at the same time there was a very large audience. Joachim, Piatti, and I had a rehearsal in the morning. Piatti was a very quiet man and hardly spoke. He was not an emotional player, and I do not remember hearing of him as a soloist, but in chamber music he was ideal. His tone was beautifully pure and steady.

I look back on that concert with pride in the knowledge that I played with two of the world's greatest musicians, but I had little pleasure in it. The trio did not appeal to me, and I could not let myself go in it. But according to the papers, my

performance was all that it should be, and I had the pleasure of being introduced to Ries, Santley, and Madame Schumann—then nearly seventy—who played beautifully.

In later years I had a reminder of that concert—more pleasant than the concert itself—from my friend Sir Donald Francis Tovey, Reid Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh, who, in introducing a lecture on improvisation I gave at his request, remarked that he had never forgotten my playing of the trills in the great Beethoven trio at the "Saturday Pop" when Madame Schumann played her husband's "Carnival." They are difficult, and I have a vivid recollection of Hartvigson's drilling me in them.

Tovey's knowledge of every branch of music is amazing, and when he speaks the volume of his information is so great that he cannot get it out quickly enough. He is a scholar as well as a musician, and I think I am not far wrong in saying that his is one of the most remarkable intellects of the present day. Nor is that all, for a somewhat shy and hesitating manner reveals rather than hides a simple and affectionate heart.

I was glad to have another opportunity of playing the Beethoven Trio with Joachim. (Whitehouse was the 'cellist on that occasion.) It was one of the items of a Grosvenor House programme, and at the end Joachim remarked on the success of the performance. I knew that I had done better than at the first attempt: it was the difference between knowing the music and playing it with all the skill one could, and knowing it with that intimacy which only comes from identifying one's own mind as far as possible with that of the composer and then playing with the something more than skill which is the result of such identification. Joachim commented on the improvement: "More mature," he said.

In the summer of 1886 I spent some time with Mr Blackshaw, organist of St John's, Blackburn, and there I first met Wolstenholme.

Nothing pleased Wolstenholme more than appreciation of his compositions by a brother musician, and after I was married and he came to stay with my wife and me he always tried to bring some new composition with him. I am proud to say that some of Wolstenholme's best works are dedicated to me, and that by introducing him to Lemare, who was quick to recognise his genius, I was the indirect means of getting his early organ works published. He had a curious nature, child-like and eccentric in some ways, but wonderfully mature and orderly in others. He enjoyed a joke, but not at another person's expense, and I never heard him utter a word derogatory to any of his contemporaries or in disparagement of their music. He has not left many large works, but everything he did, whether large or small, is wonderfully clear in design and shows the utmost care in the part-writing. He was too sensitive for a public musical career, and although the latter part of his life was spent in London he preferred his native Blackburn, where he had a few loving and well-tried friends around him. His death at the age of sixty-six left a blank not readily to be filled.

In the same year I first came in contact with J. J. Binns, subsequently famous as an organ builder. He voiced the flue work of all his earlier organs himself, and for that reason I think his early work is his best. I gave recitals for him in many interesting churches.

In 1895 Binns built an organ for Trentham Church, and the then Duke and Duchess of Sutherland invited me to give a recital on it. We reached the hall shortly before lunch, and were received by the Duchess, who had a parrot on her shoulder. Binns put my hand up to stroke it, but pretty Polly would

have none of me and gave me a nip. The Duke, who came in for lunch, had a quiet and rather grave manner, but was affable and pleasant and took a lively interest in everything connected with the new organ. After lunch, Her Grace took us up to the nursery to see her children, one of whom—Rosemary—became Viscountess Ednam, and met with a tragic death in an aeroplane accident in 1930. On my return to London I sent little Lady Rosemary a doll that my friend Lewis's daughter Maude dressed very prettily for me.

A year later I gave a second recital at Trentham, and once more Binns was with me. The Duchess was not well enough to be present at the recital, and after dinner the Duke took us up to Her Grace's boudoir, off which her bedroom opened. There I played, and Binns sang. There was only a little yacht piano in the room, of barely more than five octaves, and I felt that my fingers would tumble off the keys at each end. But the Duchess sent a kind message to say how much she had enjoyed our little concert, and soon after I got home I received a beautiful photograph on which was written :—

> "To Mr Alfred Hollins, from Millicent Sutherland, in remembrance of his visit to Trentham and with cordial appreciation of his delightful talent. Feb. 1895."

I feel that in writing this story of my life I am not altogether unlike the frog at the bottom of a well who jumped up three feet every day and fell back two at night. (It is comforting to remember that he eventually reached the top.) I have just jumped about ten years, and it is time to fall back again.

My next excitement in 1886 was a fortnight's engagement at the great Exhibition in Liverpool from 26th July to 7th August. At first the prospect rather daunted me, for I could not see how to get twelve really interesting recital programmes out of

my comparatively small repertoire, but Harry Turner, with whom I talked things over, seemed to know better than I what could be done, and at last I said: "All right, tell me what to play, and I'll get it up and play it."

Many things I count an honour, but none more than the fact that Best came to one of my Liverpool recitals. Until the recital was over I did not know he was present, and I was thus saved from feeling nervous. It must have been one of those happy days when a recital goes well, and I was told that Best applauded as heartily as anyone. At the end of the concert he was still sitting in his place in the hall waiting to speak to me.

Best had a nasal, drawling tone and a slight north-country accent. His first words to me were, "So here is Alfred the Great." It was his way of putting me at my ease. He remarked that I registered light pieces as though I were playing them on a church organ instead of one in a concert hall, and gave me some useful advice. On hearing that I hoped to be at his recital in St George's Hall that evening, he promised to show me the organ afterwards. Best had never been known to do such a thing before, nor did he attend any recitals at the exhibition except that one of mine. He was very chary of allowing anyone to play on the St George's Hall organ, and those who wished to do so were compared by him to the "scribes and pharisees who wanted to sit in Moses' seat."

I went to the recital and afterwards presented myself in the organ gallery. Nearly twenty years earlier, Best and Father Willis had had a bitter quarrel which was never made up, and from that time Best allowed himself to be prejudiced to such an extent that he had not a good word to say either of Willis or his organs. He pulled out one of the Mixtures on the Great. "Try this mixture," he said. "Did you ever hear anything more like broken

glass in your life ? " I happened to touch one of the pistons. " Ah ! Now you've got hold of one of little Willis's damn tricks for seducing the thumbs. When you touch one of those things it makes a noise just like knocking over a chest of drawers." The spoken word was not so bitter as it appears in print ; I think it was the effort of a man who will say anything rather than admit himself in the wrong, and the kind of utterance one takes with a big pinch of salt. There was nothing finer than a recital by Best on the St George's Hall organ, including the " broken glass " of that great builder, Father Willis.

Of the organ in Glasgow Cathedral, Best said : " Willis didn't know what to do with it, so put it up on a couple of dinner trays, one on each side of the entrance to the Choir." Soon after I got home from Liverpool, he sent me several of his compositions. In his letter he wrote : " I send you herewith some of my dark speech upon the harp : see the 151st Psalm." And when Hope Jones was becoming famous for his new type of electric action, in which the console was connected to the organ by a flex, and could be moved as far as the length of the cable would allow, Best demanded : " Have you heard of a man called Hopeless Jones, who lives across the water ? " (Hope Jones lived at Birkenhead.) " Well, he plays his organs at the end of a long rope which ought to be round his neck. Of course, there's one advantage, if you happen to get run in you can take your console to jail with you."

When the Sydney Corporation advertised for their first organist, Campbell wanted me to apply for the position, and forthwith sent me to Liverpool with letters from Cummings and himself asking for Best's support. I went to Best's room carrying the letters in my hand and was greeted by the mocking, friendly, nasal drawl : " Why, you've come like a postman with a couple of letters." He advised me not to send in an application. He declared that the heat in

Australia had made him desperately ill, and that he was so "trimmed and pruned" by it that even his parents would not have known him. Had he remained in Sydney much longer he would "soon have ornamented a cemetery there." He affected to blame the organ: "Tom Hill planted the metal 32 right in front and close to my nose, and the wind from them gave me asthma."

We were still talking about Sydney when Best saw a friend waiting to speak to him. "Come in," he said. "Why are you hanging about like a poor relation?"

Campbell was anxious that I should have a testimonial from Best, and here is his reply to my letter asking for one. I am proud of it, for I consider that, coming as it did from the king of organists, it was a testimonial indeed.

> "My Dear Sir,—I have your letter as to furnishing you with a testimonial, but regret I cannot break through a rule laid down very many years ago; I also have a very low opinion of these paper-puffs, and need hardly say that in your case they are quite unnecessary, and on a par with insensate men who seek to fortify themselves with snippets from the unfortunate alphabet, before or after their cognomens. A man is what he makes himself to be; no less—no more. Yours truly, W. T. Best."

(The underlining is Best's.)

In November 1886 I became engaged to be married to Helen Lawson, who had come to the College a few years earlier as a music reader. A College engagement had never been heard of before, and it is quite certain that if it had been between two blind people, both would promptly have been sent about their business. Campbell said very little when I spoke to him about it, but the little was enough to let me know that he was not displeased. And a few days later, on the last Thursday of November, the American Thanksgiving Day, when he always

gave a party, while " musical chairs " (for which I was playing) was in full swing he stopped the fun and said he had something to say. I did not at once realise the object of his speech, but in a few minutes he came to the announcement of our engagement, and our hearts were touched. I think the news came as a surprise ; and it may well have been so, for it could hardly be said that the stars in their courses fought for us. But love will neither wait for the aid of the stars and the relaxation of rules made by the Campbells of this world, nor be deterred by the shyness of the most self-effacing of women and the blindness of the eyes so long as the heart can see ; and the miracle had come to pass. All who were at the party gave us a lucky penny each, and Cummings, who was one of the guests, presented us with a silver penny which is still among our treasures.

Towards the end of the same year Campbell appointed me one of the music teachers. At that time the designation " professor " was not used, and even Hartvigson, Hopkins, and Cummings were teachers. Six months later—in May 1887—I went to Frankfort for a second month under Bülow. Dawe went with me, and we were both as happy as the day was long. Bülow taught in the new Raff Conservatorium, of which Max Schwartz was Principal. Schwartz was a delightful man, a splendid pianist, and a first-rate teacher. I had some lessons from him in his private house, and Dawe and I were often invited to stay for supper. His wife also was an excellent pianist, and in London, during the following season, they played Schumann's beautiful variations for two pianos.

Bülow was pleasant, but I did not escape an occasional castigation, and at least once I deserved all I got. One of the members of the class had played three pieces of Rheinberger's for the left hand only. Nothing would do but Dawe must

teach them to me, and in about a week I foolishly thought I had got them up sufficiently well to play them to Bülow. One morning, therefore, I asked him to hear them. He let me play a few bars of the first piece, then stopped me and asked for the next. Again he stopped me after a few bars and asked for the third and last. Again I began to play, and again I was stopped. There was a long and gloomy silence, but at last the bomb fell. "When these pieces are played well, they are a *tour-de-force;* but when they are played badly, they are a *tour-de-faiblesse.* Will the next lady or gentleman to play please come to the piano?"

Lessons began at eight o'clock in the morning and went on till one. There was a break in the middle of the morning when most of us went out for a breath of air, and one day when I was among the first to return, Bülow called me to the piano and said: "If you are a true musician, you will be able to play a few chords to call the class together again. Will you please do so?" When I had finished he gave a grunt of satisfaction, and after that he asked me, nearly every morning, to call the class together.

It was a pleasant surprise to find that Prince Alexander [1] was a member of the class, but although he attended regularly he did not play. It was a great pleasure to us both to live once more the old College days.

The Prince showed me one of the most delicate courtesies I have ever experienced. Brahms had just published (1886) his Op. Nos. 99, 100, and 101, comprising a sonata for 'cello and piano, a trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, and a sonata for violin and piano. Bülow eulogised these works, and Prince Alexander, also an ardent disciple of Brahms, being

[1] I wish my friend's music were better known in this country. Even among lovers of good music there are probably few who are aware of his achievements, and hardly any who have heard of a brilliant occasion when works by Delius and the Prince were played and the two composers met.

anxious to hear them, arranged a memorable evening at the house of his illustrious father, the Landgrave of Hesse, when these three works of Brahms were given. Bülow played the piano ; two of the principals of the Frankfort Opera Orchestra played the violin and 'cello. This was not a gathering of musicians, but of friends of the Landgrave and Landgravine and their son. It was a small assembly composed of persons of the highest rank in Germany. The Prince gave me a most cordial invitation, and Dawe with me, and I accepted it gladly. But it flashed into my mind that neither of us had brought evening dress, and that there was no time to send for it. Prince Alexander, the perfect host, refused to hear of our being absent, and in spite of our inappropriate dress we were not allowed to feel awkward, or different from the distinguished company present. I was presented to several people, but the only one I remember is one of the great Bismarck's sons. I think it must have been Count Wilhelm.

The two great pieces I played to Bülow during that month were Beethoven's Appassionata Sonata and Brahms' Twenty-five Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel. When we left Frankfort—a delightful city, the exploration of which we much enjoyed—Bülow gave me his photograph inscribed in his own hand thus : " To Mr Alfred Hollins, one of the rare true musicians amongst the piano virtuosi. With kind regards, best wishes. Frankfort, 3rd June 1887. Hans v. Bülow. In remembrance of his musical conference." His asking me one morning to call the class together—an incident mentioned above—explains the reference to true musicians.

While I was in Frankfort my father and stepmother and her daughter were staying in Baden Baden, and I went there to spend part of a day with them. I had asked Dawe to meet me at Frankfort Station on my return, but we missed each other,

and after waiting some time I took a cab to the Pension. I then found that I had only four German coins in my pocket. I could distinguish the different coins by touch if I took time, but I was in a hurry to get into the house, and beyond realising that none of the coins was a mark I did not examine them closely. In good faith I handed all four to the driver, who exclaimed: "Ach Gott! Dies is nur vier Pfennig!" — about a half-penny in those gold standard days. That was the only mistake I made with German money, and I ought not to have made even that, for every German coin then had its value stamped on the reverse in raised figures.

At Norwood Queen Victoria's Jubilee (22nd June 1887) was made the occasion of a holiday, and during the afternoon two people went for a walk which was all the more delightful because one of them had been away for a long time. It would be an exaggeration to suggest that in those early days of our life Arcadia was still to be found on the fringes of Norwood, for the speculative builder had already made it suburban. But I have always suspected that idyllic places have their true existence only in the affectionate imagination of human beings, and I am quite sure that at no great distance from the College there was music in the air such as Thomas Heywood caught in a net of joyous words:

> Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft
> To give my Love good-morrow!
> Wings from the wind to please her mind,
> Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
> Bird, preen thy wing, nightingale, sing,
> To give my love good-morrow;
> To give my love good-morrow
> Notes from them both I'll borrow.

That there were larks I do not doubt; and whether there were nightingales or not, it was a walk which abides in the memory.

I began to recite at the Bow and Bromley Institute. The Saturday evening recitals were perhaps the most famous of any at the time, and to be asked to play there was a coveted honour. There was always a singer, and the names of our greatest vocalists were to be found in the programmes. At one of my recitals Lazarus gave two clarinet solos, one of which was Beethoven's Addaïde. He played it beautifully. Fountain Meen, organist at Union Chapel, Islington (noted for its congregational singing under the ministry of Dr Allen), was the regular accompanist, and an excellent accompanist he made.

At one of the recitals I first heard Guilmant, whom I met soon after. And one Saturday afternoon I went with Balfour to the Hampstead Conservatoire to hear Peace, who was playing at Bow and Bromley during the evening of the same day. We had tea, and then sped from the fashionable north-west to the unfashionable east to hear him again there: such is young enthusiasm.

I was introduced to Guilmant at the College, where he gave a recital. There was no fixed light on the organ, and a couple of ordinary tallow candles were placed on the floor, one at each end of the organ bench, to light the pedals. I stood at the bass end to manage the couplers, but before very long climbed on to the bench and in doing so kicked out the light. There was a smoky, pungent smell of smouldering wick, but fortunately no damage was done.

Guilmant was a delightful man, and his character is expressed in his music: simple, straightforward, and unassuming. One took to him at once. He was extremely popular everywhere, but especially in America. New York has an Organ School named after him.

CHAPTER XI.

PUPIL NO LONGER.

PART of my holiday in 1887 was spent with Fred Turner in Glasgow, where I heard a great deal about an organ that Lewis was completing for the new People's Palace in the East End of London. I was anxious to see it, and on my return to the College wrote to Lewis, who referred me to Orton Bradley, the Director of Music at the Palace. Bradley asked me to give a recital on Boxing Day, and that was the beginning of a close friendship with both him and Lewis.

As everyone knows, the People's Palace had its origin in Walter Besant's famous novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," which was written for the purpose of showing how knowledge and art might be brought within the reach of the poor of the East End. The Palace was unfinished when I first saw it, and not inviting. There was a small lodge at the east gate and another at the west. These were all that remained of buildings which formerly occupied the site. The ground was muddy and crowded with East End bank holiday-makers. But the main hall—known as the Queen's Hall—was finished, and its acoustics were excellent.

The organ—given by Mr Dyer Edwards, who subsequently gave a much larger organ (also built by Lewis) to Melbourne Cathedral—was very good, and that first recital led to my appointment, a few months later, as the first organist to the People's Palace.

There was at about this time another new appointment. Mr Taylor, then minister of St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Norwood (immediately opposite the College), asked whether I would accept the position of organist at his church. I was promised a considerably larger salary, and the trouble and expense of journeys to and from Redhill would be avoided. On the other hand, in some respects the appointment was anything but attractive. The choir was inadequate and the organ little better than the one at Redhill. But after careful consideration I decided to accept the offer, although it meant a break which even to-day I do not care to dwell on. My dear friend Gordon was grieved when I told him of my decision and did all he could to dissuade me from it.

It was agreed that I should not take up my new duties until after the solo tour in America already arranged for me, and I carried on at Redhill up to the Sunday before I sailed. I shall never forget coming home in the train that last Sunday night : I cried like a child.

Let me add one incident connected with Redhill. In spite of the poorness of the organ I gave a few recitals on it, and at the conclusion of one of them a very poor woman and her little girl (who could not have been more than five or six years old) came and spoke to me. The little girl wanted to give me something, and put sixpence into my hand. I was so touched and embarrassed that I hardly knew what to say or do. I thanked the child as best I could and asked her if she would take it back and keep it as a remembrance of the recitals and of me, and this seemed to please her.

I had been engaged to play the Saint-Saëns second piano concerto (in G minor) with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in April. Campbell and his son, Guy, sailed with me, and from that time Campbell and I were more like friends than master and pupil.

We anchored off Sandy Hook on the Sunday of the great blizzard of 1888—one of the worst ever experienced—and when at last we reached the quay at New York a terrific and intensely cold wind was blowing. Before leaving home I had bought a bowler hat, and I put it on before going ashore. I was carrying something in one hand and holding on to the rail of the gangway with the other, and when I got to the middle of the gangway my nice new hat blew off and I saw it no more.

While Campbell and Guy went to see about the luggage being passed through the Customs I was left standing in one of the sheds, out of danger of the dock traffic. Campbell had brought a parcel of Braille books for a friend in Boston, and when I had been standing in the bitter cold for some time Guy came to tell me that the Customs people were making trouble about them. His father refused to pay duty, and as the negotiations were likely to take some time (I smiled to think of Campbell's quick temper), Guy had asked for a seat in one of the offices where I might sit beside a stove while they went on. In that office I sat for over two hours. Who got the better of the argument I do not know, but I think the Customs officials must have found Campbell hard to beat.

Immediately we had had something to eat, Campbell insisted on our going to Steinway's to arrange about a piano for me. He had not realised the force of the blizzard or the terrible state of the streets. Not a vehicle of any kind was running (except the "Elevated," which was no use to us), and we had to walk. Our hotel was fairly "down town," and we trudged up Broadway to 42nd Street where Steinway's place was. The snow had only been partly cleared away and it was almost impossible to get along. There was not a sound in the streets except that of people shuffling through the deep snow, and New York was exactly what one would have imagined

a deserted city to be. We passed several tramcars from which the horses had been taken out. When it was found that the cars could not be moved any farther because of the blizzard, they were left where they had come to a standstill.

I played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Wilhelm Gericki, and with the Peabody Institute Orchestra at Baltimore under Asger Hamerik, a Dane and a friend of Hartvigson's. An important item in the Boston programme was Goldmark's Symphony in E flat (Op. 35). I do not know of its having been given over here, but it is a brilliant work and ought to be played. Even now I remember the leading themes and the trumpet solo in the scherzo. The Baltimore programme included Brahms' first symphony, which I then heard for the first time. I could not understand much of it except the tune in the last movement, used with excellent effect by Mr Priestley in " Angel Pavement," and Hamerik told me that he thought Brahms had not quite known what to do with that particular melody after giving it out. We may be thankful that at least he gave it us in its plain and simple dignity.

I visited Baltimore a second time and gave a pianoforte recital under the auspices of the Peabody Institute. Baltimore is the home of the Knabe piano, and I played on one both at the concert and at the recital.

In and around Boston I had several engagements, including a piano recital in the Chickering Hall, and I remember travelling by the famous New York and Chicago express from Philadelphia to Chicago, where I played at an afternoon concert given by a Ladies' Musical Club. It was my first experience of an American sleeping-car. When we arrived in Chicago, Campbell and his son went on to Jacksonville to visit the blind school there, and I followed by the evening train, after the concert.

On that journey I experienced another American custom and learned another " don't." A boy selling newspapers and magazines came through the car. I took no notice of him, but presently, happening to put out my hand, I found a paper-bound book on the seat beside me. Absent-mindedly I took it up and began to play with it, turning over the leaves. A fellow-passenger tapped me on the shoulder and said: "Excuse me, but I guess if you handle that magazine, even if you can't see to read it—and I see you can't—they'll make you pay for it."

Campbell returned to England two or three weeks before my engagements were all fulfilled, and I stayed with my friends Mr and Mrs Taft at Milton. I had not a great deal to do, and was able to give myself up to enjoyment of the pleasures they arranged for me.

William Sherwood, one of Boston's leading pianists and musicians, was keenly interested in an appliance called the Technicon, used for developing the muscles of the arms, hands, and fingers. Campbell introduced it into the College soon after his return, and set me to work at it for an hour a day. In the development of technique such dumb machines may be good for those who have the patience and concentration to use them, but I never had. I could never practise on a dumb keyboard—for example, an organ without wind. Often at York, when I could not get anyone to blow for me, I would fill the bellows, run round to the keys, and play the wind out; and repeat the process over and over again. It was good exercise.

I reached Norwood again in the second week of May, and on the Saturday after I got home a party of us gave a concert at a mission in one of the poorest parts of London. What and how I played, I do not know. If the last piano I had played in America was one of the best I had known, this, the first I touched after reaching home, was one of the very worst. It

would have been impossible to play a set piece on it, and I asked Guy Campbell, who was chairman, to announce that I would play a chime of bells on the piano. We were all thankful to get home again.

The next day was hardly less depressing. It was Sunday, 13th May 1888, the day on which I played my first service at St Andrew's. The new English Presbyterian hymn-book, " Church Praise," had then just come out and was used in St Andrew's for the second or third time that Sunday. One of the hymns was a miserable, ranting tune to " Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King." I wept at leaving Redhill, and if I did not actually weep again from very rage at having to play such rubbish, perhaps I did worse—in spite of being in church. And the organ was out of tune. It was a bad beginning, but improvement came quickly. Many friends in the congregation worked hard to get a new organ, in the specifying of which, as in the choice of builder —Lewis—I had a free hand.

I went down with mumps, which meant almost solitary confinement for a fortnight, and was the more annoying because I was due to play the Beethoven Emperor concerto at the Philharmonic concert on the 31st May. But I was not kept in bed, and I practised and kept my fingers in order.

On the day of the concert Sir Frederic Cowen, the regular Philharmonic conductor, was absent through illness, and Svendsen, the well-known Norwegian composer, took his place. I knew some of his music, and was particularly glad to meet him. I also met the English composer, John Francis Barnett, who conducted a very charming Pastoral Suite of his own, one movement of which received a deservedly enthusiastic encore. In those days audiences were more ready to express enthusiasm than they are to-day, and did not hesitate to demand the repetition even of a long movement of a symphony. It was not an artistic thing to do, and our modern discrimi-

nation is welcome, but one misses the whole-hearted applause which was so clear a sign of enjoyment.

Gradually I became used to my work at St Andrew's. Taylor, a Scotsman from Blairgowrie, was a kindly and lovable man, and if he lacked anything in forcefulness of preaching he amply made up for it in personal sympathy. He had married a second time when I first knew him. There were two sons and a daughter, one of my piano pupils, whose intimate friend, Miss Edith Palmer, also became a pupil of mine. At the death of the then Earl of Moray, his youngest brother—who had married Miss Palmer—succeeded to the earldom; and thus my pupil and friend—one of the most charming personalities it has been my privilege to know, unchanging in graciousness, dignity, and simplicity—became Countess of Moray.

I had been only about a month at St Andrew's when Orton Bradley invited me to be organist of the People's Palace. The duties were not heavy: two recitals each Sunday and a couple of solos at the weekly concert. But the Sunday work put me in a quandary, for I could not resign the St Andrew's appointment after so short a time and so much kindness as had been shown me. I discussed my difficulty frankly with Taylor, who strongly recommended me to accept Bradley's offer but would not hear of my leaving St Andrew's, and the more I think of it, the more amazed I am at the generous proposal the Church Session made to me—*i.e.*, that I should arrange for a substitute to play on Sunday, but still have charge of the choir myself and take the weekly choir practices. Thus it was made possible for me to accept Orton Bradley's invitation, and my first appearance as official organist of the People's Palace was on 4th August 1888, when I accompanied the Palace Choral Society, together with a string quartet, in a selection from The Messiah, and played two solos. I did not, how-

ever, take up my regular duties till the end of October.

Our wedding — in St Andrew's Church, on Wednesday, 17th October 1888—was the first from the College since its foundation, and created no small stir. Campbell's only daughter, Lemabel Edelweiss—then a little girl of eight or nine—was bridesmaid, and Orton Bradley was best man. Aunt Mary and Uncle James Harper came from Belfast. Campbell and his wife spared neither pains nor expense on the reception in their house. Besides a number of personal friends, practically all the College Committee were present or were represented by members of their families. We received many beautiful and useful presents from everyone connected with the College, and it is to-day a touching experience to read over once more the list of presents and to realise the loving thought—and (as with the blind girls) work—bestowed on the selection of gifts, especially by the College pupils and staff. Dr Armitage was one of those in the vestry during the signing of the register. The College pupils gave us a hearty send-off, forming themselves into two lines —one on each side of the " top " walk from Campbell's house to the gate—between which we passed. Our honeymoon was spent in Belfast with Uncle Harper and Aunt Mary, and Jack Shillington insisted on my giving a recital at C.M.C. Miss Bessie M'Kisack, Ulster's leading contralto, sang at that recital, and from then until her death in 1932 she was an intimate and well-loved friend.

What happy times we had during our summer holidays in Ireland! On Saturday afternoons we used to go for long rides on the top of a tram, and Jack kept us merry with his funny stories. His hearty laugh could be heard all round. And Miss Campbell used to send me her funny letters. I was reading one of these (in Braille) to Jack when an Irishman with a real Belfast accent said, " And will

that be scripture he's readin' ? " I shall never forget Jack's laugh : the contrast between scripture and what I was actually reading appealed to his sense of humour.

Once when my wife and I were staying with Bessie M'Kisack and her father, we went to Portrush and visited the Giant's Causeway. When we came to the turnstile the gatekeeper said in a mysterious voice, " And is the gintleman quite dark intoirely ? Sure, we won't charge anything for him."

I love to recall those happy days, even though there is sadness in telling how full they were of life and joy and laughter. For me all lovely things have something sad in them, especially music. What could be sadder than " I have a song to sing, O ! " or " When maiden loves "—both from The Yeoman of the Guard ? Yet the very sadness of lovely things must turn our thoughts again to joy, and I record here that thanks to my wife's untiring devotion I have not for an instant since that wonderful day in October 1888 felt the lack of sight. She has seen for me in such a way as to make her gift of sight mine also. Often she has seen more quickly and more accurately than a sighted husband could have seen for himself.

My days as a pupil were ended, and my new life as teacher began at a quarter-past eight in the morning immediately after we returned from our honeymoon. I taught till six o'clock, with a midday break of an hour and a half, which I spent at home.

I began my work at the People's Palace on the following Sunday, and it proved more arduous than I had anticipated. Every Sunday I reached the Palace about eleven, and as my first recital was not till 12.30 I generally tried over my programmes while I was waiting. After the first recital I used to go back to one or other of the lodges, eat the lunch my wife had made up for me, and settle down to a weary wait until four o'clock. There was a Roman Catholic

church quite near, and I can hear now the bell ringing for the consecration. At first my wife went with me to Whitechapel every Sunday, but as we had to live economically and I soon learned to find the way between the stations at New Cross by myself, I went alone. One of the Palace staff used to pilot me on the final walk.

Orton Bradley knew a great many professional musicians and had no difficulty in securing good singers and players for the weekly concerts. I met many vocalists and instrumentalists, and it was interesting to note their different characteristics. As a rule, singers were more fidgety than players, and their conversation and general outlook on life more limited. They were more prone to professional jealousy: if one of them was encored and another not, it was easily seen that the less successful did not like it. Most of the vocalists had a habit of suddenly giving forth their best notes—as it were, taking a walk up and down the best parts of their voices—in the artistes' room. I suppose it was to try the voice, but I had a wicked notion that they wanted to show off before the others. They did not seem to mind if the door happened to be open and the audience in the hall could hear them.

At Bradley's house, on the occasion of a musical afternoon, I met Hamish M'Cunn, the gifted Scottish composer, whose fine overture, Land of the Mountain and the Flood, I had heard when it was first performed at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. This work was written while M'Cunn was still a student at the Royal College of Music, and at once became, and is still, deservedly popular. Besides M'Cunn, I met Miss Dickens, a near relative of the great novelist and an intimate friend of Bradley's, and on the same occasion I heard Brahms's Liebeslieder waltzes for the first time. Bradley and some of his friends played them. Lovely work I thought them, and I think the same to-day.

I was very happy at the People's Palace. My recitals—particularly those on Sunday afternoons—grew in popularity until the hall was full every time. But one morning, after I had been going to the Palace for rather more than a year, I fainted while I was waiting in the library before the recital. The first thing I heard was a lady's voice saying, " Oh ! he's all right : I thought he was gone." The superintendent of the Mile End Fire Station, which was almost next door to the Palace, happened to be passing through the library at the time with a friend who was a qualified nurse, and these two—Superintendent Stockwell and Nurse Penpraise—probably saved my life. One of the rooms in the new technical school had been furnished as a bedroom for the use of the chairman of the Palace governors, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, who sometimes slept at the Palace when he was kept late on business, and up to that room I was carried by Mr Stockwell. Nurse Penpraise soon had me comfortably tucked up. It was the first time that I had been cared for by a nurse and I appreciated her gentle touch and the quietness with which she moved about the room. My wife, who had been telegraphed for, brought with her one of my College pupils named Hancocks—a promising player—who gave the afternoon recital very successfully. Dr Brown, who attended me, was exceedingly kind, and insisted on our staying with him until the following Tuesday.

Our own doctor at Norwood thought this illness showed that the work at the Palace was too much for me, and on his advice I unwillingly resigned the appointment. But I stayed on a few months longer, and until I left Mr and Mrs Stockwell very kindly made things much easier and more comfortable by giving me a meal and a rest between the recitals.

Once when my wife and I were visiting the fire station Mr Stockwell sounded the electric alarm and let us see how quickly the firemen could turn out and

get away. The ringing of the alarm made a second electric contact that started an electric motor arranged to open the stable doors. It was wonderful to see those dear horses run out by themselves and take their places at the fire engine. The harness, hung over each horse on a spring hook, was then immediately dropped and fastened. Meanwhile the firemen, who had a room above the engine, slid down a pole and took their places, and away they went.

I tried my old organ once more—and for the last time—in 1916, and I am thankful to have had the opportunity of doing so, for it was rebuilt and altered a few years later, and shortly afterwards destroyed by fire. The organ was the same in 1916 as when I left it, but the sound was not so good. The orchestra had been converted into a theatre stage, and a scene-cloth rather spoiled the tone.

It was during my time at the People's Palace that I first met Thomas C. Lewis, the famous organ-builder.

One could not know Lewis all at once. He was a big, heavy man, slow in movement and speech. He had a lethargic and melancholy way of speaking, but when he was annoyed—and in spite of his slowness he was easily roused—he could be terrifying to anyone who had angered him. I knew he could teach me a great deal about organs, and I wanted to ask him countless questions, but could not bring myself to do so. But once I had got used to his peculiarities of manner he taught me a great deal, and as time went on he got into the habit of consulting me about organ matters, especially the laying out of a console, &c. Before he brought out his combination key-touches he came to our house and took out of his pocket ten small pieces of ivory of key-touch shape and placed them between the black keys of the piano in different groups, as he thought they should be placed on an organ. I suggested a slight alteration. He suggested another. So we went

on for over an hour. It was always the same with anything new he was trying ; he used to take hours, sometimes even days, before he could satisfy himself. At one time he took up bell-founding, and he told me that when he received the order for a ring of bells for St Andrew's, Wells Street, he cast seventy bells before he could get eight that satisfied him as being even in tone and properly in tune.

Shortly before sailing for my second tour in America I received a letter from Lewis asking if I could open an organ he was completing for Mr John Courage of Snowdenham Hall, Bramley, Surrey. Because of the tour I was obliged to decline the invitation, and I thought no more about it. But a year or so later John Courage called and asked me to give him organ lessons, and thus began a friendship that gave great joy to my wife and myself.

It is difficult to describe John Courage, for many different traits went to the making of his character. He was emotional, and often irritable, but always courteous and considerate. All forms of art appealed to him strongly. He was a staunch High Churchman, and his love of ceremonial was probably the cause of his eventually going over to Rome.

Whenever my wife and I stayed at Snowdenham, I used to play the organ after dinner—which was over about nine—till ten. On the first stroke of ten Mrs Courage (John's mother) rose, said good-night, and went to her room. She was musical—an excellent pianist—and her husband, Robert Courage, who scarcely knew two notes, was very proud of her skill. He was a gentleman of the old school, reserved, understanding, and appreciative.

Besides the organ there was a Schiedmeyer Grand in the hall, and it was a great pleasure to play piano and organ duets with Mrs Courage. I always associate the Allegro Cantabile and Humoresque from Widor's six pieces for piano and harmonium with her, for they were her favourites. She was a

close friend of Bertha Brusil, the violinist, and her brother Adolph, the 'cellist. I met them at Snowdenham and took part with them and two others in the Schumann Quintet at a charity concert Mrs Courage gave in Bramley.

Mrs Courage had a rich speaking voice and used it well. Her manner was dignified and had the indescribable courtesy we often call charm. Kind and approachable, and quick in sympathy and understanding, she was a perfect hostess. Her Christian name was Ann, which seemed to suit her as no other name would have done. I suppose it is a matter of association, but I cannot help feeling that the full name, Ann Courage, was exactly right for her. A great and noble woman, she was the youngest child of Colonel Charles C. Michell, Surveyor-General at the Cape of Good Hope, where she was born in 1830. I think she had French blood in her veins: certainly she spoke French fluently.

Ann Courage was more than generous. Her readiness to aid a good cause or help anyone in need might well have become proverbial, but it must suffice to mention some gifts that she, or she and her husband, made to churches. The first was to the village church of Milford, near Godalming, where in earlier years they lived. This was a small organ built by Bishop. The first really large organ Mrs Courage gave was to the Church of St John, Hammersmith (in a very poor neighbourhood), whose vicar, Marshall Turner, was a great friend of the family. It was built by Lewis and I had the pleasure of opening it. The next—a munificent gift—was the fine Lewis for St Saviour's, Southwark. This organ was given by Ann Courage in memory of her husband, who had died two or three years before. I must also mention the beautiful little church at S. Crantock, near Newquay, to the restoration of which she contributed largely. In addition, either she or John gave the organ, and it was she who at a later date

gave the choir-stalls. Although at the time she asked that the name of the donor should not be announced, I think there cannot be any objection to mentioning it now. Mr Parsons (since deceased), who was vicar at the time, had her initials " A. C." introduced into the carving as the only record—albeit a lasting one—of her generosity. And the church at Bramley, near Snowdenham, was another to which she gave freely. The Sanctuary was decorated at her expense.

Ann Courage died in 1900. By her death we lost such a friend as is rarely found.

Shortly before Ann Courage's death, Lewis retired from the managing directorship of his firm, and so that the business should not lapse, John Courage took it over, putting in as manager Lewis's head voicer, Tuckwell. The new Lewis & Company built several organs given by John Courage to various churches, and a large three-manual for his new house, Derry's Wood, near Wonersh, built after his mother's death. I had the pleasure of opening this organ for my friend on the 12th July 1905.

I have heard it said that Derry's Wood, designed by Bentley, the architect of Westminster Cathedral, is a perfect country house, and I can well believe it. The music room is spacious, lofty, and magnificent for sound. The organ was built in a chamber at first-floor level and screened from the music room by a wooden grille. Two or three years before his death in 1932 Courage added a small apse in which he put a tiny choir organ, built by Willis, containing some delicately voiced mutation stops. It was played from the main organ. Unfortunately I did not see this addition, but I am told it was delightful. Its case was an exquisite piece of Chippendale Courage had found in a country antique shop. He bequeathed the Derry's Wood organ to St George's Cathedral, Southwark, but the Chippendale case was, I believe, left to the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Through the kind interest of a great friend my wife and I went to the Bayreuth Festival of 1889, and on the way there we had a few days at Frankfort. From Cologne, where we stayed one night, we took a slow steamer to Mainz, a trip we greatly enjoyed. The winding of the river in and out between the hills is particularly beautiful, and more than once my wife remarked that it looked as though the steamer could not go any farther because a hill barred the way. We had nearly a week in Frankfort, and visited both the Raff Conservatorium and the older and larger school of music, the Hoch Conservatorium.

We did not see the Schwartzes or Prince Alexander. They were all away on holiday. But a clever young musician named M'Creary, whom I had known in Belfast when he was a boy and had recommended to study with Schwartz, had taken my advice and was still in Frankfort during the holidays. He took us to various places of interest, including a beer garden, to which my old friend Frau Binder, at whose pension we stayed, joined the party. I had already tasted German beer and had no hesitation in ordering a glass for each of us. What seemed like a quart mug with a hinged lid was set before me, and there was a hearty laugh when I asked whether the waiter meant me to fill the glasses for all out of the jug. I was told that everyone had a jug like mine and that the right thing was to drink the contents as quickly as possible so that someone might have the pleasure of ordering me another. I felt sure that if I acted on that advice I would share the fate of S. S. Wesley who, it is alleged, on reaching home after being at a convivial assembly, fell down in front of his door and, thinking that the steps were the manuals of an organ, began to play on them. But the beer tasted so good, and I was so busily engaged in pleasant conversation and listening to an excellent orchestra, that my glass was empty and I had got well started on another before I was aware

of it. I was not moved to improvise on the steps leading up to Frau Binder's door.

On the way to Frankfort we had a few hours in Nürnberg, where we saw some of the haunts of the old master-singers immortalised by Wagner: Hans Sachs's house, St John's Church, and the river on which the master-singers went in their boats to the song contests. It was unfortunate that we had not a friend with us who knew the city. I had not sufficient knowledge of German to understand all that was said by the driver who took us round.

The journey by slow train from Nürnberg to Bayreuth furnished rather a touching incident. A very poor woman—perhaps a peasant—got in at a small country station, and when we had gone several miles farther said something in a German dialect I could not at once make out. But at last I gathered that she was asking us to let her stand at the window when we came to the next station, so that she might perhaps get a glimpse of her son who was serving his time in the army and was quartered there. It was the first time mother and son had been separated, and the poor woman seemed terribly distressed about it. Whether she saw her son or not, I cannot say, but I am afraid she did not. She got out soon after we passed the station on which her mind was set, and we were alone for the rest of the journey.

At that time—more than forty-five years ago—Bayreuth was a small, uninteresting country town which would never have become important but for the Wagner theatre and the home and burial-place of the great composer. The theatre stands on a hill overlooking the town, and there we spent practically all our time. There was an open space with plenty of seats and a good restaurant where we took all our meals except breakfast.

The theatre (Festspielhaus) seemed to me a plain, unpretentious building, with a semi-circular auditorium and a very large stage about three-quarters

of the size of the auditorium. The opera began at four, and after each act, which takes about an hour, there was an hour's interval. The performance was therefore over soon after nine. It seems to me that this is the ideal way in which to hear a Wagner opera, and I have often wondered why a similar plan—originally Wagner's own—is not adopted in this country. A quarter of an hour before the beginning of each act the audience is summoned by a group of trumpeters from the orchestra, who stand outside in front of the theatre and play one of the leading motifs of the opera for that particular day. This is repeated five minutes before the act begins.

All seats are reserved and all are equally good for seeing and hearing. At the time of our visit each seat cost twenty marks—say £1—a performance. We had the same two seats for all three operas, and my impression is that they were at the left-hand end of the fourth row from the stage. As every seat is reserved the theatre is almost empty until ten minutes before the beginning of an act, when it fills rapidly.

I had the feeling of being in church. There was no buzz of conversation, for all who were there had come with serious purpose and were too much on the tip-toe of expectation to think of talking. Another thing that added to the impressiveness of the place was the complete silence of the orchestra before the act began. As we saw when we were shown over the theatre, a notice was posted up at the entrance to the orchestra stating that no tuning was allowed within a certain time before the performance, and none was heard after the trumpets had given their preliminary warning.

But if the audience is quiet before the lights go down, the profound stillness and almost breathless expectancy of the whole house between the lowering of the lights and the opening notes of the prelude is

indescribable. And what poignant grief and hopeless love and tragedy those notes express! I had heard that saddest of motifs many times before, but never like that. We take Wagner for granted nowadays, and his methods are criticised and called in question, but ever since I heard the first motif at Bayreuth I have been filled with awe and amazement at his greatness and originality. I cared nothing whether the singers were fat and ugly or how they were dressed. If, as some say, Wagner's " passion " is all artificial, it did not matter two straws to me. All I know is that I at once caught the infection of the intense emotion Wagner has so unsurpassably expressed, and that I lost all sense of my surroundings and became identified with those ill-fated lovers.

The festival we attended was only the third or fourth since the building of the theatre and we had the good fortune to hear all the original great Wagner singers. I do not now remember in detail who was who, but I know that Frau Sucher was Isolde and I believe that Gudahus was Tristan. Felix Mottl, the youngest of the three conductors, conducted Tristan. He seemed to me the most sympathetic of the three and the right man for that particular opera. Wagner has been accused of overweighting his singers with accompaniments, but it was not so at Bayreuth, and one must remember that he had had the idea of such a theatre in his mind from the first. Although the orchestra is entirely under the stage, its position there only serves to give it a roundness and smoothness I have experienced nowhere else. It is never muffled.

I cannot attempt to describe the infinite pathos of the prelude to the third act, the deeply moving cor-anglais solo played by the shepherd to let Tristan know that he sees no ship, or Frau Sucher's singing of the Liebestodt. When it was over my face was wet with tears.

To be shown over the building was very interest-

ing. Everything bearing on Wagner's connection with the theatre has been preserved, and there was even a notice written in his hand calling a general rehearsal. We were shown the stage apparatus, and I examined the four huge gongs used for the bells in Parsifal. We went down into the orchestra, and I sat in the conductor's seat and held the sacred baton in my hand.

We called at Villa Wahnfried and were received by one of Frau Wagner's daughters, who said: "I remember hearing you play a concerto by my grandfather" (Liszt—at the concert in Berlin in 1885). She asked if I did not think the performance of Tristan the previous evening magnificent; in her opinion it was one of the best that had been given in Bayreuth.

Wagner is buried in the grounds of Villa Wahnfried, close to the railings that divide them from the public road. His tomb can be seen by all who pass that way, and nearly everyone who visits Bayreuth makes a pilgrimage to it and pays silent tribute to the master who has given all true lovers of music unbounded pleasure and has opened up a new world in the art. He lived to see the long-delayed dawn of appreciation of his life's work, and Liszt, who laboured generously to further the cause of his friend, is also buried in Bayreuth. It is generally understood that Tristan was the last of Wagner's music Liszt heard, and that it was his favourite opera.

Richter conducted the Meistersinger, which of all the operas I have heard is my supreme favourite. Tristan is pure emotion and passion. Its intensity carries one away. It goes to one's head like wine. Meistersinger combines simple, tender love with wonderfully beautiful and masterly music. Even now I am thrilled and amazed as it were anew by the beauty and superb workmanship of the overture which, for me, ranks above all other orchestral music.

No doubt it was presumption for an inexperienced

youngster like myself to dare criticise Richter, one of the greatest of conductors, but although the performance was magnificent, I thought there were flaws in it. The chorus and orchestra were not always together, and I felt throughout that the orchestra did not accompany so sympathetically under Richter as under Mottl. I think Richter was more at home in a purely orchestral piece, and I have not heard anyone else give so satisfying an interpretation of the Meistersinger overture as he did.

Parsifal was the last opera we heard that week. Levi conducted, Vandyk—the original Parsifal—took the title rôle, and Materna the part of Kundri. Vandyk had a beautiful voice, a pure tenor without the shadow of a tremolo. Materna was growing old, but her voice was still beautiful, and she had powers that only experience brings. I greatly enjoyed Parsifal, but to me its appeal is not comparable with that of Meistersinger. I find Parsifal grand because of its remoteness and its religious sense, but it lacks the human touch that I found so inexpressibly lovely in Meistersinger.

We left Bayreuth immediately the performance of Parsifal was over. Just before the train started, Willy Hess and his wife came into our compartment. Hess was the leader of the Hallé Orchestra, and held that appointment for some years until he went to a similar post in Cologne. He mentioned the playing of the oboe solo in the Good Friday music of Parsifal, and asked if I did not think it was remarkably well done. I said yes, but that I did not like the German woodwind, especially the oboes, nearly so much as our own or the French. He explained that German musicians prefer the thicker (and, as I think, coarser) toned oboe, and that that is why certain passages scored by German composers sound better when a German oboe is used. I admitted that I had noticed this, particularly in the opening of the Schumann

piano concerto, where the orchestra announces the first subject. The oboe has the melody and usually sounds thin and weak against the accompanying woodwind. But when I played the concerto in Berlin with a German orchestra the sounds were properly balanced.

CHAPTER XII.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION.

I GAVE several recitals in St Nicholas, Warwick, at one of which Santley's daughter, the Hon. Mrs Littleton, sang, and Thurston Rivington, the vicar, once took my wife and me to Warwick Castle, by invitation of the Countess of Warwick, half-sister of my Duchess of Sutherland. The Countess did not ask if I took sugar in my tea, and did not put any in my cup. Too shy to ask for sugar, I put a brave face on it—or made a face—and swallowed the unsweetened tea. It is strange how one's tastes and preferences sometimes completely change. I gave up sugar in tea many years ago and now dislike it intensely. The conversion was wrought by a little girl pupil of whom I was very fond. She did not take sugar in her tea, and used to say to me, "Oh, Holly" (I was called always Holly by intimate friends in Norwood), "if you'd only try taking tea without sugar you'd like it ever so much better." My wife said the same, and now I recommend all lovers of sugar in tea to follow the example I have adopted from others.

At one of the Huddersfield Subscription Concerts I played the Beethoven Emperor Concerto with the Hallé Orchestra, and Hallé conducted. It went well, but I was not happy. It was impossible to have a rehearsal, as the orchestra only arrived in time for the concert. Hallé was old and far from well. I believe he resented my having been engaged to play that particular concerto, which he con-

sidered his prerogative, and I cannot say that I found him kindly or gracious. At the time I felt this keenly, but later I came to the conclusion that allowances must be made for age and poor health.

I had several engagements in Huddersfield. One was in 1893, when I was solo organist, and my fellow artistes were Madame Albani, Clara Butt, and John Dunn, the famous violinist. Mrs Edward Haley, mother of Olga Haley, one of our best mezzo-sopranos, was solo pianist, and an excellent pianist she was. Together we played Guilmant's Scherzo Capriccioso for piano and organ. The last was an organ recital at the Town Hall after the reconstruction of the organ by Willis. It is a fine organ, one of the most comfortable to manage that I know.

I am glad to have played so much in Huddersfield, for one may call it the home of organ-playing in England. Many first-rate organists have come from Yorkshire, and from Huddersfield in particular —Sir Walter Parratt and Dr Peace, to mention only two. And there was that interesting and brilliant Yorkshire organist, the late Tom Cawthra, of whom I saw a good deal. For many years he was at St Bartholomew's Church, Armley, where the famous Schulze organ is, and one Sunday evening, after the service, I met him, and he asked me to try the organ next day. I had been told that he was bluff and brusque and rather unapproachable. He certainly had a somewhat abrupt manner, but that is characteristic of Yorkshire and does not mean anything. As for being unapproachable, I found him just the opposite. Cawthra was a natural musician—mostly, I should think, self-taught—and to judge from his organ-playing he must have been equally brilliant at the piano.

An engagement to play some organ solos at a Saturday night popular concert in the Albert Hall, Sheffield, taught me a lesson. Lemare was then organist of Sheffield Parish Church, and he and I

were much together. So as to allow myself plenty of time for practice I went to Sheffield the day before the concert, but Lemare and a mutual friend and I sat well into the early hours of Saturday, talking, and when morning came Lemare must needs carry me off to try the Parish Church organ before I went to the hall to practise. I left myself too little time, and at the concert I felt tired. I had to ask Lemare to do some of the registering for me, a thing I had never done before, and either I could not think quickly enough what stops I wanted or I was too quick and wanted to register for myself. My solos were not a failure : the audience was most enthusiastic ; but I felt hampered and uncomfortable, and could not let myself go. It was as though one had earned an undeserved success. There and then I resolved that I would always register for myself and, as far as might lie in my power, let nothing prevent my having plenty of time for practice. I have kept that resolution, and since that Albert Hall concert no one has registered for me—not even on the most complicated organs in America.

Soon after I was married, Dr Naylor's son Edward, whom I had previously met at Scarborough, was appointed organist of St Michael's, Chester Square, of which Canon Fleming (of York Minister) was then vicar. Edward Naylor soon became a frequent visitor at our house. He was an ardent admirer of Stanford's compositions, and introduced me to several of them. We were kindred spirits, although his musical temperament was different from mine. He was what I would call a logical musician. He always tried to find the reason why a composer wrote in a certain style or designed a composition in a certain way. I used to say to him : " Why are you always digging and delving for reasons ? I don't care two pins about the why and the wherefore so long as the sound is right." We had many delightful jaunts

together, one of which took us to Covent Garden, where we waited a couple of hours outside the gallery entrance to hear Meistersinger with Jean De Reszke as Walther. What a glorious voice he had! And how splendid it was to be young and enthusiastic and to belong to the army of young musicians who thought nothing of waiting long hours outside the gallery doors in order to hear some great work! We heard many operas in that way—Stanford's Shamus O'Brien and Mackenzie's Troubadour among them—and not a few plays.

Naylor and I visited Hills' factory to see the huge organ they built for the new Town Hall, Sydney. It created a sensation at the time, for not only was it the largest organ in the world, as far as the number of stops was concerned, but the largest to be completely finished and made playable in any organ factory. Thirteen years later I recited on that notable organ in its destined home.

Soon after my return to full work at St Andrew's, I formed a Ladies' Choral Society and one of mixed voices. We gave the second performance in England of Grieg's Olaf Trygvason. The first performance (which I heard) was given a few months earlier by the Palace choir and orchestra under Manns at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. The vocal score was too expensive for our members to buy, and the chorus parts would not have been of much individual use afterwards. Manns solved the difficulty by lending me as many of the chorus parts as I required.

Early in 1891 I was invited by the late Alderman Spark of Leeds, a brother of Dr Spark, the city organist, to be solo pianist at a concert in aid of the Railway Servants' Orphanage to be given in the Town Hall on 17th February. My fellow artistes were Madame Nordica, Lloyd, and Santley. Nordica had a magnificent, pure soprano voice. She was one of the greatest prima donnas of her day, and

I shall never forget her singing of the Polonaise from Mignon. The Town Hall was packed and the concert was an outstanding success, but the greatest excitement came afterwards. I will let the Leeds Mercury of the following day tell the story, or at least part of it :—

"At the close of the concert thousands of persons assembled to witness the torchlight procession to the Great Northern Hotel. . . . The sight was an imposing one, and happily, the function was favoured by suitable weather. As soon as the concert concluded the procession was formed. First came two mounted policemen, followed by an advance party of torch-bearers. Mr Inglebew's band came next in order, supported on every side by torch-bearers, and there followed the Chief Constable on horseback."

The Mayor's carriage came next, and then one in which Nordica, Lloyd, Santley, and I all rode. The horses had been taken out and we were drawn by men, who must, I think, have been railwaymen. More torch-bearers followed, and a body of policemen brought up the rear. In a curiously detached way I came slowly to realise that I was one of the central figures in a brilliant and crowded scene of which I could see nothing. Some in the enormous crowd may have felt sympathetically distressed because I could not see what was going on, but if they had known how pleasurably excited I was they would have felt differently. I could not see. But I could hear and feel. I heard the band and the cheering of the crowd, and I could smell the burning torches. To me that smell was the least attractive part of the rejoicing.

I played at the next year's concert, when there was another torchlight procession. The three singers were Anna Williams, Barton M'Guckin, and Norman Salmond. The last—a splendid bass who unfortunately died young—was then fast making a name for himself. His wife, professionally known as Manzocchi, was accompanist, and played the orches-

tral part of Weber's Polonaise Brillante for me on a second piano.

I played a third time for the Railway Orphanage in March 1894. Watkin Mills sang, and the programme gives Edward Lloyd's name also, but I cannot get it out of my mind that Ben Davies appeared in his stead. Certainly I have met Ben Davies, and I cannot recall any other concert at which I could have come across him. I had heard that he never went on to a concert platform without wearing white kid gloves, and certainly he was wearing kid gloves when he shook hands with me. When, more than forty years afterwards, I heard his voice—fresh as ever—on the wireless, I could not help wondering whether he was wearing white kid gloves while he sang to his millions of unseen listeners.

In 1890 our summer holidays were spent in Scotland, and we went first to Edinburgh, where I had an engagement as organist at the Exhibition from 28th July to 2nd August. Although I had played in Edinburgh twice before, I count this as my first real visit, for it was only then that my wife and I were able to explore a city which, as all agree, is one of the most wonderful, beautiful, and historic cities in the world. Shillington was there when we arrived. He had been to service at St Giles' and had made an appointment with John Hartley, the organist, to show me his organ. I also met Collinson, organist of the then new Episcopal Cathedral, St Mary's, and tried his splendid Willis organ, of which he was justly proud. In many respects it is one of the finest examples of Father Willis's work.

My recitals at the Exhibition were the beginning of a long friendship. A gentleman who frequently spoke to me and expressed pleasure at my playing told me that he was keenly interested in organs, and had built a small one with a special kind of vacuum pneumatic action of his own invention. This was Mr (afterwards Sir) George Beilby. He

introduced us to his wife, and we were invited to luncheon at their house in the Colinton Road so that Beilby might explain the new action to me and let me try it. Unfortunately he had been suddenly called out of town just before we arrived. His wife did her best to explain the novel features of his organ, and after trying it I gathered enough to realise that the idea was clever, although hardly practicable commercially.

When we came to live in Edinburgh, Beilby had pulled his organ to pieces. He contemplated building a much larger one, and did so after he left Edinburgh and settled in Glasgow. I had the pleasure of inaugurating the new organ on 21st March 1914, when a small party of intimate friends was present, Dr Hunter, whose preaching both Beilby and his wife greatly admired, being one of them. Two days later I recited on a new three-decker Norman & Beard in Dr Hunter's Church (Trinity Congregational, Glasgow). It was one of the many undreamed-of events in one's life that the little boy of six who told Dr Hunter that he prayed low and preached loud should be giving a recital on the organ of the church of which Dr Hunter was minister.

Early in 1891 a new organist was wanted for St Paul's Church, Onslow Square, London. The vicar, the Rev. Prebendary Webb-Peploe, was of the evangelical school, and his services were as simple and plain as possible. Campbell urged me to apply for the position. It was eminently suitable for a blind man, and up to that time no leading church in London had had a blind organist. I felt I was not likely to get much farther if I remained at St Andrew's; the fine organ at St Paul's was an attraction; and after thinking things over I sent in my application.

Each candidate was required to play the Wednesday evening service and conduct the choir practice afterwards, and to play both services on the following

Sunday. In many ways I enjoyed my Wednesday and Sunday, but my heart misgave me when I found that I would not have time to go home and get back between the morning and evening services. And as none of the church people offered hospitality my wife and I had to find a place where we could get dinner and tea and rest during the afternoon. It was not an encouraging beginning.

Two days later I received a note saying that I was appointed, but I then heard for the first time that in order to avoid Sunday travelling I would be required to live near the church. When our dear friend the minister of St Andrew's heard this, he strongly advised me to consult one of the principal medical men in London—Sir Andrew Clark, Gladstone's medical adviser—about the probable effect of living in town. I forget the time fixed for the appointment, but I know I had to wait three weary hours before Sir Andrew called me into his room, and it is not surprising that my nerves were on edge. His manner was rather pompous, and he nearly made me laugh by prefixing "Be pleased" to anything he wished me to do: "Be pleased to sit down"; "Be pleased to state your case as concisely as you can, as I have a long journey before me this afternoon." (I think he had been summoned to Hawarden to see Gladstone.) "Be pleased to cough"; "Be pleased to take a deep breath." So it went on. In spite of the long journey before him, he did not hurry, but took great pains with the examination. His opinion was against my going to live in London, and I declined the St Paul's appointment.

Taylor and the people of St Andrew's at once set about collecting money for a new organ. One lady in particular was indefatigable in arranging and working for a bazaar in aid of the organ fund, and it was mainly through her efforts that the money was collected so quickly. She had known me since

I went to the College, and had even lifted me on to the piano-stool. I was " such a wee boy," she said.

I was given a free hand as to builder and specification, and I chose Lewis. He had just patented his combinaton key-touches and wanted to put them into the St Andrew's organ, but before coming to a decision I had an opportunity of trying them in a charming little organ Lewis had recently built for the village church of Monkfryston, near Pontefract, the seat of the Hemsworths, an old Yorkshire family. I liked the organ very much, and decided in favour of key-touches.

The opening ceremony on Sunday, 17th January 1892, was in one respect a sad occasion. The Duke of Clarence had died that morning, and my first voluntary was the Dead March in Saul. I gave a recital next evening.

Organ-builders are proverbial for working up to the last minute, and Lewis's men, after working all Saturday night, managed to finish just half an hour before the doors were opened. I did not spend much time in bed that night. My wife and I went to the church at midnight with bottles of beer and sandwiches, and we were up betimes on Sunday morning.

For the first three or four years the organ was hand blown, but a year or so before I left, Mr Josiah Beddow, the head of a well-known London firm and a member of the congregation, at his own expense, put electric light into the church on condition that the church provided electric blowing for the organ, which was done. The original blowing motor worked on direct current, but about three years ago, when the current was changed to alternating, a rotary blower was substituted for it.

Naturally I was very proud of my organ, and it was not long before I knew the interior as intimately as the exterior. I enjoyed showing it to those who were interested, and I liked to take them inside

and right up on to the passage board between the Swell and the Great. Since those days I have played innumerable organs and designed many, but when I was last in Norwood (in 1932) and had an opportunity of trying the organ again, I could not help remarking on its really fine and original quality of tone and the excellence of the flue work. It has not been rebuilt, nor has the tone been altered.

In the first scheme for the St Andrew's organ I omitted a trumpet on the Great, for I believed that funds would not run to it. One who knew nothing about organs but was keenly interested for my sake, said: "Are you going to have a trumpet in our new organ?" "I don't think so," I said, "I'm afraid there will only be enough money to pay for stops that are absolutely necessary." "Well," was the reply, "I should have thought the trumpet was the most necessary of all, for we hear a great deal about the trumpet in the Bible but nothing about a great bass" (Lewis's name for a wood pedal open). "Besides," he went on, "great bass sounds as though it would be very noisy, and we don't want any loud stops." I assured him that the great bass would be a real help in accompanying the singing, and not at all loud. And there was sufficient money for the trumpet after all.

Happy years followed my decision to remain at Norwood instead of going to Onslow Square, and I was kept busy. Organ recitals were more and more numerous, and as my engagements at that time were mostly in Yorkshire (and particularly in the West Riding), there was a good deal of travelling. For some time my wife went everywhere with me, and enlivened the long journeys by reading to me. She read in a low voice so as not to disturb other people in the compartment, but her words were so clear that I could always hear her. Using her voice in that quiet way never seemed to tire her, and I have known her read to me with hardly a

break from London to Glasgow. She has always been a patient and tireless reader. Fred Turner usually spent part of his holidays with us, and my wife would then read a book to us. Once when we had begun The Last Days of Pompeii, and on the day before Fred returned to Glasgow there was still a good deal to finish, she began immediately after breakfast and read on, only stopping for meals, until near midnight, when the book was finished. It was a remarkably fine effort.

Later on I made my recital journeys alone. Payment of double travelling expenses left too small a balance. But by that time the National Library for the Blind—one of our very greatest boons—was firmly established and in possession of a large number of the best books of all kinds, and I became a subscriber. Since then I have never gone on a journey without taking two or three Braille volumes to read. Many blind people are extremely sensitive about reading in public: far too much so, I think. I have always felt that if sighted people are not considered to "make an exhibition of themselves" by reading in public with their eyes, why should we think we are doing so by reading in public with our fingers? There are, however, occasions when really funny questions are asked. I was once travelling from Doncaster to Hull, and was alone in the compartment until a man got in at a small station. I must have finished and strapped up my books, for I was not reading at the time. After a few minutes, during which I suspect that my companion had been staring hard at me, he broke the silence. He had a broad Yorkshire accent, but a kindly manner, and the conversation was something like this:—

"Eh, mister! Have you lost your sight?"

"Well, not exactly; I never had it."

"Ah! never had it like. Wonderful! Have you been to school?"

"Yes, to a Blind School."

"And can you read and write like?"

"Oh yes, I read a type specially made for blind people, and I use the typewriter for writing."

"Ay? Well, you know, I've often thought how wonderful it is how they teach you to speak on your fingers at those places."

"Yes, at the Deaf and Dumb Schools they do."

"Ay, that's what I mean."

Many sighted people are ignorant about the blind. One morning when I was walking home from the College alone a young woman (to judge from the voice) stopped me and said: "Can you tell me the way to Gipsy Hill Station?" She must only then have realised that I could not see, for without giving me time to reply she added: "Oh, I'm sorry to have troubled you, for of course you don't know." "If you go straight on down the hill," I said, "you'll come to it on the left." She thanked me, but whether she believed me or not I shall never know.

And once when I was having a Turkish bath and was about to be shampooed, just before the shampooer poured the delightful lather over my head and face, he said: "Do you know, sir, I was just going to ask you to shut your eyes, but of course it doesn't matter, for you can't see." I need hardly add that I entirely disagreed, and shut my eyes forthwith.

In 1891 Frederick Corder was appointed Professor of Musical Composition at the College. Although he was one of the most brilliantly clever musicians and composers of his time, when he died in 1932, at the great age of eighty, he had not made a name as a composer. In his young days he was considered one of the ultra-moderns, but his music did not find favour. Campbell invited me to attend Corder's advanced class for composition, and I cannot be too thankful for having taken advantage

of the opportunity. From reading some of his articles I had expected to find him morose, cynical, and unapproachable. He was none of these, but merely shy at first of us, as we were of him, because he had not previously taken a class of blind students and did not at once know how to teach such a class. At his death, all his former students who paid tribute to his memory spoke of his marvellous power of inspiring enthusiasm for the works of the great masters, and told how everyone who came under his fascinating spell learned not only to admire him as a teacher but to love him as a man.

Corder used to say that Beethoven was the only composer whom no other had been able to imitate, and that only Dvŏrák—whose music he greatly admired—came near to doing so. I met Dvŏrák in 1885 or 1886 when he was staying with one of the Lyttletons—directors of Novellos—at Sydenham. Up to then I had only composed a few songs (tenor), one of which was rather ambitious. It was a setting of part of a poem called L'Envoi, by Lowell, which seemed to me to require a somewhat rhapsodical treatment. (I did not submit the song to any publisher, and it remains in manuscript to this day.) Dvŏrák was kind and approachable. I played my songs, including the setting of Lowell's poem (which I called "Romance") to him, and he spoke encouragingly about them all. Of the "Romance" he said that I should keep it as one of my children of genius. He recommended me to write a string quartet, a task he declared to be the very best training for a composer. My life has been almost entirely taken up with other musical activities, and, to my regret, I have not found time to act on his advice.

For a long time Campbell had wished to place on the College building a turret clock with Westminster chimes, but other projects had prevented him from realising his desire. Early in 1892 he must have

considered that the time was ripe for raising money for the clock, and he set to work in earnest. The order was placed with Gillett & Bland—now Gillett & Johnson—the well-known church clock makers and bell founders of Croydon, and with several of the College teachers and pupils I went to the factory to see the hour bell cast. It was an anxious moment when the furnace door was opened and the mass of molten metal began to run into the mould. When the bell was tried the tone was disappointing, and it was decided to cast another and add more metal. The second casting was more successful than the first, but to my ear none of the five bells is satisfactory, and they are by no means in tune. The modern principles of bell-tuning were not then known, and tuning was a matter of guesswork.

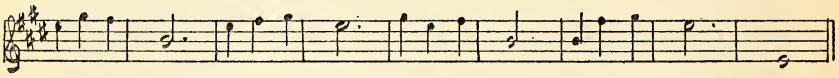
Lewis always maintained that a bell tuned on the old principle—that is, with the hum tone not an exact octave below the tap tone—carried much farther than the modern bell tuned with the hum tone the same strength as the tap and a dead octave below it. On the other hand, if a modern ring of bells does not carry so far, it is infinitely more pleasant to listen to. The over-tones of a bell can now be separated and tuned, which makes all the difference in the world. If Campbell had lived to see the development of bell-tuning I am sure he would never have rested until he had had the bells taken down and retuned.

The College clock bells are what is technically known as "out of a peal of ten"—that is, the last note of the half-hour chime and the last note of the fourth quarter preceding every hour are an octave above the hour bell. In bells "out of a peal of eight" the last note of the half-hour and hour chime is only a fifth higher than the hour bell, thus giving the impression that the chimes are in a different key. There are two churches in Edinburgh, St George's West and St Cuthbert's, not far from each

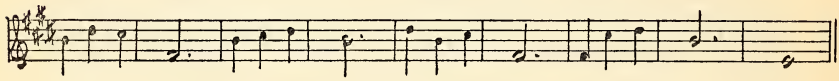
other, each of which has a clock with Westminster chimes. St George's has five bells for the chimes and the hour only—they cannot be rung—and these are arranged as from a ring of ten. St Cuthbert's has a ring of eight bells, five of which are taken for the chimes and hour.

The following are the chimes of the two churches, and show the difference between chimes from a ring of ten bells and eight :—

St George's (from a ring of ten).



St Cuthbert's (from a ring of eight).



In 1892 we spent a delightful holiday in Ilfracombe, Lynton, and the Lorna Doone country. We had read Blackmore's novel—one of the greatest of all stories—and were fired with the desire to visit the scenes and places the author depicts so wonderfully. Turner joined us, and as he had not previously read the book, my wife read it aloud again ; and although our days were fully occupied and only the evenings were available for reading, she read the whole of the long story during the fortnight of our holiday. It is a tale to treasure and go back to again and again. The easy perfection of language is as near to giving " fair delight " to the eyes of a blind man as anything I know.

I have often been asked how it is possible for one who is blind to enjoy or appreciate scenery. To be honest, I am not able to appreciate scenery as scenery, or rather, the long descriptions

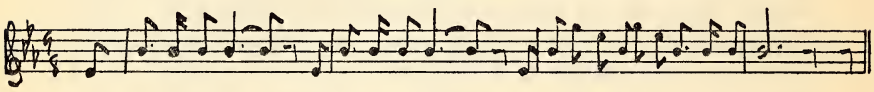
of scenery one gets in many books. Yet if I am walking in the country something tells me when there is beautiful scenery or a lovely view, and when anyone with me says, "How I wish you could see this beautiful country," I am not surprised. And although I do not ordinarily care for long descriptions of scenery in books, I dearly love going for a walk in beautiful country with anyone who enjoys what there is to see and can tell me about it. The enjoyment of my companion is communicated to me, and although a stranger may not realise it, I enjoy the scenery as much as a sighted person does.

We spent a fortnight in Ilfracombe, visiting the noted places of interest, including that quaintest of villages, Clovelly, and I particularly remember an afternoon when we walked to Lee, not so much for the walk (although it is very pleasant) as for raspberries and Devonshire cream at the old Post Office. Realisation did not equal anticipation. This was not because of inferior quality of either raspberries or cream, but rather the reverse, for both were so delicious and inviting that an army of wasps were most anxious to accept their fragrant invitation, and we ate every mouthful in fear of swallowing part of the army—not, I confess, from any feeling of sympathy with dumb creatures, but lest we should be stung.

From Ilfracombe we went to Lynton, and the journey of twenty miles transported us to the days of Mr Pickwick. There was no railway, and the only conveyance was an old-fashioned Dickensian coach, with a guard who knew how to play the coach horn. The seats ran up in tiers. It seemed to me that ours were at the top, and I think we were strapped in. I cannot describe the feeling of exhilaration as we tore up and down those wonderful hills with many a hairpin bend which our driver negotiated with marvellous skill. The rattle of the coach, the jingle of the horses' harness and their

regular trot, and to crown all, the blowing of the horn at intervals, as though to say, " Clear the road ! We're coming ! "—all these gave an impression of reckless speed, compared with which the speed of a fast motor-car to-day gives no thrill at all. I have never forgotten the call of that horn. Here it is :—

Coach Horn.



In Lynton we stayed at Castle Cottage, an annexe of the Castle Hotel. From our bedroom window we had one of the most beautiful views ever seen. I can hear the rushing of the waterfall now.

One day we joined a party from the hotel in a drive to the Lorna Doone country. We saw Waters Meet and John Ridd's water-slide. The latter was considered rather disappointing, but I confess that I did not mind whether the others thought it disappointing or not. My mind was full of that jolly, sturdy boy, climbing barefoot up and up the water-slide (" and how bitter cold the water was "), and the lovely part that follows when John and Lorna meet for the first time.

" I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me ; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder." It is a lover's tale, but it might also be the song of a blind man who sees what he hears and touches.

In those days there was considerable excitement about an electrician who had fitted to the organ of St John's Church, Birkenhead, an entirely new type of electro-pneumatic action of his own invention. This was Hope Jones. The vicar of the church wanted a passage-way made through the existing

organ, and Hope Jones undertook to give him what he wanted by rebuilding the organ and altering the position of the different departments. This involved the installation of electric action, and instead of using any of the three or four types then available Hope Jones invented one of his own. With various modifications it is now used by the leading organ-builders in Great Britain and America.

Happening to be in Liverpool for a recital and having a little time to spare, I went to Birkenhead and called on Hope Jones in his office. He was extremely pleasant and keenly interested in his work, and showed me several models of his action in various stages of development. He took me to see St John's Church, and I tried the organ. The touch was light, but not too light, and the action prompt in attack and release. After I had played for a little time Hope Jones had the console moved to the west end of the church, close to the main entrance. Here I found the response slower by the fraction of a second more time the sound took to reach me. There was no delay in the action.

Our kind friend Mr Taylor, the minister of St Andrew's, decided to retire, but fortunately for us he continued to live in the same house at Norwood (Beechwood, Beulah Hill). He was succeeded by by the Rev. J. G. Train, who came from Prospect Street Presbyterian Church, Hull. Once more I was fortunate, and as in the days when I worked with Gordon, and again with Taylor, the understanding between minister and organist was of the happiest possible nature.

Train was fond of music and sang well. He enjoyed a joke and had a hearty laugh, which, one Sunday morning, created a little merriment at my expense. It was my habit to go to the vestry before service and have a final word about the hymns, one of which that morning was set to a tune called Holly. Train knew my nickname, and in checking

the list with me, when he came to that hymn, asked innocently what was the name of the tune. I, not immediately perceiving what he was after, replied gravely, " Holly." I shall never forget his great, glorious laugh. Both the vestry door and the doors leading from the vestry passage into the church were open, and it could be heard all over the building.

Lemare came from Sheffield to take up his appointment as organist of Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, where there is a fine Walker organ, and at his flat in St Ermine's Mansions, Westminster, I met Stanley Hawley, and, through him, Lena Ashwell. Robert Cox had begun to publish Hawley's piano accompaniments to well-known poems. This was a new idea, for while there had for some time been musical interpolations or improvisations at certain dramatic passages in poems—as illustrated by Clifford Harrison and others—Hawley made the musical accompaniment continuous from beginning to end, forming it into a suggestive rather than an illustrative background. Another original feature—perhaps the most important of all—was that the reciter was required to keep time with the music, the poem being divided into bars to correspond with the accompaniment. And herein lay the chief difficulty, for it is almost impossible to find an elocutionist musical enough to recite a poem in time to music without making it sound cramped and stilted. Lena Ashwell was a notable exception and by far the most successful reciter to Hawley's accompaniments. A fine elocutionist, and distinctly musical, she was quick to adapt herself to the new form.

Before I met Lena Ashwell I heard Stanley Hawley recite and play. He made no attempt at elocution, but his representation aroused my keen interest and gave me pleasure. The first poem I heard him give was Whyte Melville's " Riding Through the Broom "

(or " Marion " as I call it for short), and the charming original harmonies combined with the rhythm of accompaniment and poem delighted me. Of all the poems to which Hawley has written accompaniments, I like this best.

I had recently composed a little song called " Tears," the introduction to which greatly took both Lemare's fancy and Hawley's, and whenever I happened to come into a room where either of them was, he would rush to the piano and play it. Here it is :—

TEARS.

Lemare got Robert Cox to publish the song, together with another of mine called " A Life Lesson." That they have never become really popular I do not mind. I know that both are good and original, and I am glad I wrote " Tears " if only for the introduction, which, among my intimate friends, was what would now be called my signature tune. At one time I had a strong desire to write songs, and I have published four or five. But I have never understood how to " pull the strings " and get them sung by really good singers, and I have not had the heart to add to the number.

Cox asked Lemare to edit a series of original organ pieces suitable for recitals which he had begun to publish, and Lemare in turn asked me to write for it. It was then that I wrote my Andante in D and Grand Chœur in G minor. Many consider the Andante in D my best composition, and

certainly I like it best, although, while perfectly suitable for recitals, it is more a church than a concert piece. The Grand Chœur is more essentially a concert piece. A few years after my Australian tour, Novellos, who had taken over the Recital Series when Cox gave up business, sent me a letter they had received from someone in Australia with a copy of a piano piece called " Imam " which had been published there. It was supposed to be an Eastern dance, and there was a picture of dancing Dervishes on the cover. The letter pointed out that it was an exact copy of my G minor Grand Chœur, but in common time instead of three-four. Novellos considered it a crib, and asked for my opinion. I had no hesitation in agreeing with them, for the copy was bare-faced and obvious. The Australian correspondent stated that it had been a great hit as " Imam," and that it was being played in all the picture-houses. I wonder what anyone from Australia who happened to attend service at Free St George's and hear me play Grand Chœur would have thought if he knew the music only in the " Imam " disguise! Novellos got the sale of " Imam " stopped and all possible copies called in.

I began to feel that organ literature lacked real concert pieces, and I have since tried to supply the need in some small measure. But to-day the want of good concert music for the organ is greater than ever, for while organ-builders have perfected the action, making it practically instantaneous, and invented all sorts of gadgets for obtaining rapid changes of combination, composers have been slow to take advantage of the wonderful improvements, and, for the most part, still compose music which could have been played on the organs of Bach's day. Most of it is deadly dull and boring.

I must have had a leaning towards concert organ music from the time when I first began seriously to study the instrument, and soon after Weekes

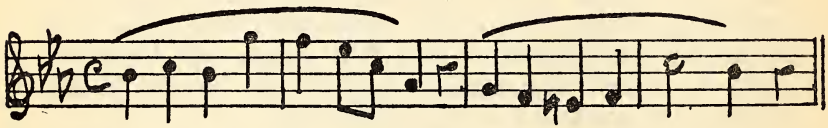
had brought out my two preludes for the organ, I wrote my first Concert Overture (in C major), which they also published. It is light, and perhaps some would consider it commonplace, but it comes off well even on the smallest organ. After nearly fifty years I still receive a small sum annually in royalties from its sales. The first subject came into my head one Sunday morning during a sermon Dr Williamson was preaching in Fisherwick Church, Belfast, but it must have been more than a year later when I thought of the second subject and finally " baked it," as Wolstenholme used to say.

Another friend of Lemare's to whom he introduced me was the late J. I. Walker, head of the firm of J. W. Walker & Sons, the well-known organ-builders. Walker was greatly interested in everything connected with organs, especially the mechanism, and in his house had built a unique chamber organ. The console was in the drawing-room and the organ itself in a basement room immediately underneath, the tone coming up through large gratings let into the drawing-room floor. He showed us an interesting experiment. He fixed down the loud pedal of his Grand, which was immediately over one of the gratings in the floor, and when this was done and a chord was played on the full organ and then cut off, the chord was exactly reproduced on the piano, giving the effect of a wonderful echo.

Walker had a phonograph, and asked me to improvise for it. While I was improvising, Lemare and Hawley went downstairs to the organ-room, where the phonograph was placed, intending to play a joke on me. As soon as my improvisation was finished, Walker brought the phonograph into the drawing-room to let us listen to the record. The process was then hardly even in its infancy and could not be compared with the results achieved nowadays, but the reproduction was very fair, and at the time we thought it marvellous. Lemare

said: "You looked terribly serious all the time. Why didn't you laugh in the middle?" It then came out that either Lemare or Hawley had shouted into the phonograph: "We've heard all this before, Alf! Get your hair cut!" Why, I cannot tell, but the interruption did not come out in the record, and, like Jack Point's, their best joke was wasted. More than sixteen years later I heard the improvisation again. Here is the theme:—

A short time after the Lemare-Hawley episode I improvised in Walker's factory on a splendid four-manual organ built for St Matthew's Church, Northampton. This organ was, of course, very much more powerful than the chamber organ, and the recording which was carried out proved correspondingly more successful. The theme of this second recorded improvisation was as follows:—



The rector of Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, who was very much attached to Lemare, was appointed to St Margaret's, Westminster, and took Lemare with him. It was Lemare who designed, and Walker who built, the present fine organ on which Lemare used to give his splendid Saturday afternoon recitals.

Lemare was not at home when I first went to see the St Margaret's organ, but he had left word with the head verger that I was to be allowed to try it whenever I called. But the verger in charge

told me that Lemare had not said anything about my coming, and had given strict orders that no stranger was to be allowed to touch the organ. I was particularly sorry to think of missing my opportunity : I was on the point of leaving London to live in Edinburgh (whither my wife had already gone), and did not know when there would be another chance. The verger went on to say that the rector was not at home, and that the curate who had the key lived a long way from the church. He must have thought me incredulous, for at last he came to the conclusion that the curate had not left the church, and went to find out. He came back with the message that I might play for a minute or two if I used only the softest stops. I did as I was told for a couple of minutes, extemporising on the pretty stops, but I could not keep within bounds and gradually worked up to full organ. I then played one of Lemare's pieces, and next my new Andante in D. This brought the curate to the console. "That's a beautiful piece," he said ; "I've heard Mr Lemare play it often. Do you know who composed it ?" I told him, and he asked me to play several other pieces. At last he said that he was obliged to go, but that I might play as long as I liked. He also apologised very handsomely for having demurred to letting me try the organ. "I wish Mr Lemare would ask you to give a recital," he said.

Through my old friend Thynne, of Michell & Thynne, I met G. A. Audsley, a Scotsman who, after completing his training as an architect, practised in Liverpool. While there he was attracted by Best's playing, and although not naturally musical developed a keen interest in organs, especially their tonal design. From Liverpool he went to London. He built a house for himself at Chiswick, and in the spacious music-room placed an organ of unusual design. The front was of wood pipes,

which he decorated most artistically. The original organ formed the top manual, and the lower was a composite affair consisting of stops presented by famous organ-builders—a Willis trumpet, a Cavaillé Vox Humana, a Roosevelt Doppleflöte, &c. One of Audsley's daughters was a violinist and another a pianist, and these two, with their father, used to play trios for violin, piano, and organ. My wife and I spent many pleasant evenings at Devon Nook —as he named his house—and there met several distinguished organists and musicians, chief of whom was Clarence Eddy, the greatest American organist of his day.

Audsley always maintained that I got more effects out of his organ than any other organist he knew, and I may as well say quite frankly that he took a special delight in my playing. Two or three years later he decided to settle in America. The Earl of Dysart had heard a great deal about the organ, and wanted to buy it. The purchase was completed after I had, at Audsley's request, played on it to the Earl.

I heard from Audsley frequently after he settled in America, and it was through him that the National Association of Organists of America invited me to give a series of recitals in 1925. Alas! I never saw him again after he left London. He died very suddenly, at the age of eighty-one, a week or two before I sailed, and his death, just on the eve of our reunion after a separation of nearly thirty years, was the one saddening occurrence in an otherwise happy and successful tour. I saw two of his daughters in America, and spent some pleasant hours with them recalling the happy days in London. They told me how delighted their father had been to arrange the tour for me, and how greatly, up to the very last, he had looked forward to seeing me again. But it was not to be.

At a farewell dinner given to me by the National

Association of Organists the family presented me with a copy of Audsley's latest book, "The Temple of Tone," which was published immediately after his death. His many treatises on organs and organ-building have made their mark in this country as well as in America. Numerous and beautiful illustrations are a feature of all his works.

CHAPTER XIII.

TIRING THREE BOYS AT THE BELLOWS.

My second stepmother died in 1893, and from then until his death my father frequently stayed with us for long periods. He was a kind and lovable man.

In August 1894 we spent some time at Herne Bay, where Hopkins was staying with two of his daughters and his little granddaughter, Connie, to whom he was particularly devoted. He told me an amusing story about Connie. He had composed a hymn tune and was seeking a name for it. He happened to say to Connie: "Now, I wonder what I'll call this tune, Connie? I want to get a well-known name for it." "Well, Grandpa, why not call it 'Clapham Junction'?" was the immediate reply. I have not found "Clapham Junction" among Hopkins's published hymn tunes.

There was a little company of five or six minstrels whom we all liked to hear. Hopkins was delighted with the pianist's clever accompaniments and musicianly harmonies. One of the men bred fox-terriers. He had two puppies with him, one of which I bought and named Trixie. Poor Trixie had only a short life, for about six weeks after we brought her home she was run over and killed. Her chief delight was to take one of my slippers and bury it in the back-garden, and as I was not rich enough to provide a new pair of slippers every time she chose to run off with one of them, we often had a great deal of trouble in unearthing the buried treasure.

Soon after we were married a friend got us a

mongrel fox-terrier called Prim. She was well named, for she had not the least sense of humour or bit of fun in her; but we did not know that when we bought her. It was not very long before Prim became a devoted slave and bodyguard, and whenever my wife sat down to sew or read, Prim would sit and stare up into her face with large, patient eyes.

Trixie was Prim's immediate successor, and after her came Scamp, a fox-terrier my father bought at a dog-fancier's shop close to the Middlesex Hospital. Scamp was not a success. He was as good as gold in the cab from the shop to Victoria Station and in the train to Gipsy Hill; but after a few days the evil spirit within him began to assert itself. Perhaps it was not an evil spirit after all, but rather a spirit of care for our safety. He never attempted to bite either my wife or me or our maid, but he would allow no strange man, woman, child, or animal to put so much as a nose inside the front gate, let alone the house. We had to get rid of Scamp. Ethel Liggins —later, Liginska—then a little girl of ten, was coming to stay with us for her first piano recital in London, and we were afraid that the dog might bite her if we kept him.

I must tell of Scamp's successor, the last dog we had and the most lovable and best of all, a black spaniel we bought through a friend, the vicar of a country place near Selby, who had a daughter at the College. Prince—for so we named him—was only two months old when we got him, so we were able to train him to our hearts' content.

At Norwood, Prince had the run of the garden, and when we removed to Edinburgh, where we have none, he missed it badly. The street seemed to bewilder him, but when he was once let out it was difficult to get him in again. Annie, our maid, used to spend a great deal of time coaxing him to come in, and when at last she persuaded him to come to her, had to carry him up two flights of stairs, which,

with a heavy dog, was no easy task. There is a baker's shop just round the corner from our flat, and I think the girl in the shop must have given Prince a piece of chocolate whenever Annie was in the shop with him. He would never pass that shop without going in and putting his paw on the counter and letting it remain there till he got what he wanted. And if putting his paw on the counter did not produce the desired result, he let all in the shop know it by barking loudly. His visits became so frequent that we could not trespass on the goodness of the shop assistants any longer, and someone always went with him and paid his penny for him. (We were afraid to teach him to carry it in his mouth.) He was a delightfully wise beastie. He knew that the money laid down was to pay for his chocolate and not for anything we wanted ourselves, and as soon as the penny was on the counter he began to speak, or rather, command.

One day Prince strayed into a neighbouring house, and Annie had great difficulty in persuading him to come home with her. As she was bringing him upstairs a young lady pupil of mine was calling for her weekly lesson. She had met Prince some time before and they were great friends. She overheard Annie say to Prince : " Oh, Prince ! You were very rude just now. Don't you know that it isn't usual for a gentleman to call on a stranger without a visiting card ? " On the same day, by the afternoon post, we received a packet of visiting cards, printed : " Prince Hollins, 3 Grosvenor Street." Annie taught him to use his visiting cards in a very charming way. He would come into the room at tea-time, card in mouth, lay it on the floor under his great paw, and on no account allow the card to be taken from him until his tea was put down in front of him. Then he gave the card up like a lamb. Shortly after this he had distemper, through which Annie nursed him most carefully. He declined to stay in his basket,

and it was very funny to see him waddling about the house with a big thick curtain wrapped round and trailing behind him. I am sorry to say, however, that with our Prince it was another instance of—

> I never nursed a dear gazelle
> To glad me with its soft black eye,
> But when it came to know me well,
> And love me, it was sure to die.

The nursing was completely successful and Prince lived for many years after his distemper. But unfortunately Annie had to leave us, and we found Prince too great a care. Much as we would have loved to do so, it became impossible to keep him properly and make him happy in a flat, and my father found a home for him with his stepdaughter's father-in-law, Mr George Lawson, the celebrated oculist. Lawson had a country house in the Isle of Wight to which he sent Prince, and where we knew he would be happy and well cared for. The night before he went away he slept in our room, and I can feel him now, coming to the side of the bed and licking my hand. That was the last I saw of him. I could not bear to see him actually go away, and when the time came I shut myself in my room until he was gone. There will never be another dog to take Prince's place.

I have wandered far from Herne Bay and must go back. Hopkins and I had many intimate talks during that fortnight and I am glad that it was so, for although I did not leave London for another three years I saw little of him after the Herne Bay holiday. He was gradually relinquishing his work at the Temple Church and leaving it to an assistant. He knew that this must ultimately lead to his retirement, and he felt the change keenly. His assistant (my old friend Balfour, who had also begun to teach the organ at the Royal Normal College) helped him during the week with the boys, but he still played

on Sundays. He retired in 1897 after fifty-four years as organist of the Temple Church, and was succeeded by Sir Walford Davies.

We paid a visit to Canterbury Cathedral. We went on top of a horse-bus which ran daily between Herne Bay and Canterbury, and the ride was not the least enjoyable part of the trip. Hopkins had written to Dr Longhurst, the organist and a friend of his, to tell him of our coming, and when we arrived at the Cathedral Longhurst was waiting for us. He took us straight to the organ and let me explore it while he went round the Cathedral with my wife, Hopkins, and Lewis's only daughter, Maude, who had come with us to Herne Bay.

Like many organists, Longhurst was full of amusing stories, one of which I will repeat.

On a certain occasion he took a pupil to St Albans to see the Abbey, and more particularly the Abbey organ, then hand blown. The organist was busy, but said they might certainly try the organ if they would first hunt up Old Billy and get him to blow for them. Old Billy was an excellent blower but had one bee in his bonnet : he would be sure to say that he could blow for any piece of music except "Fixed in his everlasting seat," and that he would have to practise before he could blow for it. Sure enough, when Billy was found he said he would come and blow for them with pleasure, "as long as you don't play 'Fixed in his everlasting seat,' for I'd need to practise blowing for that." Longhurst thought he would test Billy and see whether there was anything in what he said, and after a time asked his pupil to get on to the organ stool while he went round to watch. The pupil was to extemporise for a bit and then begin "Fixed in his everlasting seat." All went swimmingly until "Fixed" began. For a minute or so Billy blew a little faster, but at last let the handle go. The wind went out. "What did I tell you?" said Billy. "Didn't I warn you that I

could blow for anything except 'Fixed in his everlasting seat,' and that I would need to practise it? You see, I was right."

The last time I played the concluding voluntary in the Temple Church was during the summer of 1895 when a party of American organists and other professional musicians attended a Sunday afternoon service. Hopkins asked me to play his Allegro Finale in A, which, as my readers may recollect from a previous reference to it, I was the first to play in public. In fact, I memorised it from Hopkins's manuscript and played it in public before it appeared in print.

People in London were beginning to tire of the old-fashioned, quiet Sunday, and to desire some reasonable form of entertainment for that day. To help satisfy this desire the management of the Albert Hall inaugurated a series of Sunday afternoon organ recitals. Lemare, Hoyte, Tonking, and Balfour each had a Sunday every month, and there was always a singer. Samuel Liddle, composer of the popular setting of "Abide with me," accompanied, and a perfect accompanist he was. I often found myself listening to Liddle's accompaniment more than to the singer or the song, and not infrequently I have known him obtain an enthusiastic reception —and perhaps an encore—for a comparatively mediocre singer simply by his inimitable way of ending the accompaniment. Sometimes F. A. Sewell took Liddle's place. He was also good. I think it hardly possible to imagine finer accompanists than those two.

Lemare, always generously thinking how to further my interests, secured for me a Sunday engagement. The order of recitals was in the hands of Thorpe, who was so pleased with my first recital that before long I was taken on regularly. We became close friends. On the Saturday morning before my first Sunday I went to the Albert Hall to practise and

Lemare was with me. As it is impossible to judge your effects at the keys, Lemare played first and I went up into the balcony to listen. Next he listened while I tried over my programme. This was a very great help.

But let me try to give an impression of those Saturday mornings. I must begin at the beginning of the day and live it over again.

My wife and I leave our house shortly before eight to catch the 8.5 train from Gipsy Hill to Victoria, and while our train is on its way I will try to explain to my readers the frequent use I make of the word "see." I have often been asked why I say "see" when I cannot see, and whether I actually see things in my mind or in my dreams. The answer is that I never *see* anything either in my mind or in my dreams. When I wish to recall anything that has happened to me or any person I have met, I imagine the occurrence just as it impressed me at the time. To take the present instance, in my mind I feel the pavement of Alexandra Road under my feet, the mat at the door of the booking office of Gipsy Hill station, and so on, in succession. If I am thinking of a person, I hear his voice, I think of his height. But I never *see* my surroundings or a person's face. Then, why do I say "see"? It is because we blind people wish to be as natural and as like our sighted brothers and sisters as possible. If a friend called at my house and on greeting him I said, "I am so glad to touch you," what on earth would he think? When asking to be shown anything, I invariably say, "Will you let me see it?" or "May I have a look at it?" It is more natural and puts both my friend and myself at ease.

At Victoria we walk along the wooden-floored platform—the station had not then been rebuilt and the whole of it was floored with wood—out by the main exit and turn to the right along a short stretch of wooden flooring to the steps leading to the under-

ground Victoria on the District line. We get out at South Kensington, go up Exhibition Road (where the pavement is hard) and pass the Imperial Institute built on the site of my former happy hunting-ground, the Inventions Exhibition. A church clock I used to hear from the Exhibition grounds strikes a quarter to nine. We reach the Albert Hall a few minutes after, make our way round the inner corridor to the last door on the left, open it, go up three or four steps, turn to the right along one of the orchestra steps, go up another two steps and lift up a railing hinged at one end. We are at the console. The platform is fairly large, with room enough for a table and two chairs, one at each side of it. I roll back the piece of cloth covering the keys and press the electric push which rings a bell in the engine-room. (The organ was then blown by two steam engines which worked air compressors, a patent of Willis's. The organist for the Sunday was expected for practice a day before, and the engineer always had steam up in readiness.) I have not to wait long before I hear a rumbling and a general upheaval inside the huge instrument : the wind is filling the numerous reservoirs. I go ahead and enjoy myself for a couple of hours.

Although the Sunday afternoon concerts were at first organ recitals, with a singer, after a time the management engaged the Royal Artillery orchestral band, which Cavalier Zavertal, their excellent conductor, had brought to great perfection. The organist then played only two solos, one at the beginning and one in the middle of the concert. Thorpe introduced me to Zavertal, with whom my wife and I became very friendly. An Italian, he had lived first in Glasgow and then in London most of his life, but without losing his native accent. My first collaboration with him was when he asked me to play the little part for the organ in Meyerbeer's Overture to Dinorah. The rehearsal was held in

the band room of the Artillery Barracks at Woolwich. There was only an upright piano, but it answered the purpose. I can hear Zavertal now, telling me the story of the mad girl and her goat and how the goat's bell is heard in the overture. The band room was small and Zavertal had a hard job to cram a hundred players into it and allow the strings room for bowing. We made a great noise, for he insisted on getting every ounce of tone out of his men. He had a trick of making a quick crescendo on the last chord of a piece — the side-drums and timpani keeping up a crescendo too — and finishing with a big bang on the bass drums and cymbals. Doubtless this would be considered inartistic by the highbrows, but it never failed to bring down the house.

One Sunday, instead of my second organ solo I played the solo part in Liszt's brilliant arrangement for piano and orchestra of Weber's Polonaise in E, and Zavertal accompanied splendidly. It was Bülow who advised me to get that piece up. He told me that if I wanted something to rouse an audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm, he knew of nothing better, and he was right.

The Albert Hall recitals meant anxious times and involved a certain amount of nervous strain, but the audiences were so appreciative and enthusiastic that I used to look forward to them, and I now count them among the happiest successes of my life. Thorpe used to say he was sure my wife must mesmerise me, for he noticed that she never took her eyes off me all the time I was playing. She goes even further and declares that while I was playing she hardly dared breathe lest in some way she should break the spell. No wonder we both wanted tea when we got home. Sometimes we could not wait, and had a cup at Victoria Station.

Best retired from St George's Hall, Liverpool, in 1895, and nearly two years elapsed before Peace was selected to succeed him. During that

time various well-known organists were engaged to give recitals, and I count it among my honours to have been invited to play what is perhaps the greatest of all organs. On two Saturdays, with a few months between them, I gave afternoon and evening recitals. Those in the afternoon were chiefly for organ enthusiasts and those in the evening were for the general public. The charge for admission to the latter was one penny, and the Hall was filled to capacity. On these occasions I met the leading organists of Liverpool, some of whom went the length of saying that I was the only organist whose style resembled Best's.

William Faulkes was one of those I met then for the first time. Hardly thinking he would take the question seriously, I asked him whether he would write for me a concert overture with a part which would show off a fine Tuba. The result was his brilliant Concert Overture in E flat, dedicated to me. I played it for the first time on one of my Sundays at the Albert Hall, and when I went to rehearse on the Saturday I took the copy in case there were any points I wanted to make sure of. I did not need the copy in the Hall, and thought no more about it. When my wife and I got home, to my dismay it was missing. I felt glad it was a printed copy and not Faulkes's manuscript (which he had also given me), but I was distressed by the loss. Fortunately, when we returned to the Hall on Sunday the missing copy was lying on the table in the console enclosure and on it was written : " Found outside the Albert Hall."

When the Liverpool Corporation advertised for a city organist in succession to Best, Campbell advised me to apply for the position. A specified number of testimonials was required, and as he wanted me to have them from the highest possible sources it was decided that I should visit Paris and play to Guilmant. Clarence Eddy was living in Paris at the time and kindly undertook to make the necessary arrangements.

My first experience on landing at Dieppe was a cup of coffee, the like of which I had not tasted before. Delicious little rolls were served with it. I had a second cup, and might have drunk a third had not my father, who was with me, forbade it for reasons dietetic and economic. I do not remember anything about the train journey from Dieppe to Paris except that the carriages were not so comfortable as ours, nor the lines so well laid. The train seemed to jolt and bump all the way.

Paris traffic noises are different from London traffic noises. That was my first impression. The streets were full of the sound of cracking whips. It reminded me of Bayreuth but on a larger scale. There were no motor cars or taxis then, and I think the cabs were mostly Victorias. The driving seemed to me recklessly fast, and the cabbies not to care how they reached their destinations so long as they went at top speed. When we drove from our hotel to Guilmant's church the wheels on one side of our Victoria climbed on to the pavement and I expected every minute to be pitched out. Apparently our Jehu thought nothing of killing passenger or pedestrian. We stayed at a comfortable little hotel in the Rue des Capucins. It interested me to find in my bedroom the high washstand and very small basin which I believe to be commonly used in France.

Clarence Eddy told us that Widor expected me at the conservatoire, where he was taking an organ class. We went there at once and found Widor giving a lesson in improvisation. The organ was small and quite inadequate for one of the most renowned schools of music in the world.

French organists are brilliant players and fine composers, not because but in spite of their organs. At that time not one organ in Paris was mechanically blown, and as practising involved a good deal more than " tiring three boys at the bellows " (as Browning puts it) the cost became prohibitive. Dupré told me

that he practised entirely on a small two-manual with only two stops and the pedals coupled to the lower manual.

When Widor had finished the lesson in improvisation he asked a pupil to play a movement of his Gothic Symphony, which he had recently composed. Either I was too tired after my long journey to listen attentively, or, what is more likely, I was unable to digest such strong meat. Whatever the cause, I could make nothing of it, even though Widor frequently drew my attention to its various contrapuntal devices. When the movement was finished I amused Clarence Eddy by saying: "Well, I call that the dry bones of music." It must not be thought from this that my admiration for Widor and his music had in any way lessened. His second organ symphony, especially its beautiful Andante, will always remain one of my real loves. When Balfour played it to us at the College it affected some of us, especially Harry Turner and myself, profoundly.

My turn came to play. One of the pupils in the class arranged the stops for me and I had no precious moment in which to look at the organ. For that reason I chose the scherzo from Widor's second symphony, in which stop changes are not required. It did not go well. I felt nervous and not at all at home. Widor asked me to play again, and I think I tried my Andante in D. He thanked me, but I could feel that he was no better pleased. Afterwards he wrote to Eddy to the effect that I had good mechanism, but not much more; and that I had a great deal to learn. With the last statement I did not disagree.

When I had made an end Widor mentioned that he had to play a wedding service in St Sulpice at 12.30 and kindly invited us to sit with him in the organ gallery. As in all French churches, the large organ at St Sulpice is at the west end in a spacious gallery over the main entrance, and the console is

reversed and the organist faces the High Altar. I noticed a curious custom : whenever the organist of the large organ was about to play, the head verger gave three slow raps with a big stick on the stone floor of the nave. Widor frequently spoke to me during the service. He did not speak English, and although I thought I could both read and speak French fairly well, when I set foot in Paris my knowledge of the language vanished into thin air. When Widor found that I was uneasy with French he asked whether I understood German. I told him I did and he spoke in that language fluently.

I am sorry that I have not met Widor in later life. For the last few years, however, we have exchanged letters or telegrams on his birthday, and in reply to my greetings a year or two ago he sent me a signed photograph of himself. He was born on 22nd February 1845.

We spent the greater part of the afternoon with Eddy and his wife at their flat, and in the evening went to Guilmant's church (after it was closed to the public for the day) where Guilmant himself, Salomé (chancel organist : his pieces were more popular then than they are now), and Cavaillé's manager were waiting for us. Guilmant made me feel at home at once, and took me straight up to the organ. I asked him to improvise so that I might hear the organ, and he did so in his usual charming way. He then left me to get used to the organ before playing to him on the following evening.

We visited the school for the blind—l'Institution Nationale des Jeunes Aveugles, as the correct title is. M. Martin, who was then Principal, received us very kindly. He could not speak English, but Mr Syme, a blind Englishman who had been a pupil at the Royal Normal College in its early days and afterwards became first a pupil and then a teacher at the Paris school, acted as guide and interpreter. It seemed to me that our English blind schools,

especially the College, had nothing to learn from Paris. Although France was the home of Louis Braille, and for many years the Paris school took the lead in the publication of Braille music, I felt that they were not very progressive. Except small things, which were stereotyped, books and music were printed from type that had to be set up, whereas the British and Foreign Blind Association (now the National Institute for the Blind), founded by Dr Armitage, printed their books and music from embossed metal plates. This was a cumbersome process, and very slow. Each dot had to be embossed by punch and hammer, and each required two or three knocks.

M. Adolf Marty, the organ professor and a blind man, a pupil of César Franck's, presented me with a Braille copy of his Methode de la Pedale and a book of miscellaneous organ pieces as a contribution to my recital library, and it is only fair to say that although the French method of Braille printing was then somewhat antiquated, books and separate pieces were turned out neatly and of a convenient size.

In the evening I played to Guilmant. Salomé and Cavaillé's manager were again present, and Dubois, whose organ music was, and is still, very popular in this country, was there too. Saint-Saëns was to have been with us also, but he came a little late and the church doors were locked. I had met him at the College and was sorry not to see him again.

I played Bach's St Anne's Fugue, my Andante in D, and the first movement of Guilmant's first sonata. Guilmant was particularly pleased with the movement of his sonata. I took special care to observe all the hints he had given me in his lesson at the College, and he remarked on the way I treated the rests at the ends of the opening bars of the introduction. I had given them more than their full value so as to allow for the resonance of the

building. Afterwards Guilmant gave me an autographed copy of his latest organ sonata, No. 5, which he had just published and dedicated to Clarence Eddy.

My visit to Paris had been well worth while, both for the experience it gave me and for the warmly appreciative testimonials it brought me from those three great organists, Guilmant, Dubois, and Clarence Eddy. As a slight acknowledgment of Clarence Eddy's kindness I wrote my second concert overture for the organ and dedicated it to him. It is a better and more "solid" composition than the first overture, but requires a bigger organ. It still wears well.

I did not send an application to Liverpool. Whether or no the strain would have been too great is difficult to say: I felt that it would probably be more than I could stand, and I believe I was right. In any event it is unlikely that the appointment would have come my way. Peace was selected to succeed Best, and Peace was a seasoned organist as well as a highly accomplished one.

Soon after my visit to Paris Cox asked me to contribute to his series of "Burlington Voluntaries" —short pieces written on two staves only and suitable for harmonium or American organ. As everyone knows, the stops and tone of a harmonium are quite different from those of an American organ, and I found it difficult to write and register music that would do for either. The task was something of a nightmare and I was thankful to get the manuscript finished and sent off to the publishers. It was a book of twelve pieces and proved to have been worth the trouble, not so much from a financial point of view, for I sold the compositions outright, but rather because it has been very well received and used.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM NORWOOD TO EDINBURGH.

Lewis hated long journeys. As he got older he could hardly be persuaded to travel even short distances. But he was prevailed upon to visit Edinburgh and advise about an organ for Free St George's, and he described the church to me, mentioning particularly the campanile—a copy of that of San Giorgio, Venice—and the clock with Westminster chimes. My interest in the organ scheme was merely the sort of interest I always took in anything Lewis was doing, and I offered no suggestions. And an advertisement in the "Musical Times" inviting candidates to apply for the position of organist did not interest me at all. I was happy at St Andrew's, I had my regular Albert Hall and other engagements, and I was booked for several of the Sunday afternoon organ recitals at the Queen's Hall, instituted by the late Robert Newman. At these recitals there were always one or two singers, and Mr Henry J. Wood (as he was at that time) was the accompanist. Lewis remembered his having given organ recitals—as a little boy of twelve or thirteen—at the Fisheries Exhibition. I did not meet Wood until some years later, but I well remember how he became suddenly famous. At short notice he conducted an orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall in place of another conductor who was ill, and next day the fame of the young man was proclaimed from the house-tops. Thus, I understand, began the "Proms," to which thousands look forward with eager anticipation every year.

I greatly enjoyed a series of recitals I gave in the Mechanics' Hall, Nottingham, and there I met Marshall Ward, choir-master at Broad Street Chapel, Nottingham, where, a few years later, I opened a fine three-manual Norman & Beard organ. Ward then gave me a copy of a hymn tune of his which I accompanied on that occasion.

Not long afterwards I paid a return visit, and as I was going to sleep on the night of my arrival in Nottingham the thought flashed into my mind that it would please Ward if I improvised on his tune at the recital next evening. But my brilliant idea collapsed as suddenly as it had arisen, for, try as I would, I could not think how the tune went. Now, from the beginning of our married life my wife and I have always written to each other every day whenever we have been separated, and thanks to her skill in writing and reading Braille, including Braille music, our correspondence has been easy and complete. And next morning, when her letter was delivered, Marshall Ward's tune, written out in Braille, was enclosed with it. I was not aware that she knew Ward was choir-master at the church I was going to, and certainly I had not mentioned it before leaving home. Nor could I have spoken of improvising on his tune, for the thought had not occurred to me until after I was in Nottingham. I do not know what psychologists might make of this. To me it is simply—and beautifully—one of a thousand examples of my wife's constant thoughtfulness and sympathy.

I seem to have a peculiar faculty for remembering dates, especially those of important events in my life, and birthdays of my special friends. I am still child enough to like my own birthday to be remembered, and I believe my friends like theirs remembered too. Be that as it may, I should have a poor memory indeed if the 12th June 1897 were not fixed in my mind, for what happened on that

day altered the course of our lives. It was a Saturday morning and I had been in church giving my favourite pupil, Madge Kennedy, an organ lesson. As we came out into Westow Street I was stopped by Hugh Black. He had not to tell me his name, for although it was four years since we had met I recognised his voice at once. When we reached home he explained that he had come to ask if I would accept appointment as organist of Free St George's.

My wife and I heard all that Black had to say; we asked questions; we weighed the pros and cons. Campbell strongly advised me to accept. I realised that there would be greater opportunities at St George's, but felt somewhat overawed by the thought of a mighty church, with its Session and Deacons' Court of "a hundred and forty men," as Black informed me. Another thing that made me hesitate was the name Edinburgh people had for coldness and aloofness, and I may as well say here, quite frankly, that in my own experience "East-windy, West-endy" is a not inaccurate description of the grey city and its people.

On the following Monday I telegraphed acceptance. Lewis was keenly interested in my new appointment, and as the console of my future organ had not been begun, at my suggestion he made some changes in its specification. One of these changes was the addition of nine key-touches to each manual in place of pistons. I was once asked if "those little things" between the black keys had been put in to help me find the right notes!

There was not time to dwell on the sadness inseparable from any parting of the ways. The following Sunday immediately preceded Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee celebrations on Tuesday, 22nd June 1897. A special Albert Hall programme was arranged for that Sunday, and I had the honour of being solo organist. The great audience gave me a most enthusiastic reception. It was not, however, my

last Albert Hall Sunday, for three years later, when I happened to have the necessary free time in London, my old friend Thorpe gave me an engagement. It was not like the old Sundays. My wife was in the south of France. I was far from well, and at the console came near to a fainting turn such as I had experienced eight years before. By sheer determination I got through my first solo (which opened the concert), and to judge from the reception by the audience it must have gone well enough. Before my second solo came on I was all right once more ; but I always think of the Diamond Jubilee recital as the last of my Albert Hall performances as I liked them to be.

I had promised to give an organ recital in Inveresk Parish Church, Musselburgh. The organ was a new three-manual Lewis, the gift of Mr Kirkwood, a native of Musselburgh who, after living in America most of his life, returned to spend his later years in his own town. Mr Kirkwood also instituted and financed a series of weekly recitals given every Thursday evening during July and August for some years. It was customary for the organist of the week to dine with Mr Kirkwood and some of his friends at his house in Dalrymple Loan before the recital, and delightful little dinner parties they were. Well-known organists, such as Dr Peace, and Mr Perkins of Birmingham, were among those invited.

The Inveresk recital was on 1st July 1897, and my wife and I went to Edinburgh on the last Monday of June so as to have a few days in which to look for a house. Soon after breakfast on Tuesday we met Dr and Mrs Whyte for the first time—they, I believe, feeling as shy of us as we of them. I have never met anyone with so distinct a personality as Whyte's. He had a Scottish accent that I soon knew and loved, and in ordinary conversation spoke rather quickly and in short sentences, a mannerism that made him seem at first somewhat stern and

unapproachable. But when he smiled he was transformed, and I always knew when his wonderful face was lit by that no less wonderful smile. He had a beautiful hand, gentle to the touch, but not effeminate.

"Now, sir," he said, "have you made any arrangements about looking for a house?" I told him we had not yet done anything about it, and he then said that he had asked one of the elders to show us the part of the city where we would be most likely to find a suitable house. This elder was Mr Molyneaux, an Irishman from Belfast, and we were soon talking about his native place. A common bond was established, and our first meeting was the beginning of a firm friendship which lasted until his early death, five years later.

In the end it was my wife who found the flat we took and in which we still live. The first thing that took my attention was the peculiar key, or lifter, for opening the door between the stair and the street. An Edinburgh common stair—that is, one which leads to two or more flats—is shut off from the street by a heavy door. A common stair in Glasgow has no such protection. The door at the bottom of our stair often puzzles English friends. When they ring the bell of the flat they want the street door opens a little way, to all appearances automatically. The explanation is simple enough. On every landing there is a brass knob which slides in a groove. This knob is connected to a long wire attached to the sneck of the street door, and the pulling up of the handle is sufficient to lift the sneck and open the door an inch or two. But it must then be pushed open from outside, for, if not, being sprung, it will shut again. Strangers from the south expect to find someone immediately inside who will continue the process of opening, but with a sort of dull wit the door closes on its spring-hinge. The visitor rings again, and the process is repeated, but this time whoever

pulls up the handle on the landing calls down to the mystified visitor to push the door open and come up. But even then—as often happens—the puller of the handle must go down—forty-seven steps for us—and bring the puzzled bell-ringer up.

The flat was empty when we looked over it, and its emptiness gave me a feeling of gauntness and desolation. It seemed inhospitable and unhomely. At that time the noise of traffic was even greater than it is to-day, for the roads were paved with granite setts and all vehicles were horse-drawn. The empty rooms made us "hear the noise better," as Dan Leno used to say, and I could not imagine our ever making a comfortable home there. But I was wrong. Furniture and little improvements make an astonishing difference, and my forebodings were groundless.

We visited St George's and met Mr Mitchell, the church officer, and his sister. The church officer in Scotland corresponds in most respects to the verger in England. Besides having entire charge of the building he waits on the minister, for whom he goes on numerous errands in connection with pastoral work. On Sundays he wears evening dress all day. The Bible and other books used in the service are kept in the vestry until service time, when he carries them into the pulpit, preceding the minister. To see the church officer in evening dress, carrying in the books, is at first strange to English friends. To us it seems a natural custom, and I think it adds dignity to the ceremony. Mitchell was a big man and very stout ; I was told that he weighed between sixteen and eighteen stone. Yet he had the lightest voice and the quickest step for his size of any man I have known, and it was amusing to see him run up and down the pulpit steps or hurry along the aisles.

Every Friday from October to the end of March the children of the congregation used to meet in the

hall for games, and the opening Friday of each session was reserved for Whyte's children's party. He always asked Mitchell to sing his one and only song, "I want to go home to mama," and this brought down the house. Mitchell had no voice, but he put so much action into his song—actually making the tears run down his cheeks—that the grown-ups as well as the children were convulsed with laughter.

Molyneaux took us into the lane at the back of the church and up to a door known as Mitchell's door, which led into the lobby of his house on the church premises. One often reads in stories of some traveller who has lost his way on a dark night. He is at his wits' end when he sees a faint light in the distance. He follows the light, and it guides him to a massive door, closely barred and studded with iron nails. He pulls a huge handle hanging from a chain, and a great bell clangs somewhere in the dim recesses of the mysterious house, echoing through the vaulted passages. And so on. Although it was not a dark night, and we were not lost, and although Mitchell's door is not massive, in one respect I was like the traveller, for when I pulled the bell handle a great bell clanged inside and kept on clanging for a long time. Miss Mitchell opened the door, and soon we were all on friendly terms. Long afterwards she told me that her brother and she dreaded the advent of an organist, feeling certain that he was bound to give them a good deal of extra trouble, but she was kind enough to add that they soon discovered their mistake.

My first impression of the church was not encouraging. To get the heavy parts of the organ into position a scaffolding as high as the organ chambers had been erected on either side. Work was going on in a trench underneath the pulpit for the purpose of getting the tubes through from the chambers in readiness to connect them to the console, which, however, did not arrive until nearly two

months later. There was no carpet. When I go into a house and see builders' material lying about, all in apparent confusion, I wonder how it can ever be made habitable. I felt something like that about St George's and my future organ. I wondered when, if ever, it would all be shipshape.

In those days Free St George's was perhaps the most famous Presbyterian church in the world. Whyte was one of the greatest living preachers, and Hugh Black one of the most brilliant ministers of the modern school. The congregation included such men as the Earl of Moray (uncle of the present earl), Dr Joseph Bell (the original of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes), Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart (one of Edinburgh's most celebrated doctors), Professor (afterwards Sir) Alexander Simpson (a brother-in-law of Dr Whyte), and many other distinguished people whom I must refrain from mentioning merely for lack of space.

There are, however, one or two names that should be recorded as those of men closely connected with my own work. One of the office-bearers, and one of our first friends, was Alexander Scott Ireland. Kinder-hearted people or truer and more faithful friends than Scott Ireland and his wife could not be found. The Session Clerk was Robert Simson, a retired Indian Civil Servant. The Simsons lived at 13 Grosvenor Street, five doors from us, and Whyte always held up both them and their family as examples of devotion to their Church. Mrs Simson was a sister of Dr Elsie Inglis who at the cost of her life did such splendid work in Serbia during the war. One of the sons—Sir Henry Simson, a distinguished gynæcologist—married Lena Ashwell, whom I last met two or three years ago at a gathering in aid of the Elsie Inglis Hospital.

Mrs Whyte's brother, Hugh Barbour, was another of St George's office-bearers. I soon came to appreciate him as a great and good man and one of the

gentlest and kindest. At the time of which I am writing many people in Scotland had come under the influence of Henry Drummond, whose most intimate friends and warmest supporters were Hugh Barbour and his brother-in-law, Alexander Simpson. I have always thought that Drummond must have greatly influenced them.

One to whom I was introduced soon became our most intimate friend in Edinburgh and one of the best and kindest friends my wife and I have had. This was David Douglas Maclagan—D. D. M., as he liked to be called by his close friends. He was of a distinguished family. One of his uncles was Archbishop of York; another, Sir Douglas Maclagan, was Professor of Medicine in Edinburgh University; and a third was a greatly loved doctor in Berwick-upon-Tweed. D. D. M. was proud of his forebears, and had the dignity which is at once the prerogative and the obligation of good breeding and culture. With him there was not the same intimate comradeship as existed between my beloved Jack Shillington and myself, but he contributed to my life an indescribable something that no other friend could have given.

Everything was ready for our removal by the morning of Monday, 26th July. The pantechnicon van which, filled with our furniture, was to be put on the train for Edinburgh, arrived early, but my inquisitiveness caused a slight delay in loading up. I had not examined a pantechnicon before and took the opportunity of doing so, going inside and walking all through it. I suppose it was small compared with the colossal steel motor-drawn containers, big enough to hold all the parts of a large organ, that we see to-day, but it seemed enormous to me. Everything was loaded up by about five o'clock and I vividly remember standing with my wife at the front door of the house to see the van go away. I locked the door and took the keys to the landlord, and after a

meal with our old friends, Mr and Mrs Kennedy, with whom I stayed until the following Monday, my wife and Annie (our faithful maid), with Prince and a cat I had named Whiskers, left for King's Cross, thence to take the night train to Edinburgh.

Housework, or rather, how it is done, has always puzzled me. It is one of the hidden processes of life which even my curiosity has not penetrated. When the removers had gone from the flat there was a pile of boxes and a heterogeneous confusion of articles, all to be sorted out. By the following Sunday night practically everything was in order, and on the next day my wife was able to join me in Yorkshire for a fortnight's holiday.

Meanwhile I had had a busy week in London. I bought a grand piano, a new typewriter, and a roll-top desk with a drop-cabinet inside for the typewriter. That desk has been one of my best investments. Besides holding the typewriter, it has all the provisions of an ordinary roll-top desk, and how useful such desks are, only those know who have had experience of them. And one afternoon I heard the Strauss Orchestra from Vienna, which was playing daily in the grounds of the Imperial Institute. Train, of St Andrew's, was so enthusiastic about the excellent work of the players (whom he had heard) that nothing would do but I must go with him. It was an afternoon of unalloyed pleasure. In the more serious kinds of music the performance, though good, was not extraordinarily so, but in a Strauss waltz, such as "The Blue Danube," the atmosphere was transformed and it seemed to be a different orchestra. There was a rhythm and accent in the playing, and a subtle joyousness, which even the best of our English orchestras never seem able to get. Edward Strauss, a relation of the great Johann Strauss, conducted. He had a violin which he sometimes played in conjunction with the others, and when he was not playing he conducted with his

bow, a practice usual—especially with small orchestras—in the early and middle part of last century. (The Strauss Orchestra numbered about forty, I believe.) The spirit of the music seemed to pervade his whole body, and he jigged on his toes all the time he was playing or conducting. Another thing that struck me was the way in which the players managed those little retards and pauses, peculiar to Strauss waltzes, and then the start-off again. These pauses were, I believe, designed to allow a moment for the gentlemen to bow to their partners. I have heard no other band manage these little halting-places with such charming grace and ease. What a subtle and well-deserved compliment the great classical composer, Brahms, paid to the composer of that greatest of all waltzes—" The Blue Danube "—when he wrote on a lady's programme (said to have been Frau von Bülow's) at a ball in Vienna while it was being played : " Unfortunately, *not* by Johannes Brahms ! "

On Monday, 2nd August 1897, I said good-bye to our friends at Norwood and left for Selby *en route* for Wressle—or Wressell—a tiny country village of about three hundred inhabitants on the line between Selby and Hull. The country all round is flat and uninteresting, and the roads are little more than cart-tracks. There are the remains of an old castle, but these are not important enough to attract visitors.

I wonder how many of my readers have known of a railway signal-box being made to do duty as a barber's shop. It was an experience I had during one of several holidays we spent with our friends, Mr and Mrs Kennedy, at Wressell. For many years I did not accustom myself to using a safety razor—there was, in fact, none to use—but went to the barber who had cut my hair from my first days at the College onwards. How I had managed on previous holidays at Wressell I do not remember, but

I know that in my need I went, as many others do, to the parson, who told me that one of the signalmen generally acted as the village barber when he was off duty. (Kennedy had a horse and trap, and why he did not drive me into Howden, only about three miles away, is another thing I cannot now remember. Perhaps I was going away by train and could not spare time for Howden.)

The signalman was on duty at the time I required his services, but he declared that he could easily shave me during an interval between the signalling of his trains, and up into the box I went, wondering whether I would require an anæsthetic for the operation I was about to undergo. Nor was my doubt ill-founded, for never before or since has my face had such a raking. My signalman-barber was a bluff, honest Yorkshireman and spoke the East Riding dialect to perfection. The proceedings and conversation, or rather monologue, went something like this: "Good afternoon, mister. Is it a shäave you want? Well, I think I can manage that." (Ting-ting; ting-ting.) "Excuse me a minute till I just pull off the signal for t' träan w'at's cumin'." (Click, bang, crash! quickly followed by the rush of a train past the box.) "Nah then, sir, let's get you ready before the next träan comes along." He placed me on a chair which certainly had been used as a barber's chair before: it had a head-rest. He tucked a small and, I fear, not over-clean towel into the front of my collar. The ting-tings, the bangings and the crashings were repeated. At last he began to lather me. Whatever it may have been in days long past, the brush then contained only a few very short and very prickly bristles. The water was hard and the barber had only a tiny bit of ordinary soap. Rub as he would, he could not get a proper lather. In the middle of the attempt another train was announced by that inexorable bell, and this time the signalling operations took longer. Consequently

the semblance of lather dried on my face and the job had to be begun all over again. But at last my signalman - turned - barber thought he had done enough soaping—or watering, I should call it—and got his razor. The lathering was bad enough, but I have no words to describe the shaving. The razor had not been stropped. It was not merely dull. It was blunt. Its caress was that of a cross-cut saw. The operator had hard work, and soon began to puff and blow over it. After every two or three scrapes he would say, "Ahm gettin' it off, sir. Eh! it's cumin' nah. Joost wäat a minute till I see to this 'ere träan." I cannot tell how long this sort of thing went on. It seemed hours to me although doubtless it was not even half an hour. When we were both exhausted, I with endurance and he with "Gettin' it off, sir," he stopped and went through the form of drying my face, from which all the soap—what there was of it—all the water, and (as it seemed to me) much of the skin, had long since been scraped off without taking much hair with them. I do not know how much I paid him, but I'm sure it must have been sufficient to give for an experience which, fortunately for me, I may describe as unique.

There is nothing I like better than exploring a new house by myself, even at the risk of barking my shins on some previously unknown obstacle. I do not care to be taken round by anyone. Immediately we got home I made my rounds, and I have a particularly clear recollection of opening the drawing-room door and peeping inside. Now that the carpets were down and the furniture in place (except the piano, which had not arrived), there was no echo, but to me the room felt vast. At that quiet time of night it gave me a feeling of awe. I was afraid to go all round it, and came out and shut the door. But in the dining-room there was a different feeling. My new Remington had been screwed to the new desk, and although it was near midnight I put in a slip

of paper and wrote, "God bless our new home." I am not ashamed of sentiment, without which no one, I think, can really love music with his whole heart. Cleverness in musical form and development may make a certain appeal, but one who is devoid of sentiment or sympathy can never get to the heart of music.

When I went out next morning I felt a strong, cutting wind. I thought it most refreshing, for the weather was dry and the sun shone brilliantly. It felt so clean and the sun was so warm that I could not have believed it to be the kind of wind that is good for neither man nor beast, and I did not dream that within a few months I would be joining my fellow-citizens of Edinburgh in hating the east wind and all its treacherous ways. Whyte used to tell how William Law, the great non-juror and mystic, complained that most of the women of his generation could do nothing but talk about forthcoming marriages and curse the weather. I have not spent much time in talking about marriages, but I have done my share of cursing the east wind, especially during the winter months. It seizes its sunless opportunity and brings a small driving rain known as Scotch mist or easterly haar. I know nothing like it for making one feel thoroughly cross and generally out of sorts. A friend of mine says there is "something poisonous" in the east wind as we experience it in Edinburgh, and I heartily agree with him.

We greatly enjoyed our first impressions of the city. The various places of interest have been well and often described by those better able than I to write about them, and I will not attempt descriptions of fine buildings, noble streets, and sudden unexpected views. I will, however, mention one or two things which attracted immediate attention. One was the washing hung out from upper storey windows of houses we passed on the way down the Canongate to Holyrood. I noticed at once the smell

of wet clothes and thought there must be a laundry near-by. Another thing: it was August and the residential parts of Edinburgh were almost deserted. Nearly every house was closed for the summer months and it was strange to see all the front windows covered inside with brown paper and a notice saying where the keys of the house could be obtained.

To me each city, town, or village has its distinctive sounds. There has always been a peculiar echo in the Edinburgh crescents, and at night one heard the distant rumble of tramcars and the clack of their horses' hoofs, or the occasional whistle of an engine on one or other of the two railways. It is well known —although it may not be generally noticed—that the engine whistles of each railway company have their own note, and I have learned to tell pretty correctly what railway any particular whistle comes from. The old North London whistles had the highest pitch of any I have heard, their note being G or A, the highest notes on a piano, and the Caledonian probably the lowest—either G, the second line in the treble, or F, the first space. The whistles of American railway engines have by far the lowest pitch of all, and are hooters rather than whistles, their notes ranging from Middle C down to F, the fourth line of the bass stave. The Canadian National engines sound a three-note chord like the hooters (or buzzers as they are called in Yorkshire) of many of the factories in this country.

On our first Sunday in Edinburgh I felt out of place as one of the congregation of the church of which I was organist but where as yet there was no organ. I had not heard a service without organ since the old Fisherwick days, and there was a deadness in the singing, as though the congregation needed the support an organ would give. Professor Bruce, one of Black's former professors at Glasgow University, preached that day. I had been told that he was interested in congregational singing, and

he gave proof of it. One of the hymns was " O happy band of pilgrims." Bruce said, " This tune is apt to drag, so I want you to sing it fairly fast and let it go on without pauses." I looked forward to accompanying the singing of so large a congregation, but I felt at first rather awed by the bigness of the church as compared with St Andrew's and Redhill.

We spent a few days with Dr and Mrs Whyte and their children at Java Lodge in the Isle of Mull where they were taking their holiday that summer. Although the journey from Edinburgh to Oban is rather long we found it full of pleasure. The scenery is beautiful and my wife described everything to me so vividly that we enjoyed it together. Whyte had asked the shipping company's agent to meet and pilot us to our steamer at Oban, and as the day was beautifully fine we thoroughly enjoyed the short sail. The steamer could not go right in to the Java Lodge pier, and we were taken ashore in a rowing-boat. Here I had another experience of Whyte's care for the comfort of others. When the steamer stopped to let us off, we saw him with his wife waiting on shore to welcome us. We also saw a horse and cart standing in the water close to the little pier and Whyte making signs for us to get into the cart. He was afraid I might find the landing from the rowing-boat and the walk up the rough shore awkward, and had therefore arranged for the horse and cart to be there and to take us up to the house. Whyte never became reconciled to my going the shortest distance alone, even when I assured him that I knew my way perfectly. On the Sunday morning when the organ was opened, he insisted on Mr Ireland's taking me from the vestry to the console, and in his memory I keep to this day the custom he began. Several people have thought it strange that someone should go with me every time to the organ after all these years : that is the reason.

Our days in Mull were delightful. The weather

was gloriously fine ; we were in the midst of beautiful country ; and we were initiated, as it were, into the wonderful home life of the Whyte family. I shall always be thankful to have known the lovely daily episode of their family worship, which in Whyte's hands was a sincere and earnest reality and not a perfunctory formality such as he so often deplored as being the practice in many households.

Whyte had not the slightest notion of music. I doubt whether he could tell one tune from another, and to hear him trying to join in the singing was amusing. He sang the words on one note—E or F in the bass stave—all through. But from the first he took the most lively interest in all my musical doings and never missed any of my recitals at St George's unless it was quite impossible for him to be there. During our stay at Mull he mentioned that he had been at Bayreuth two or three years before, particularly to hear Parsifal. He had been greatly impressed by the religious quality of the work, and the representation of Holy Communion did not shock him as it did many clergymen. He asked me if I could play anything from Parsifal. At the time I could not do so, but on our return to Edinburgh I learned the prelude and played it at my first recital in St George's. I also played it as the opening voluntary on the first Communion Sunday on which the organ was used (31st October 1897), and since then I have played it on every succeeding Communion Sunday morning.

CHAPTER XV.

FREE ST GEORGE'S.

At last we were ready for the first Sunday of October 1897, a great day for me.

My father, who had been in South Africa for a year, came home and joined us in time for my first choir practice. I must have got excited and become rather vehement in my corrections, for to my great surprise he made a little speech in the course of which he assured the choir that his son was not really angry, and that his bark was worse than his bite. Whether the speech pacified the choir I cannot say. My own opinion is that they were not ruffled.

Both Lewis and John Courage came to Edinburgh for the opening services, and I spent all Saturday morning with them, going over the organ. On Sunday morning Whyte preached from the text, "Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord." I had forgotten that for some years after Fred Turner went to Wellington Church he was not allowed to play voluntaries, and it did not occur to me to ask whether I was to play one or not. I opened with Hopkins's beautiful Adagio Cantabile in D, and during the offering played "O rest in the Lord." I also played something well known for the closing voluntary. And the congregation sang the familiar hymn tunes so heartily that the organ was swamped.

Hugh Black preached in the evening. His sermon took the form of a dream in which "the city of my love" figured largely. Next morning he took Lewis,

John Courage, my wife, and myself to see the Castle and the new M'Ewan Hall, then nearing completion. (The order for an organ had been placed with Hope Jones, but, like the hall, it was not quite finished.) We took an open cab from the hall, and when we came to the top of the Mound and were about to go down into Princes Street, Black pointed out the magnificent view and said, " Do you wonder at my calling this the city of my love ? "

The Musical Association we formed at St George's soon grew so large that it became necessary to alternate the sopranos and altos and some of the men for the Sunday choir. (The professionals—or principals as I preferred to call them—were permanent.) It meant a great deal of extra work, for I had to memorise a new oratorio or cantata every year. I wrote the voice parts in Braille, and at the practices followed them with one hand and conducted with the other. Someone always accompanied on the piano. The work we had studied was performed in the church at the close of the session, about the end of March. At the performance we had no conductor, and I accompanied the entire work on the organ, sparing a hand to beat rests or give the cue for any difficult leads. It meant close concentration, for had I not known the music thoroughly, or had my memory failed me, there must have been a breakdown. But it was an even heavier task for my wife, who used to play the accompaniments for me over and over again until I was so sure of them that I could almost have played them in my sleep. Unfortunately the congregation did not give the Musical Association the support it deserved. Doubtless it is the same in almost every church : people do not realise that a choir needs encouragement and sympathetic support. I must not enumerate all the works we studied and performed, but I think it should be mentioned that we were the first in Edinburgh to give in its entirety

(with organ accompaniment only) Elgar's "Spirit of England."

I gave my first recital in St George's on 11th October 1897. The church was packed from floor to ceiling, and hundreds had to be turned away. The crowd about the front entrance was so great that it began to overflow across the street, and for a while the traffic was held up. Free St George's had created a sensation by introducing an organ, and perhaps even a greater sensation by appointing a blind organist.

Rather an amusing thing happened. After my wife had seen me into the vestry she went round to the front door to enter and get her seat, only to be stopped and told there were no more seats available. "I'm Mrs Hollins," she said. "I'm sorry," was the reply, "but we've had several people here already to-night who say they know Mr Hollins." Fortunately she caught sight of Scott Ireland, who put things right.

Although the organ was difficult—especially in fugue playing—on account of the slowness of the action, the recital was a distinct success, not only from a musical but also from a financial point of view. The collection amounted to nearly fifty pounds. The church authorities had learned a lesson about admitting people promiscuously to the recitals, and for the future admission was by programme only. No charge was made, and programmes were given freely to those who asked for them; but in this way a sufficient check was imposed on numbers.

My annual series of organ recitals at St George's generally includes one of piano and organ duets, when I play a piano concerto and get a friend to play the orchestral part on the organ. I was the first to introduce this form of recital to Edinburgh, and one of the first to give it anywhere—even before Bernard Johnson in Nottingham. A concerto played

in this way is always popular, but the orchestral parts must be most carefully adapted for the organ, especially in the registering. I have found few organists who can do this effectively and with whom I feel quite easy. These are now the only times when I play the piano in public, and I am no longer known as anything but an organist. But when I hear—either on the wireless or at a concert—one of the concertos I play myself, I envy the pianist his pleasure, not because I think I could play better (though sometimes I feel I could!) but because there is nothing I enjoy more. I would love to play a piano concerto once more with one of our fine orchestras and with a great conductor, but that desire will have to remain one of my castles in the air. I comfort myself with Lowell's words: "The thing we long for, that we are, for one transcendent moment," and I play in imagination with the finest orchestras and the greatest conductors whenever I choose. Many years ago I played the piano part of Beethoven's Choral Fantasia with the Edinburgh Amateur Orchestral Society under Mr Collinson. That has been my only occasion of the kind in Edinburgh.

Before long I made the acquaintance of the leading musicians in Edinburgh, one of whom was Professor Niecks, at that time Professor of Music at the University, whose wonderful Life of Chopin I possessed and had studied. Niecks was one of the quietest and most unassuming men I have met. One got the impression that he could answer questions on any subject and that he knew a very great deal about everything, although he never paraded his wonderful knowledge. He had been in this country a long time and wrote perfect English, but always spoke with a German accent and very deliberately. He was consistently kind and courteous. The last time I saw him was in 1922, a few days before I received the degree of Doctor of Music from the

University. He was then no longer Professor of Music, having retired and been succeeded by Professor Tovey some years before.

At the time I am now writing about there were not many organs in Edinburgh and none of outstanding merit except the fine old Willis in St Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, where Collinson was organist. But the other Free Churches soon followed the example of St George's, and I was asked to specify and open several new organs. I very much enjoyed the work.

I came into contact with some of the greatest preachers of the day, the first of whom was Principal Rainy, whom I met very soon after coming to Edinburgh. He was conducting a special service at the Free High Church one Sunday afternoon. Whether there was a regular organist at the time I do not remember, but I was asked to play, and went up to the church an hour or so before the service to see the organ—a small two-manual built by Vincent, of Sunderland. I had not been playing long when there was a cypher which could not be prevented by putting the stop in. There was no time to get a tuner, and if the pipe had been taken out (in any event, too heavy a job) the wind would have rushed through the vacant hole and made a very disturbing noise. The only thing was to stuff a handkerchief into the mouth of the pipe. Fortunately I had a spare handkerchief. I remembered to take it out after the service, and I never heard what the organist who played at night did about it. Perhaps he had a spare handkerchief too. I do not know why—the cypher may have stimulated my memory—but I recall even now the text Rainy preached from that Sunday afternoon: "He that reapeth receiveth wages."

Union with the United Presbyterian Church was then in the air, and Rainy—a statesman rather than a preacher—was in this matter the prime mover

for the Free Church. Usually he had a slow, rather lazy way of preaching, and his sermons, although thoughtful and well worked out, were difficult to follow. But in the Assembly, especially when speaking on anything that interested him, he was quite different. He could sway the Assembly and bring most of those present to his way of thinking, however much they had differed from him. Very few before him had such a power and none has had it since.

Marcus Dodds, who at one time was thought to hold rather advanced views, was an intimate friend of Whyte's. He had not much expression or variation in his delivery, but what he said was always interesting and fixed one's attention. I once heard him preach a sermon in St George's on "Be sure your sins will find you out."

At that time there was hardly any exchange of pulpits between ministers of the Established and Free Churches, but I remember M'Gregor of St Cuthbert's preaching in St George's one Sunday evening. He was a little man, slightly lame, and had a sharp, rough, and rather rugged way of speaking. When I went into the vestry beforehand Whyte said, "This is Mr Hollins, our organist." M'Gregor seemed to be absorbed either in finding the passages he intended to read or in looking over his sermon, and without turning round he just gave a little grunt. Whyte went on: "What is your subject, and what would you like for the closing Praise?" His reply was short and sharp: "*Him* and the malefactors. Jesus, lover of my soul." I was in St Cuthbert's when Collinson opened the new Hope Jones organ. Applause is not customary in the Parish Churches, and the large audience refrained from applauding until after a member of the choir had sung "Nazareth," when there was very slight shuffling of feet and clapping of hands. M'Gregor, who after saying the opening prayer had left the

pulpit and gone to the back of the church to listen, jumped out of his seat and rushed up the aisle calling out, "Hussssh! Don't you know you're in Churrrch?"

Dr George Matheson, who was blind, was then minister of St Bernard's Parish Church. He was a brilliant preacher and attracted large congregations. I met him privately two or three times before he preached at St George's, and found him different from what I had imagined when I read his books. His personality was not less attractive than I had expected, but he talked rather loudly and had a peculiarly harsh and grating laugh. I have an impression that he had retired from St Bernard's when he preached in St George's, and I know it was almost the last occasion on which he preached. The church was packed, and people sat on the pulpit steps. Matheson preached eloquently and sympathetically on "The Golden Stairs," of which there are five. My readers will recall the passage in the 103rd Psalm: "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." And I remember very clearly the thrill of accompanying the concluding hymn—his own "O love that wilt not let me go," which is known and loved throughout the Christian world. The people sang it because they loved it and because its gifted author was listening. Matheson was deeply impressed.

Dr John Watson—author of "Beside the Bonny Brier Bush," and better known by his pen name Ian Maclaren—preached his last sermon in this country—and, I believe, his last in life—in St George's. It was a wonderful plea for the elder brother in the parable of the prodigal son.

Dr Hensley Henson, Bishop of Durham, whom I

had previously heard in St Margaret's, Westminster, has preached twice in St George's. I would describe him as a scholarly preacher: his sentences were polished, clean-cut, and well thought out. But his sermons left me cold: to me they seemed lacking in heart. When he last preached in St George's there was rather a disturbing incident. I went into the vestry and found Dr Henson, Whyte, and Ireland already there. I heard a man talking in rather a strange manner, and Whyte at last noticed him and asked whether he had come with Dr Henson and was going to read one of the lessons. Not getting a satisfactory answer, and seeing there was something peculiar about the man, he said, "Here is Mr Mitchell, our church officer; if you will go with him, he'll give you a seat in church." The man went away with Mitchell quietly enough, but when I got to the console, my wife, who was sitting in her usual place in the choir nearest the organ seat, told me that I had better begin my voluntary as soon as possible because there was a man in the pulpit behaving rather queerly. He had gone up into the pulpit, taken off his coat, and begun turning on and off the electric light switch. Everyone thought he must be an electrician. His next move was to take the little round pulpit clock off its hook and hold it out over the edge. People thought he was going to throw it at me. I kept on playing. Fortunately there was some little time left before the service, and presently Ireland went into the pulpit, looking white and nervous, but could make no impression on the intruder. Whyte came next, and he also failed. Then one of the elders went up, got behind the man, and by some peculiar knack lifted him with his knee and took him away without the slightest fuss. Mitchell then brought in the books, and the service began. Dr Henson had not heard anything of what was happening, and I doubt whether he was ever told of it.

The late Dr Jowett of Cars' Lane Chapel, Birmingham, who conducted a week-night service every year in St George's, was one of the most convincing preachers I have heard. He was an orator, but his oratory was never a mere ornament. He was so sincere and so much in earnest that his preaching made an effect such as few men in my experience have been able to achieve.

Every minister has his own taste in hymns. Some are fussy ; others leave the selection to the organist. At first we tried the experiment of printing in the Church Magazine a list of the Praise for the month. This suited Hugh Black, but it hampered Whyte so much that he asked us to discontinue it. As far as possible he liked every part of the service to be on the subject of his sermon. Sometimes he would say to me, " You may not care for these this morning, but please give us them, and I think you'll find they'll make a complete thing."

Hugh Black and I were always good friends too. He liked me to choose every hymn except the last and to let him have the list on Saturday. He said that it helped him to weave the service round the Praise.

It was through my choosing the Praise that my wife and I got to know David Douglas Maclagan. I heard that he would like to have a copy of the list, and I got into the habit of sending him one. At first he used to write and thank me or offer a comment or two. Then he began to call once or twice a week on his way home from office, and before long it became his custom to call punctually at a quarter past six every evening. On Sundays he came to tea at four and stayed till church time, when we walked to church together. He was extremely fond of music, and his singing voice, although not strong, was expressive. He joined the choir, and no one attended more regularly, both at the practices and on Sundays. He took a keen and practical

interest both in the choir as a whole and in many of its individual members, and there were several young singers—not necessarily in the choir—for whom he paid for lessons from the best teachers. If I wanted financial help for any one or for any purpose connected with the choir, I had only to ask D. D. M., and it was at once forthcoming.

Of Maclagan's kindness to my wife and myself it is impossible to speak too warmly. I will mention only one of his gifts to us—the most generous gift of all—a Steinway drawing-room Grand. Our piano was getting a little the worse for wear and I was about to have it done up, when D. D. M. told me that he wished to give me a cheque with which to buy a new piano and that I could choose any make I liked. I chose the beautiful Steinway we still have, and it is as fine now as it was on the day it arrived more than thirty-two years ago. Maclagan retired from business in 1927 and went to live in his country house at Comrie, Perthshire. After he left Edinburgh we saw him only two or three times, when he came into town on business. His health was gradually failing, and he suffered much from nervous depression. He died at his home, The House of Ross, Comrie, on 15th July 1930. My wife and I miss him sorely.

As in Norwood, so in Edinburgh, I soon found it necessary to give up teaching; but I had one pupil of outstanding ability, Ernest Macmillan—about eleven or twelve years old when he was brought to me—whose father, a Scotsman and formerly a Presbyterian minister in Toronto, had settled in Edinburgh with his wife and children. Ernest was extraordinarily gifted, and from the first I felt sure that he would make a name for himself. When war broke out he was attending the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth. He at once set out for England, but was stopped before he crossed the frontier and interned at Ruhleben. He seized

the opportunity to write his exercise for his Mus.Doc. —a setting of Swinburne's "England" for chorus and orchestra—which he submitted to the Musical Faculty of Oxford. The degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on him *in absentia*.

After the armistice Macmillan was released and sent back to Leith. He had a Sunday to spare, and I invited him to play the evening service. Although he had not touched an organ for over four years and it was much longer than that since he had last played St George's organ, one would have thought he had been using it uninterruptedly all his life. For the opening voluntary he played from memory the slow movement of Mendelssohn's second sonata. It must have been eleven or twelve years since he had studied it with me, and I was delighted to find that he had not forgotten a single thing I had taught him about registration, &c. For instance, I had told him to put on the tremulant at a certain point, and sure enough on it came. During the collection he played the beautiful Adagio from Bach's Toccata in C, also from memory. His concluding voluntary was the St Anne's Fugue. Macmillan is now Principal of the Toronto Conservatoire of Music. He was knighted in 1935.

In 1900 I was invited to go to Burton-on-Trent to give an organ recital at George Street United Methodist Church, better known in Burton as George Street Chapel. There was a large and excellent choir in charge of Alderman T. E. Lowe, who has done a great deal for music, not only in the Chapel but in Burton generally. An old organ—a good three-manual Hill—had been bought, and I opened it. The recital was negotiated by William Outhwaite, who shared the duties of organist with a cousin of Mr Lowe's. After that first recital I gave one in George Street Chapel every year for the next twenty-three years.

Outhwaite was a fine natural musician, practically

self-taught. He could not read music at all well, and had to work hard to get up any anthem which had even a slightly difficult accompaniment. The George Street organ was his love, and he called it, affectionately, "The Old Drum," using the broad Yorkshire U.

If Burton is one of the least interesting towns I have visited, its staple industry makes up for any deficiency—I do not mean as regards one's palate, but in the process of manufacture. Outhwaite did his best to initiate me into the mysteries of brewing, and I heard much of specific gravities, temperatures, malt, hops, and all the paraphernalia connected with the trade. I also learned to enjoy a glass of mild or bitter beer with my dinner or supper, but, strange to say, it never had so good a flavour out of Burton. One day Outhwaite took me into one of Bass's stores and the storekeeper gave me a small glass of "The King's Brew." It must have been a special brew, for I know I felt glad that we had called at the store on our way home after I had been practising at George Street, and not before. Otherwise there might have been more wrong pedal notes than right ones.

I always knew when the train was nearing Burton Station, for the delicious smell of the mash permeated the air. I can sometimes smell the mash from an Edinburgh brewery when the wind is in the right direction, but it has not the sweet fragrance of the Burton mash.

Through the kindness of Alderman Spark, Secretary of the Leeds Musical Festival, I had the pleasure of attending the Festival in October 1901. This was my first experience of a Yorkshire Festival chorus; and what a magnificent chorus it was! I shall never forget the thrilling effect when they burst in with the third verse of the National Anthem. Stanford conducted and it was his arrangement of it that was used. Fricker, who had not long before suc-

ceeded Dr Spark as Leeds municipal organist, was the festival organist. When we went to Canterbury from Herne Bay, Hopkins asked Longhurst how " that young pupil " of his was getting on, and Longhurst replied that he was doing splendidly. This was Fricker. I did not meet him until twenty-four years later, and then it was in Toronto, where he had made his home some years before.

I was asked to draw up the specification of an organ for the new Fisherwick Church, Belfast. The old church of my boyhood's days had been pulled down to make room for the Presbyterian Assembly Hall, and a new church built in a fashionable part of the city. I opened the organ—a large two-manual Walker—in November 1901 by playing the two Sunday services and giving a recital the following evening. Aunt Mary loved Fisherwick, and was very proud that I had been chosen to specify and open its organ. How times had changed! Twenty years before, with the assurance of a little boy, I had told Dr Williamson that if he would have an organ in Fisherwick he would fill the church; but had he acted on my advice then, he would soon have emptied it instead, so great was the opposition to instrumental music. But a different idea was now abroad, and after Fisherwick, organs were rapidly introduced into Belfast churches. Many of these I had the pleasure of opening.

Whyte was a great admirer of Cardinal Newman, and especially of his poem The Dream of Gerontius. He had read of Elgar's having set it to music and of the first performance—a failure—at the Birmingham Festival. He was anxious to hear it, and when he learned that it was to be done again at the Sheffield Festival in October 1902 made up his mind that my wife and I must go with him to Sheffield. I had read about Dr Henry Coward and his wonderful Sheffield chorus, and I wanted to hear both them and Gerontius. The festival was under the direction

of Sir Henry Wood. I got a copy of the fine analysis of Gerontius by Elgar's great friend Jaeger, and with my wife's help became familiar with all the motifs and acquired a good idea of the work as a whole. Dr Coward kindly allowed me to attend the final rehearsal with my nephew. Whyte, accompanied by his son Fred and my wife, travelled from Edinburgh a day later. They were in the train while I was at the rehearsal.

Wood first rehearsed portions of a smaller work, and even in that I was thrilled by the chorus. But when Gerontius came on and I heard the wonderful "Judgment" theme with which the prelude opens I was transported to another world, and there remained to the end. Tristan had moved me deeply at Bayreuth, but not like this. The principals were the same as at Birmingham. Muriel Foster was the angel, John Coates was Gerontius, and Frangçon Davies the priest—all very great artists. After the rehearsal I joined the Edinburgh party at the hotel. Some of my excitement and delight must have been visible in my face, for Whyte said: "Well, sir, what about 'Gerontius'? But I can tell by your face that you enjoyed it." Then I poured it all out and tried to describe what I felt. At last Whyte said in his sharp, decisive way: "Fred, go and telegraph to your mother to come on by to-night's train. Tell her Mr Hollins is so delighted with 'Gerontius' that she mustn't miss it." Mrs Whyte arrived next day in time for the performance in the evening.

The festival opened with a fine rendering of Elijah. I doubt whether it appealed to Whyte. All his thoughts were centred on Gerontius, and nothing else in the festival interested him. If I remember rightly, Andrew Black sang the part of Elijah, and Whyte said to me during the performance: "Elijah should be dressed in goat-skins. It would be more impressive."

Gerontius was given in the evening of the same

day, and the performance was even finer than the rehearsal. It was as great a success as the performance at Birmingham had been a failure. I shall never forget the realistic effect of the demons' chorus; the snarling was terrifying. I have not heard it sung like that since and I fancy it did not find favour with the critics. What Elgar himself thought of it I do not know. Choruses now seem to sing as though they thought only of the notes; they cannot be "foul spirits" for the nonce. In the Sheffield rendering I lost much of the musical detail of the chorus of demons, but the effect was infinitely more realistic. More than once I could not keep back my tears, and Whyte patted my hand to show that he understood how I felt.

CHAPTER XVI.

VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

EARLY in 1904 I received from the Town Clerk of Sydney a letter asking me to state my inclusive terms for a series of sixteen recitals on the Town Hall organ. An exchange of cablegrams committed my wife and me to a pleasant adventure.

The recitals were not to begin until the middle of August, but we decided to sail early so as to avoid the greatest heat in the Red Sea and allow time in Sydney for practice on the big organ. Afterwards we found that the period of waiting in Sydney was too long. It ran away with any profit there might otherwise have been.

We booked our passage in the *Ortona*, due to sail on Friday, 20th May 1904. She was not a large ship —only a little over nine thousand tons—and rolled abominably, but we soon came to have an affection for her. There were no deck cabins except those of the ship's officers, which opened off the dining saloon deck—" Park Lane," as it was called.

I remember standing by the rail on the deck of the tender as it came alongside the *Ortona* and how high above us she sounded to be. Getting on board was easy enough. A gangway was run out from the tender to the dining saloon deck, which was not much above it, and we walked across. Our cabin was fairly roomy, but even so the heat in the tropics was almost unbearable.

We found a pleasant surprise awaiting us : a case, containing half a dozen bottles of champagne and

a bottle of brandy, marked, " Very much wanted on the voyage." This greatly amused our steward when he opened it. It was not actually " very much wanted " by us, but other people must have had need of it, for by the end of the trip it was all disposed of except one bottle.

There was nothing remarkable about our cabin, but my impressions, being those of one who cannot see, may be of interest. Standing with one's back to the cabin door, on the right were two berths, one above the other, running the entire length of the cabin. A brass rail extended from the head of each berth a little way along the side next the cabin, and I found it a very useful contrivance. I have never been able to adjust myself to a bed that moves both sideways and up and down. If the ship rolls to one side, I press as hard as I can to the other in the vain hope of restoring the balance, and there have been many occasions when I must have been pitched out but for the comforting safety of the brass rail. On it was hooked a small wooden tray, just big enough to hold one's cup of morning tea, and a small tin—sometimes useful in heavy weather —was conveniently placed beside the tray. Opposite the door was a wash-basin with a tank for cold water encased in wood. Cut in the top of the casing were sockets for holding a water-bottle and glasses. It is remarkable how cleverly every inch of space in a cabin is utilised. On the wall at the head of the berths and within easy reach of either were the electric light switch and bell-push. On the opposite side, and starting from the left of the door, were a tall narrow wardrobe, a chest of drawers, and a sofa. The porthole—a circular window of extremely thick glass—was in the centre, immediately above the sofa, and there was an electric fan above the door controlled by a switch close beside it. We found that fan a great comfort.

It was impossible to tell from any sense of motion

when the ship began to move, but the porthole was open, and I remember kneeling on the sofa, putting my head out and hearing the swish of the water, and it was after that that my wife said we were moving. Then we heard a bugle in the distance. I thought it must come from somewhere on shore, but after a minute or so the call was repeated outside our cabin door, and we knew it was the call to lunch. Four different calls were used: "Reveillé" to wake us at seven; "Come to the cookhouse door, boys," for breakfast; "Assembly" for lunch and dinner; and "Officers' wives" to dress for dinner.

Sports and games quickly bring people together. I managed to win two prizes on board: one in a book and the other in a guessing competition. For the book competition I went with a small flask of whisky hanging round my neck: "The Right Stuff," by Ian Hay. For the guessing (I would rather call it a memory competition) a great many different articles were laid out on the drawing-room table. One went in alone and was allowed two or three minutes in which to look at them. Then one was called out again, given paper and pencil, and told to make a list of as many of the things on the table as one could remember. As I had to rely on touch only, I was allowed a minute or two longer, and doubtless that is why I managed to remember more than any of the others.

The promenade deck was fairly long, and roofed over by the boat deck except for a little bit at each end. To walk round and round it was good exercise, but it was amusing to see how the vigorous constitutionals of some of the younger men—every morning for the first week or ten days—showed after that short period a decided Ritardando which soon reached Largo and then came to a prolonged rest.

At Marseilles Paderewski, with his wife and some friends, joined the ship. He and his party assembled

with the rest of us for dinner that evening, and naturally enough they were the centre for all eyes. Besides Paderewski and his wife there were Mr Adlington, his manager, and Dr Ratinski, a medical friend who on that tour went with the great pianist as his doctor. Paderewski's valet, Marcel, who had been with him for many years, and madame's maid, were also on board, besides one of Erard's head piano-tuners, who came to look after the pianos used on the tour. I think I am right in saying that Erards had sent out by an earlier ship five concert grands for Paderewski's use. They had also put a small upright piano on board for him to practise on, and a harp for madame, who had had a few lessons shortly before starting for the tour. The piano was placed against a bulkhead at the end of one of the alley-ways, and the alley-way curtained off to ensure privacy. The harp was put in a special cabin, but one day madame forgot to prop the harp against the wall, and in a heavy swell, when the ship gave one of her worst rolls, the harp fell over and broke its neck. There were lost chords and broken cords for the rest of the voyage.

Mr Adlington introduced himself, and we spent much time together. As a young man he had been a music teacher in Edinburgh for some years. Paderewski was courteous, dignified, pleasant, and friendly. His English was good, but he had a slight lisp and a foreign accent. I spoke of his clear touch and wonderful use of the pedal. When he was playing he always wore a very thin-soled shoe so as to have better command over the pedal.

Whenever Paderewski was practising I used to sneak down and listen to him, and although he was particular in his desire that no one should be near I think he knew that I listened, and that he did not object to my doing so. On calm days he used to practise for three or four hours. He always began with one or two scales, which he played in

octaves, sixths, tenths, and in contrary motion, running them into each other very ingeniously. Next he played an exercise in double thirds, somewhat after the style of Oscar Beringer's technique book, major, minor, and diminished, modulating half a tone higher each time. I was much impressed by his extreme carefulness and his capacity for taking pains. I have known him practise a passage for half an hour until he got it without the slightest smudge.

It was Paderewski's custom to come on deck about eleven every morning for a walk. Knowing that I could not see him, he always came and shook hands and had a few minutes' talk with me. Madame often sat down next to us and chatted with my wife, telling her about their home, Riondbosson, on the shore of Lake Geneva. Her hobby was poultry-keeping, and she had won prizes at many shows. Her greatest pride was in her husband and her greatest care was for his health and comfort.

Adlington told me that Paderewski at one of his first strikingly successful recitals wore a certain pair of gold sleeve-links, and that after that first real success he insisted on wearing the same links whenever he played in public. On one occasion, when he came to London from Switzerland for an important concert, they were left behind. Marcel, travelling night and day, went back to Riondbosson, retrieved the gold sleeve-links, and reached London again an hour or two before the concert.

Another distinguished fellow-passenger was the late Sir Henry Dickens, a son of the great novelist, who often spoke to me and was always extremely courteous.

We reached Naples early in the morning of Sunday, 29th May. The harbour was alive with boats of all kinds, the people in them shouting and singing at the tops of their voices.

What impressed me most about Naples were the

smells and the beggars. They say, "See Naples and die," but I have also heard it said—and I think the version more accurate—"Smell Naples, and live if you can." The beggars made a point of showing all their horrible disfigurements.

My wife and I went ashore with Mr and Mrs Ferguson, whom we had met on board. It was a very hot morning, and we had to wait some time before we could make a satisfactory arrangement with one of the numerous jehus. So far as we could make out, two drivers claimed the same carriage, and after we got in there was still a good deal of altercation. At last two men jumped on to the box, and one of them pulled a revolver out of his pocket. Fortunately nothing untoward happened, and at last we started.

The only thing I remember about the museum—which we visited first—is that we were glad to get into the cool building out of the noise, the smells —which pursued us everywhere—and the heat. There must have been wonderful pictures and sculptures there, but as I could not speak Italian and was not allowed to examine anything with my hands, the museum itself left no impression on my mind.

I think it was a two hours' drive to Pompeii, but whether longer or shorter, to us it seemed interminable, and we decided to return by train. Before going into the ruins we had lunch in a restaurant just outside the gates. Instead of being near an ancient city of the Roman Empire, I might have been in Egypt in the days of Moses and during the plague of flies. Never shall I forget the flies. They ate more off my plate than I did myself, and did their best—or their worst—to make a meal of our bodies also. In those days, unfortunately, I did not smoke.

As for Pompeii itself, it was such a long time since I had read "The Last Days" that I had completely forgotten Lytton's wonderful description of that

doomed city, and I did not appreciate it as I might otherwise have done. I felt an artificiality in the atmosphere. It seemed to me unfitting that so awful a devastation and its result should have been made a show-place. It struck me as irreverent that those laughing, chattering people should be taken through by a guide who had mugged up his story. The greatness of the thing meant nothing either to him or to them. I wish I could have visited Pompeii with only two or three friends, one of whom knew the place and its history and reverenced it. Such a visit should be paid on a peaceful evening when there was no other visitor.

We reached the *Ortona* in time for dinner. It was a lovely evening, and we sat on deck listening to a party of singers in a boat who came close to the ship and serenaded us. It was the only time during the whole day when I felt I was in Italy. They were accompanied on a guitar and mandolines, and Denza's well-known and ever-popular " Funiculi Funicula " was the favourite. They were still singing and playing when we went to bed, and I enjoyed lying in my berth and listening to them. There was a German naval ship lying at anchor in the bay, and it was said that someone on board the *Ortona* paid the singers well to row over to it and sing the Marseillaise. Certainly I heard the Marseillaise sung at some distance from us.

We touched at Port Said, and from there ran to Colombo. It was the most trying part of the voyage. The Suez Canal is interesting as a great feat of engineering, and I am glad to have been through it for that reason, but for no other. It is a tedious experience. The engines were going dead slow, and often the ship had to tie up and allow a homeward bound ship to pass. I pictured the canal as a big deep ditch with no vegetation on its banks. Arabs ran alongside calling for backsheesh. The stewards threw them potatoes.

Fortunately it was not yet very hot, but the fact that the ship had to go dead slow deprived us of the breeze we might otherwise have made for ourselves. When we entered the Red Sea we learned what heat meant, although the ship's officers said that it was not so hot as is usual at that time of year. Most of the ladies, my wife included, took sheets and pillows and slept on the couches in the drawing-room. A few of the men slept in the smoke-room. I slept in our own cabin with the port open, nothing but a sheet to cover me and the electric fan going all the time, and yet I felt much too hot. A wind-scoop was rigged outside the port-hole of every cabin to catch any breeze there might be and throw it inside, but I cannot say that the device was very successful. It was rather amusing to see most of the men's stiff collars at dinner gradually becoming pulpy rags. I was one of the lucky ones and managed to keep mine right.

One incident might have been rather serious. A young man in the opposite cabin to ours had gone to bed early and left his fan on. The bearings must have become red-hot, for in the middle of the night we were disturbed by a grinding noise and the smell of burning wood coming from the opposite cabin. We rang for the night steward, who, finding the door of the opposite cabin bolted and being unable to wake the occupant, called one of the officers of the watch. The glass ventilator above the door was open, and the officer took a pair of steps and a ship's mop, which, well soaked in cold water, when he had mounted the steps, he thrust through the ventilator and full into the face of the sleeper, who must have had a considerable surprise. It did not take him long to jump up and open the door.

It was early morning when we anchored in Colombo Harbour, and we were wakened by a great chattering and shouting outside our cabin port-hole. All we could make out was boys' shrill voices crying, " I

die ! I die ! " and " Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay " to the then popular tune, which, save for the words, was hardly recognisable. " I die " turned out to be " I dive." These youngsters are marvellous divers. When a penny was thrown into the water from the ship they were after it like a shot, and the one who found it brought it up in his mouth. Generally several pennies were thrown at once and there was a rare scramble. But the cleverer boys would not dive for less than sixpence, and although they got into trouble when they were caught, if one of the passengers showed them a sixpence, they would climb on board from their little boats and dive from the top deck. The water is so clear that the diver can see into it for a considerable depth, and can almost follow the passage of a coin as it sinks.

Soon after breakfast we went on shore with the same friends as at Naples and were taken round the town, each in a rickshaw. I got the impression that Colombo is not a particularly interesting town except that—even to me who could not see it—there is a foreign atmosphere about it. It seemed strange to hear electric trams and their gongs so far from home. Although one knows better, one is prone to have a notion that any Eastern or South African town must be very primitive and almost uncivilised.

The heat in Colombo is of the steamy kind, and we were glad enough to take a carriage and go out to the Mount Lavinia Hotel for lunch. We stopped once on the way and looked over a Buddhist temple, but what is clearest in my mind is the restfulness of an hour before lunch, when we were sitting or almost lying in long Indian chairs in the cool, shaded veranda, listening to the waves as they broke on the shore just below. Natives came round selling specimens of silver work and ivory carving. All I remember about the lunch itself is a delicious curry and the soft sound of native waiters running barefoot,

quickly and quietly. My own waiter saw at once that I was blind, and was very kind and attentive.

We drove back to Colombo after lunch, stopped for tea at the Galle Face Hotel, went on board soon after, and sailed shortly before dinner. Even while we were waiting on deck for the telegraph to give the signal for starting the engines, one of the diving boys was still on board. The deck steward tried to chase him off, but he ran up the mast. Someone on deck threw a coin, and he dived from that great height and got it.

We had about a fortnight's uninterrupted run from Colombo to Freemantle, the first port of call in Australia, and another run of two or three days took us to Adelaide, where Mr Hendry, superintendent of the Adelaide School for the Blind, having heard of our arrival, came on board to welcome us and take us to see the school. On coming away we were presented with a basket of tempting fruit. During the voyage we had tasted two or three different kinds of fruit that were new to us, and of them all the most delicious, to my taste, was the Passion fruit. It is small, and something like a tiny pomegranate, full of soft pulpy seeds. You cut open, say, half a dozen of them, scoop out the seeds into a glass, and fill it up with whipped cream and sugar.

We heard at Freemantle that the P. & O. steamer *Australia,* which had sailed a week before us, had been wrecked on Melbourne Heads. Fortunately everyone was saved. When we passed between the Heads we saw the *Australia* high and dry on the rocks. I do not know whether she was ever refloated.

Melbourne weather reminded us of Edinburgh. Whether the Melbourne wind blew from the east I cannot now say, but it had the same horrible effect as an east wind in Edinburgh, and brought with it a cold drizzling rain. We were told that in Melbourne the mornings are often warm, but that

later in the day the wind might suddenly change and the temperature drop as much as twenty degrees.

Some friends of Mr Webster, whom I have already mentioned, came on board to welcome us, and as the *Ortona* was to remain in Melbourne until next day, kindly invited us to spend the night at their house. It was good to be on land once more and to sleep in a proper bed after six weeks in a narrow berth.

We reached Sydney and anchored at Circular Quay early on Saturday, 2nd July 1904. Our first long voyage was over, and although we were glad to have reached our destination we were sorry to say good-bye to the *Ortona*, to Captain Fletcher and the kind officers and attentive stewards. We did not then know that on our voyage home a few months later we were to spend another six weeks in our old cabin and with our old friends.

CHAPTER XVII.

RECITALS DOWN UNDER.

THE people of Sydney are justly proud of their harbour and their Town Hall organ, and the first two questions a visitor is asked are: "What do you think of our harbour?" and "What do you think of our organ?" They say that Sydney Harbour is the largest and most beautiful in the world, and that there is only one other comparable with it—that is, Auckland, New Zealand. Even I who could not see it was able to appreciate how wonderful it must be with its innumerable bays and inlets and its great expanse of sheltered water. The largest vessels can come right up to Circular Quay at the foot of George Street—the principal street of the city. That first Saturday afternoon my wife and I stood for a few minutes in M'Quarrie Street looking over the Botanic Gardens, which slope down to the harbour. Quite close to the sea-wall a man-o'-war was riding at anchor.

At Circular Quay we were welcomed by Mr Arthur Mason, the city organist, who was consistently kind and helpful throughout our visit, and by an old friend of Hull days, Senator J. P. Gray, who, like Webster, was an intimate friend of my father's. Many a happy Saturday I spent at the Grays' house during my school holidays, playing with their children. They had a small rocking-boat in the nursery which greatly interested me. Gray, a musical man, used to sing at concerts known somewhat lengthily as "The Baker Street Saturday Evenings

for the People," and I often accompanied his songs and played piano solos. At those concerts I met M. B. Spur, who afterwards became famous as a comedian.

After staying for a week in M'Quarrie Street we went to a nice house in the Woollahra district kept by a Scotsman and his wife and their three daughters. All were very kind and did everything possible to make us feel at home.

I was unable to try the Town Hall organ during the first week, as Mr Charles Richardson, a local builder, was busy cleaning it and adding a crescendo pedal. Mason reopened it on the following Saturday, and I sat in the audience at the back of the hall. We had moved out to our new quarters in torrents of rain during the morning, and I made the journey in and out again—still in tropical rain—at night. Electric trams with overhead wires were being introduced, but there was still a cable car running up and down King Street, and this we used to and from the Town Hall. Such was its pace that we were slightly terrified every time we went in it.

Next week Mason showed me the organ and introduced me to Mr Richardson, who had made a particularly good job of the cleaning and overhauling. I remembered the feel of the console, with its huge array of stop knobs and the glass doors enclosing them, from the time when I had tried the organ in Hills' factory fourteen years before, but at the treble end of the choir I found an electric switch, apparently serving no purpose. Mason afterwards told me that Wiegand, his predecessor and Sydney's first municipal organist, had had it put in for use in one of his improvised show pieces called "A Trip from London to Paris." It was connected to a valve which, when opened, allowed the wind to escape with a rushing sound like that of steam escaping through the safety valve of a railway engine. Mason

assured me that the Trip was extremely realistic. First the train bell rang—Wiegand had a hand-bell on the seat by his side—then there was the hissing of steam, the guard's whistle, the starting of the train, and all the rest of it. It goes without saying that a terrific storm was encountered in the Channel, and Wiegand could do one of the most impressive organ storms I have ever heard. But it must not be thought that he was a showman and nothing more. He could produce wonderfully realistic effects on the organ, but it takes a clever organist to do that sort of thing as brilliantly and successfully as he did. He was a clever and accomplished organist, and could play Bach and Mendelssohn and other great composers as well as, if not better than, most of the organists of his day. I was present at a recital of his at the Crystal Palace after the organ was reconstructed, and it was undoubtedly one of the best of the series then given.

I gave my first recital on Saturday night, 13th August 1904. According to the superstition attaching to the number thirteen, this, the most important organ recital of my life up to that point, should have been unlucky, but it was not so by any means.

It is difficult to write of such an occasion without appearing to glorify it. The hall was full from floor to ceiling. People stood in every available place, and even the large outer hall or vestibule was crowded. It is said that the true artist can never be satisfied with his work, and certainly I have never been satisfied with mine. There have been times, however, when I have felt that as far as lay in my power I could not have done better, and my first recital in Sydney was one of these. The Press and the professional musicians were extremely eulogistic, and I had good cause to feel proud and happy. I opened with Mendelssohn's first sonata. It proved so arresting to that vast audience, and I received such an outburst of applause at its close, that ever

since I have made it a kind of mascot and have opened with it at all subsequent recitals of outstanding importance.

Recitals followed on every succeeding Wednesday and Saturday night for three or four weeks without a break. Then came an evening when I felt ill and wretched, but gave the recital as usual, and felt sorry that I had done so. Paderewski, who was in the audience, came to the artistes' room afterwards and said some very kind things about my playing, but he saw at once that I was not well and insisted on helping me into my overcoat. "Now, Mr Hollins," he said, "go home at once and take a good dose of Scotch." I hurried home and got to bed, but I felt too ill to know or care what was given me. I felt better in a day or two, but my doctor insisted on the postponement of the next two or three recitals. He recommended a week-end in the Blue Mountains, and we went to Katoomba for a few days.

That Australians are very musical is evident from the world-famous singers and instrumentalists they have produced. Sydney was full of musical activities. There was a flourishing choral society and a fine orchestra, both conducted by an Italian, Signor Hazon. I was invited to play a piano concerto with the orchestra, and would have accepted the invitation gladly if I could have persuaded the City Council to give me permission to do so. But they would not, even though I was not to receive a fee. I was also invited to give three organ recitals in Invercargill (the most southern town in New Zealand) after my Sydney engagement was finished. To this also there was strong opposition, and had the invitation been to play in another Australian city I would have been obliged to decline it. But at last I was allowed to accept.

The Duke of the Abruzzi visited Sydney while we were there, and in his honour the Corporation gave a civic luncheon. I was officially asked to attend

the luncheon and to give a short recital after it, and it was suggested that the Duke had heard of me and would like to hear me improvise. Whether that was so, or whether the Corporation wanted to show off their guest organist, I cannot say, but as they had not allowed me to play with their City Orchestra I felt justified in declining to give the recital. In any event it would have been rather unfair to the City Organist to deprive him of playing on such an occasion. But I accepted the invitation to luncheon, and was introduced to His Royal Highness.

It came to my knowledge that many poor people in the city who could not afford even the usual small charge for admission were anxious to hear me play, and I gave an extra recital without fee, stipulating that there should be no charge for admission but that a collection should be made for the benefit of the Sydney School for the Blind. Again the hall and corridors were crowded to overflowing, and I received such an ovation as I can never forget. The Cathedral stands next to the Town Hall, and for a short time during the recital I was much disturbed by the ringing of the large bell for afternoon service. The weather was hot, and every door and window of the hall was open. The sound of that bell comes back to me now as I write.

The hour bell of the Sydney General Post Office clock is a very fine one. When I heard it—as I thought for the last time—in Sydney in 1904, no one could have suggested that I would hear it again thirty years later in our own home in Edinburgh—in the very room where I am now typing these pages. On the wireless there is not the sonorous effect one hears in Sydney, but the low A is there, and for my wife and me it vibrates with pleasant memories.

Many were the invitations showered on us in Sydney. Some of them we had regretfully to decline.

The organists and musicians entertained my wife and me to a dinner given in my honour—a hearty gathering which caused me embarrassment when I attempted to reply to the kind things that were said. On another occasion, when we were among the guests at a large dinner-party given by Paderewski, I was again slightly embarrassed, although in a different way. In the course of conversation with a lady sitting next me a question at that time new came into the talk: was it proper for a woman to smoke? Women were then beginning to smoke, but those who had acquired the habit were still considered ultra-modern, and I expressed the candid opinion that while I saw no reason why a woman should not smoke if she wished to, it seemed to me out of place. My neighbour cordially agreed, declaring that she thought it horrible to see a woman smoking. After dinner, cigarettes were passed round, and Paderewski, noticing that my neighbour had not taken one, said to her: "Won't you have a cigarette? I know you enjoy smoking, for I've seen you. Why not to-night?" He rose from his seat and came round to her with the box. She took a cigarette and lit it.

We spent a delightful evening at the house of Mr Kelly, a good amateur violinist and an enthusiast. Three other string players used to meet him regularly at his house for chamber music, and that evening they played Dvořák's trio for two violins and viola and his Nigger Quartet, both of which I heard then for the first time.

What splendid music Dvořák has written! A few evenings ago (I write this during 1934) the Promenade Concert opened with his Carnival Overture, and I stopped typing, turned on the radio, and listened. How wonderfully arresting and what an inspiration that brilliant opening is, and what a stroke of genius to dash off straight away with that vigorous first subject!

One morning we visited the Blind School, where Mr Lavers, the music-master—who himself had a musical blind son—was doing splendid work. As in so many instances at home, the blind and deaf and dumb pupils were educated together. The education of the blind seemed to be conducted on the most approved lines, but what interested us most was a deaf (sighted) pupil who had been taught to lip-read and to speak. His speech was rather laboured and unnatural, but perfectly understandable. Before leaving, I was presented with the following little address, written in Braille. Gordon Lavers, who signed it, was sent to Norwood a few years later, and completed his musical training there.

New South Wales Institution for the
Deaf and Dumb and the Blind.
September 30th, 1904.

Dear Mr Hollins,—We, the blind pupils of this school, beg to welcome you to our institution. We feel it to be a great honour and privilege to have you with us to-day. Your splendid performances on the great organ in our town hall have stirred up the whole community with admiration. That your visit to these sunny southern lands may promote your own health and happiness and also that of Mrs Hollins, and that on your return to the dear old Motherland you may have very many pleasant memories of your visit out here, is the earnest wish and prayer of the blind pupils of the Sydney Institution.

(*Signed on behalf of the blind pupils*),

Gordon V. Lavers.

I was greatly interested to meet a very musical little girl of ten, Iris Rego, daughter of a professional musician in Sydney. She had composed a charming Romance in F minor for the piano. I arranged it for the organ and played it at one of my recitals. Iris had the rare gift of absolute pitch, and this led to an interesting talk between her father and myself. He declared that she could not only name any note or combination of notes sounded on the piano, but

that if a note were lowered or raised even half a tone she could tell that it was not the original note to which the three particular strings had been tuned. For instance, if A, the second space in the treble, were tuned down to G sharp, she would say, "That is G sharp, but you are playing the A key and have tuned the strings down half a tone." She maintained that the A tuned down to G sharp had not the same quality as the real G sharp, even though they were dead in tune with each other. This seemed to me doubtful, but I had the father's word for it. Unfortunately I did not have an opportunity of trying the experiment with the child. It is, however, worth mentioning as a matter of personal experience that if I hear music I do not know played on a piano I have not previously played myself, I can tell at once in what key the piece is written, although until I have actually tried the piano I cannot say whether the pitch is high, low, or medium.

I spent my birthday that year in Sydney, and it fell on a Sunday. The date had become known, and during the afternoon a large number of musical people called to give their good wishes. Not far from the house we were staying in was a shop kept by a past mistress of the art of cakes and confectionery who sold only what she made herself. My wife ordered a special birthday cake from her, and it was one of the most delicious cakes I have tasted.

Although we were busy and had a good deal to think of we were never too busy to spare a thought for those at home, and we looked eagerly for the weekly mail. One week's letters brought me a very gratifying surprise. Dr Turpin, then Secretary of the Royal College of Organists, had written asking me to accept the honorary degree of Fellow of the Royal College of Organists. It gave me all the more pleasure because I had not the remotest

notion that such a thing had been contemplated. My dear old friend, Balfour, and Collinson of St Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, received the honour at the same time.

On 15th October we bade farewell to Sydney and embarked on the New Zealand Line steamer, *Monowai*, for The Bluff, the most southern point of New Zealand and the port for its most southern town, Invercargill. The *Monowai* was supposed to be an unlucky ship, but on that trip she behaved like a lamb ; and well she might, for the sea was delightfully calm during the entire passage.

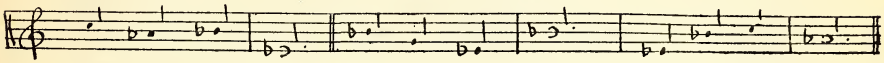
In Wellington we spent the night at the house of Alec Sample, who, before he went out to New Zealand, was a frequent visitor at Welton House when I was living there. Aunt Mary and he used to play chess together, and one day my thirst for knowledge, which must often have been troublesome, prompted me to begin playing with the pieces taken during the game. This alone would not have mattered much, but I persisted in asking such questions as which was a knight and which a castle, &c. I was supposed to be busy writing with the pin-type frame, and at last, when my importunity became more than the players could bear, Alec Sample grabbed some of the little pin types and thrust them into my hand. " Look here, Alfy," he said, " those are *your* knights and castles." Although I had not met him for over thirty years, I remembered his voice at once when he came on board to welcome us.

At Littleton, the port for Christchurch, Tom Faulkner, an old chum of mine at York School, and his wife met us. For us boys at York there was a kind of glamour about Tommy Faulkner. He lived at Staines, near Windsor, and had been brought to the notice of Queen Victoria, who took an interest in him and sent him to York. He left the school soon after I did, studied under Sir George

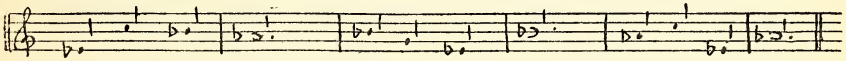
Elvey, organist of St George's Chapel, Windsor, and eventually settled in Christchurch.

We had twenty-four hours in Dunedin, where I heard chimes unlike any I had heard before. Nor have I heard them repeated since. Thanks to Dr Galway, City Organist, I am able to give them here :—

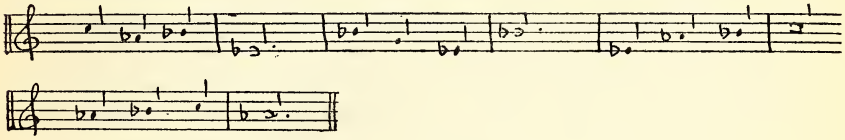
First Quarter. Second Quarter.



Third Quarter.



Fourth Quarter.



We also heard a sermon preached from a text unique in my experience : " Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof ; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty " (Judges, v. 23).

I remember Christchurch as flat, and Wellington and Dunedin as hilly. I also remember Christchurch as being different in one respect from any other place I have been in, for wherever one street crosses another, the gutters—which in all colonial and American towns and cities are wide and deep—are bridged over from kerb to roadway by a wooden plank. It is such a sensible arrangement that I wonder other places have not adopted it.

Our week at Invercargill was the happiest of the whole trip. All the people we saw were so natural and made us so very much at home that we felt

as though we had known them all our lives. We were met on board by Mr Macdonald of Enwood, who was to be our host, and by Mr Gray, organist of St John's Episcopal Church (where I gave my recitals) and the mainspring of Invercargill's musical life. Nowadays he would be called a real live wire.

On landing, my first introduction was to the most lovely shire horse I have ever seen, and whose name I am sorry to have forgotten. What a strong, huge creature he was! And so beautifully formed and gentle. I could have stayed long, stroking and caressing him. No wonder he was a favourite and a well-known figure in the life and work of the busy port.

We took train to Invercargill, which is only a short distance away, and from there drove to Enwood, an old house in large grounds. Mr Macdonald kept cows, and we enjoyed the luxury of clotted cream, which one seldom gets in a private house. I became enthusiastic about it, and when we were arranging a code word for a cable to Mr Macdonald after we reached home, he suggested that a good voyage and all well in Edinburgh should be intimated by the word "Cream," but that if we had stormy weather, then "Milk" was to say so. I am glad to say it was "Cream."

Like Dunedin, Invercargill is essentially a Scottish town. Its streets, which are extraordinarily wide, are named after the rivers of Scotland: Clyde, Forth, Tay, Dee, &c. The rector of St John's, Archdeacon Stocker, was a splendid man, broad-minded, and possessed of a great sense of humour. The church was crowded at each of my three recitals, and the people listened most attentively.

On our only Sunday at Enwood we went with the Macdonalds to their church—one of two Presbyterian churches—where there was a first-rate mixed choir conducted by Mr Quinn, one of those enthusiastic amateurs who have the gift of choir-training born

in them. Well do I remember the beautiful and expressive singing of Barnby's " Crossing the Bar."

Our stay at Invercargill came all too quickly to an end, and exactly a week from the Monday we arrived we said good-bye to our kind friends and embarked in the steamer *Victoria* for Melbourne by way of Hobart, Tasmania. I was glad to have an opportunity of giving a farewell caress to our first acquaintance, that dear great horse.

Although when we reached home we sent our Invercargill friends the word " Cream," our passage from the Bluff to Hobart, which took two days, was by far the worst part of either the outward or the homeward voyage. That stretch of sea has the name of being the roughest in the Antipodes, and on that occasion it maintained its notoriety. Light of load and not large, the steamer rolled and pitched tormentingly, and there was nothing for it but to take to our bunks. The waves were washing over the ship so violently that it was unsafe for anyone but an experienced seaman to go on deck. We still had one bottle of our champagne and decided to ask our steward to open it. Whether we drank the whole of it I cannot say, but I think not, for if we had done so the steward would have thrown the empty bottle overboard. As it was, the wretched thing, which had been laid on the floor, rolled first to one side of the cabin and then to the other. Soon it was joined by our small cabin trunk. Although full, its weight was not sufficient to keep it from sliding, like the bottle, from side to side of the cabin. It came with a thud, first against one wall and then against the other. What our neighbours must have thought and said when the unhappy trunk struck the partition between their cabin and ours I do not know. I was too miserable and cross to care whether we had any neighbours or not.

We did not go ashore at Hobart. No sooner had

we dropped anchor than a Government official came on board and made urgent inquiries for our cabin. He was an officious official, and I doubt whether we would have been allowed to go ashore even had we wanted to. He was feverishly anxious to know whether we intended to land and remain any length of time in Tasmania, and, if so, whether I was worth £100. I had not recovered from the tune of the trunk and the champagne bottle, and I neither felt myself worth twopence nor cared twopence whether I was worth £100 or nothing, whether I landed in Tasmania or, indeed, what became of me. Realising, however, that I must try and satisfy the gentleman, I put a bold face on it and assured him that I believed myself worth the sum mentioned, but that we had no intention of landing in Tasmania. Whereat he seemed relieved, as indeed were we when he, apparently convinced that I was not telling a tale of cock and bull, forthwith took his departure.

The passage from Hobart to Melbourne was as smooth as that between Invercargill and Hobart had been rough, and we were able to be on deck all day. The *Ortona* was due to sail four days after we reached Melbourne, and Professor and Mrs Baldwin Spencer (afterwards Sir Baldwin and Lady Spencer) had invited us to spend the time at their house. They were friends of the Lowes of Burton, whom I have mentioned, and there was another bond of union in the fact that Professor Spencer and our old friend Webster had once occupied the same cabin.

Spencer was full of information, and had the rare gift of being able to impart it in such a way that the most ignorant could understand him. It is difficult to recall any talks I have enjoyed more than those with him, or, as is more correct, I have seldom listened to anyone whose talk gave me so much pleasure as his. He had explored much of the

interior of Australia and made several discoveries, both in the physical features of the country and in the habits and customs of the aborigines, and he had secured some extremely interesting gramophone records of the native corroborees, which he let us hear. Corroboree is the Australian name for a native gathering on a moonlight night for dancing or warlike exercises, and Spencer's extraordinarily weird records consisted, as it seemed to me, of discordant yells rising and falling at regular intervals.

Mr Guilfoyle, the Curator of the Melbourne Botanical Gardens, took us through the beautiful grounds, and when we came away gave us the seeds of several Australian plants that would grow in Scotland. We gave them to a friend who had a delightful garden near Edinburgh. Her gardener planted them, and the plants were doing well when she died and the house passed into the hands of a different owner. I have not heard of them since.

We had not been on board the *Ortona* very long when Professor Kirk of Wellington University came and spoke to us. He had a kind voice and simple manner, and I liked him at once. One day he asked me if I played chess, or knew anything about the game, and on my saying that I only knew the shapes of the various pieces he set about teaching me. He got one of the ship's chess-boards and pasted a piece of thin card on each of the black squares. He also pasted a tiny bit of paper on every one of the black pieces. Without the slightest difficulty I could then tell square from square and piece from piece. Then he taught me the moves and simple positions.

Kirk was a born teacher, and devoted a great deal of time and patience to his not very apt pupil. His lessons made the days fly, but although I was keen and greatly enjoyed them, I did not make much progress. Shortly after we were once more settled at home, he spent a few days with us. Much of his time was taken up in seeing the sights of Edin-

burgh, but he managed to continue the lessons begun on board. Afterwards I corresponded with Mr Frank Merrick, a clever blind player and now the editor of the chess supplement of "Progress," a monthly Braille magazine for the blind. I tried a game with him by correspondence, but I had to be away so much that often it was weeks before I was able to send my next move. It would not do. One or two sighted friends tried a game with me, but as I could not bear to think how bored they must be I made some excuse to abandon it. Thus it has happened that, to my regret, the labours of my friend and teacher, Professor Kirk, have been in vain as far as my chess playing is concerned.

When we reached Gibraltar Mr Turnbull, the chief engineer, took me down to the engine-room and showed and explained the working of the engines to me. If I have forgotten much that Kirk taught me, I have forgotten nothing I learned from Mr Turnbull or saw in the engine-room that day. It was my first experience of the kind, and until then I had not had the remotest idea what a marine engine was like. I did not even know how big the different cylinders were or that they worked (as seems to me) upside down, the piston rods coming out of the bottom ends of the cylinders.

As it would want only ten days or so to Christmas when we got home, many of us had Christmas cards printed on board, and my wife and I chose the following from Kipling's inimitable Just So Stories :—

When the cabin port-holes are dark and green
  Because of the seas outside ;
When the ship goes *wop* (with a wiggle between)
And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,
  And the trunks begin to slide ;
When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,
And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,
When you aren't waked or washed or dressed,
Why, then you will know (if you haven't guessed)
You're "Fifty North and Forty West ! "

I am woefully ignorant of latitudes and longitudes, and cannot say whether we ever were fifty north and forty west, but, judging by the appropriateness of Kipling's description, we certainly might have been when we crossed from The Bluff to Hobart in that badly behaved ship the *Victoria*.

When we reached Suez it was bitterly cold, and we all shivered while we waited to be passed by the Egyptian Government doctor. The temperature may not have been very low, but we felt a great contrast to the heat in the Red Sea through which we had just passed.

One day some excitement was caused by our being told that the Russian Fleet had been sighted and that we would presently meet it. Everybody went up on to the boat deck to see the ships as they passed, and the mutual salute. It was during the Russo-Japanese War, and we heard later that those Russian ships, which went out so gallantly, never returned. They were either captured or destroyed by their victorious enemies.

The *Ortona*, which we had learned to love, now lies far deeper than full fathom five. Some time before the war she was renamed the *Arcadian* and used as a pleasure cruiser to Norway. When war broke out she was converted into a troopship, and finally was torpedoed and sunk.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIDDLES IN IT.

In 1905 I visited Great Yarmouth for the first time and gave two recitals in the Parish Church (St Nicholas). I met that talented organist, Mr (now Dr) Haydon Hare, and the vicar, Canon Willink, with whom, on subsequent visits, I always stayed. He was one of the most natural, human, and lovable men I have met, keenly interested in Yarmouth Church and its history, and without a trace of what is known as the parsonian manner.

St Nicholas Church is deceptive for sound. There are no steps up into the chancel, and the arch is low. The organ is in two parts, one on either side of the chancel, and at the console one gets the effect of a large organ with a considerable echo. But from the nave the tone seems smothered, and even a little way down the church the soft stops are scarcely audible. On my first visit I got Hare to play and I went well down the church to listen. Thus I was able to judge my effects pretty well.

Another important first engagement that year was to give in a single day a recital in the afternoon and another in the evening at the Colston Hall, Bristol. For many years an undenominational service has been held in the hall every Sunday night at which there is a good speaker—not necessarily a clergyman—and a good singer. The hall, which holds about five thousand, is always full, and as only well-known and favourite hymns are used the congregational singing is wonderfully impressive. Although I recited there every year for over twenty

years, at my evening recitals it was always packed with the most enthusiastic audiences it has been my happy lot to play to. After the improvisation and again at the end of the recital the people cheered frantically, standing on seats and waving programmes. "Come again soon," they shouted. The cry was taken up all over the hall. There was no way out at the back, and I had to leave by the front door where there was always a large crowd on each side waiting to see me and give me a good send-off. At these times I could imagine what it must feel like to be a great personage such as a popular prime minister, actor, or singer.

Wednesday was the usual day for my recitals and I made a point of arriving in Bristol on the previous Monday night so as to have one clear day for practising. I used to get to the hall about half-past nine on Tuesday morning, practise till one, have a break of an hour and a half for lunch at a friend's club (where I met several leading men of the city) and go back to the hall for another grind from half-past two till nearly half-past five. One of the first men I met was Mr (now Dr) Hubert Hunt, Riseley's successor at the Cathedral, where a fine, large four-manual Walker had just been built. I had some pleasant times with Hunt at his organ, which he allowed me to try whenever I liked.

The Harrison organ at St Mary Redcliffe was built in 1911, and thanks to the talented organist, Ralph Morgan, whenever I visited Bristol I spent an hour or two at it. Of all the organs I have played—and I cannot count the number of them—that at St Mary Redcliffe is, I think, the finest. Never have I heard anything like the gorgeous effect of the full Swell; and the other departments are equally fine. I understand that St Mary Redcliffe is one of the most beautiful churches in the world, and I found in it a subtle atmosphere which made me conscious of its beauty before I was told of it.

Morgan and I used to go into the church about seven, and we often stayed till after ten, taking it in turns to play to each other. One night we found a black pussy waiting for us. Morgan told me that she had come about the church ever since he had been there, and that she was a very musical pussy, always waiting for him when he went to practise, ready to follow him into church and, as soon as he got settled at the organ, jump on to his knee and sit there quietly the whole time. Realising that I was a stranger, instead of sitting on my knee, she sat beside me on the organ stool and I used often to leave off playing in order to stroke her. She lived in the church for nearly fifteen years, and her grave in the churchyard is marked with a neat little stone inscribed, "The Church Cat."

Bristol is a city of churches, and the Royal Hotel, where I stayed, is surrounded by them. On my first visit the striking of the numerous church clocks (especially at the hour, for very few had Westminster chimes) kept me awake until I got used to it. It was interesting to speculate which clock would strike first. The Cathedral generally opened the ball, or shall I say the concert. But when "Great George," the twelve-ton bell in the tower of the new University building, was ready to speak (and I heard him for the first time on my last visit but one), all the church clocks were eclipsed. There are no clock faces showing on the tower, and the only indication of a clock is the striking of the hours.

"Great George" is a beautiful, rich-toned bell with low E flat for its note. One of Taylor's bells, it is of course tuned on the modern principle. I had the pleasure of seeing it and having the electric control clock explained to me. This clock, the invention of Professor Robertson (of the University), is placed in the entrance hall and controls "Great George" and a clock in every room of the building. I was taken up into the tower just before twelve (noon) so as to be

beside the bell when the hour struck. The mouth of the bell is close to the floor and I was able to examine it. The hammer is worked by an electric motor and it is in the liberating of it for the required number of strokes for each hour that Professor Robertson's clever mechanism comes in.

I imagined that "Great George" would be almost deafening when twelve struck, but it was not. The tone is so pure and full that I did not find it in the least overpowering. I could not imagine that the sound would carry far, but my companion assured me that it could be heard miles away on the wind.

Messrs Harrison of Durham invited me to visit Whitehaven and see the organ they had just built for the parish church of St Nicholas, after consultation with Lieutenant-Colonel George Dixon, whom I met then for the first time. Dixon, as keen an organ enthusiast as myself, lived at St Bee's, and through his efforts and those of his devoted friend, F. J. Livesey, organist of the Priory Church there, Father Willis had built what he himself considered one of his finest organs for that historic church, and I think he was right.

For many years Dixon lived in Cambridge during the winter and spring, and twice I spent a week with him there. All who have visited Cambridge and have seen the colleges will understand me when I say that those weeks are among the most enjoyable I have spent or hope to spend. Dixon was a graduate of Cambridge and from long residence in the city knew all the musicians and many of the dons.

I wish I could describe my feelings when I went into King's College Chapel for the first time and heard Evensong. We had come straight from the station and were not in time for the beginning of the service, but perhaps it was better so, for it was most impressive to go into that restful place, so gorgeous for sound, and be greeted by the rolling organ and the singing of a perfect choir. Dr Mann was not

playing that day, and Hylton Stewart—afterwards organist of Rochester Cathedral and, shortly before his early death, organist of St George's Chapel, Windsor—took his place. Stewart was then organist of Peterhouse and Mann's assistant at King's.

The music at King's has long been known as some of the finest to be heard anywhere. Mann was a born choir-master, and the singing was greatly enhanced by the wonderful acoustics of the building; and to judge from the annual Christmas carol service broadcast from King's, Mann's successor seems to be worthily maintaining his traditions.

I had the pleasure of sitting in the organ loft at King's during a Sunday afternoon service, and Mann did me the honour of asking me to play the concluding voluntary. The last time I saw him was one day when I was in Yarmouth. I had gone up to the Hares' for tea between the afternoon and evening recitals, and we had barely got into the house when Mann walked in, quite unexpectedly. He went with us to the recital, and although he had to leave before the end, he heard a good deal of it and afterwards made some very complimentary remarks which Hare passed on to me.

Another great figure in the musical life of Cambridge was, and is still, Dr Cyril Rootham, organist of St John's College. I had met his father, Dr Daniel Rootham, in Bristol. Dixon and I used to go to Evensong at John's every day. Cyril Rootham is a brilliant church organist and has the gift of imparting brightness to all he plays. Although a modernist in the best sense of the term, he uses mostly the great church music of the old English composers. I found that he was a warm admirer of his predecessor, Garrett, but that for some of the Victorian composers he did not care. On an evening when I was in the Chapel the service was Hopkins in F, and although Rootham had chosen it himself he did not really like it. He said to me afterwards

that he thought the shake in the accompaniment to the Amen in the " Gloria " made it trivial.

Like Mann at King's, Rootham kindly asked me to play the concluding voluntary at John's, and I chose my overture in C minor. Rootham said, " You know, that's a splendid overture, but it isn't organ music. I hear the fiddles in it." I replied that he could not have paid me a greater compliment, for I had always tried to write concert music for the organ and always had the orchestra in my mind when composing: his remark showed me that I had succeeded. When I asked him if he would write an organ piece for me, he replied that he had never written anything for the organ but that he would think about it. He thought about it to some purpose, and a few months later sent me the manuscript of his fine " Epinikion "—a Pindaric term, as he explained in his accompanying letter, meaning a song of victory. The " Epinikion " was subsequently published by Stainer & Bell.

During my second stay with George Dixon in Cambridge the organ in Ely Cathedral was opened after having been rebuilt by Harrison. We heard Sir Walter Parratt in the afternoon and Dr Basil Harwood in the evening. Parratt was considered by many—especially those who favoured the strict style of organ playing—to be the finest organist of his day. His playing was very accurate and precise, but I would have preferred to hear him on an organ to which he was thoroughly accustomed. He was a keen chess player and I heard that he could play a game and practise or give a lesson at the same time.

Harwood included in his programme Smart's lovely " Evening Prayer," a piece I cannot remember having seen in any other programme. And I wonder why; for it is melodious and restful and lends itself to tasteful registration. Another piece I heard then for the first time and by which I was greatly impressed was César Franck's Choral No. 2 in B minor. I

took the first opportunity of studying it. Of the three chorals, it is my favourite, and to my mind the finest, although No. 3 seems to be the most popular. Of Harwood's own compositions he played the "Requiem Aeternam," a noble and impressive work. It appealed to me at once as being dignified and original, but I felt that I must hear it again to appreciate it properly. And hear it again I did, in wonderful conditions and wonderfully played. The story must be told in its own way.

In 1906 Tertius Noble, at that time organist of York Minster, invited me to play the Schumann concerto at one of the concerts by his excellent orchestra, composed mostly of enthusiastic amateurs in York and district. I stayed with Mr and Mrs Noble at their house in Minster Court, close to the Minster. They had a fine oak dining-table, the like of which I had not seen. The four legs were joined together by a kind of frame a few inches above the floor, and the bars which made the frame were at a convenient height for a foot-rest, although I do not think I used them in that way for fear of scratching them. Some twenty years later I saw the same table in the Nobles' flat in New York (Noble having left the old York for the New a year or two after my visit for the concert) and I remembered it at once.

Noble had a practice for the choir-boys every morning at a quarter to nine. The morning after the concert he suggested that we should go into the Minster for half an hour before he took the boys, so that he might let me hear the organ. I sat beside one of the pillars in the nave, which Noble said was the best listening place, and it was then that I heard Harwood's "Requiem Aeternam" again, and in wonderful conditions. Noble made it the first item of that private recital. It was a marvellous performance and showed the organ to perfection.

Towards the end of 1905 I was asked to specify

an organ for the new Irish Presbyterian Church Assembly Hall which had been built on the site of old Fisherwick. There is some remarkably fine stuff in the organ, which, however, is in a bad position, and the tone does not get out. I went from St Bee's to Belfast to open it, renewing my acquaintance with the old Barrow route by which Aunt Mary and I had first crossed to pay our memorable visit to Mr and Mrs Corbett.

The recital went well. The hall was crowded—which made an additional wet blanket to the tone—but in spite of all drawbacks the organ (as I was told afterwards) spoke as an organ should. One of the items in my programme was the prelude to Parsifal. Just before the opening theme in A flat is repeated in C minor there is a long pause, and when I came to this pause there was an expectant hush. During the intense silence a woman was heard to say in a loud whisper, " He's beat." She thought I had forgotten the music and had stopped to think what came next.

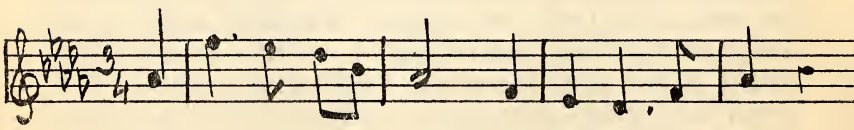
Towards the end of 1906 Donald Robertson, then City Treasurer of Pretoria, came to see me. He was a keen elocutionist and fond of getting up concerts and entertainments for charities. Before removing to Pretoria he had lived in Port Elizabeth where he had become very intimate with Ascham—so much so that two of his children, Roger and Alice, were named after Ascham and his wife. He had arranged recitals for Ascham in important South African towns, and could gauge pretty accurately the musical capacity of each place. Ascham had given Robertson an introduction to my wife and me and had asked him to persuade me to go out for a recital tour. Robertson also wanted me to go out, and promised to work up a tour, but explained that it would have to be at my risk. I told him I would take the risk, but I hoped that he would forget the project. Far from forgetting, as soon as he landed in Cape Town he set to work in earnest.

Before we sailed—some months later—one or two interesting things happened.

From the first I had been dissatisfied with the slow action of the St George's organ. When I was in London during the summer of 1906 I tried the organ in the City Road Wesleyan Church—which Norman & Beard had just rebuilt with electric action—and thereupon consulted them about electrifying the St George's organ. They put an experimental contact on one of the keys and ran a wire to a magnet that worked a valve connected to the old Lewis pneumatic machine. The difference in speed between the electric and the pneumatic keys was remarkable. The sound of the electrically operated note was appreciably ahead of the other.

It was arranged that the electrification of the organ should be included in a scheme for re-decorating the church. The changes were an unqualified success, and the organ, for its size, was now unique for flexibility and variety of tone colour.

On the 19th January 1907 I was solo organist at a reception given by the Royal College of Organists to members of the R.C.O. and the Guildhall School of Music. It was a large and interesting reception, many distinguished musicians being present, held in the hall of the R.C.O., Kensington Gore. My solos were Hopkins's Allegro Finale in A, my Concert Overture in C minor, and an improvisation. The remainder of the programme, consisting of songs, piano and violin solos, &c., was contributed by students of the Guildhall School, of which W. H. Cummings was then Principal. For the improvisation Wolstenholme gave me the following phrase :



He had written it out in Braille ready for me. Dr Turpin, I think it was, asked if anyone had any other theme to suggest, and someone said, " See the conquering hero comes." I first developed the Wolstenholme theme, then the Handel, and finally combined the two. When those present heard the two themes together there was a shout of pleasure, and at the end tremendous applause. I must have been in pretty good form that afternoon.

Early in October 1906 Hugh Black resigned his ministry at St George's to take up a professorship in New York. He was one of the most brilliant preachers of his day, not only in Scotland but in the United Kingdom, and the news caused great disappointment. On his last Sunday night in St George's, when the church was already full, there remained outside a great crowd of people—unable to obtain admission—who refused to disperse until Black had spoken to them. At first he refused, not from unwillingness but from anxiety to keep calm for the service before him, but eventually he was persuaded to go out and speak. The disappointed hundreds then went away.

Dr John Kelman was called to St George's to succeed Hugh Black, and began his ministry in May 1907. Kelman was a different type of preacher from Hugh Black. He made no attempt at oratory but let his sermons speak for themselves. His voice was clear and his enunciation distinct, and if his delivery lacked expression the matter of his sermons amply made up for the defect. He had the welfare of young men and women closely at heart, and the University students were very fond of him. Not essentially musical, he yet took a keen interest in the musical activities of the church and supported me warmly in any effort I made to spread the love and knowledge of good music among the congregation. He accepted a call to Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church,

New York, in 1919, but ultimately returned to this country and died in 1929.

It was soon after the organ was electrified that I began my weekly recitals in the summer, a labour of love which, except during perhaps four or five summers, I have continued to the present day. After three or four years I changed the time from Monday afternoon to Monday evening, so as to suit a larger number of people. When in town neither Whyte nor Kelman ever missed a recital, and it was Whyte who suggested that my audiences would be helped if I explained each piece before playing it. One of the many pieces I have treated in this way is César Franck's Prelude, Fugue, and Variations. It has one little phrase which occurs over and over again, and this I played several times, explaining the form of the composition in a running commentary. I then played the piece in its entirety without comment, and later on worked the opening phrase into the improvisation. Afterwards, when I asked the audience whether they recognised an old friend it was easy to see that they did so. The programme ended, there was a demand for an extra piece, and I then played the César Franck again, not announcing it beforehand, and when I had finished I asked for the name of it. I treat my audiences as though they were a small family, and the console is in such a position that I can talk to them intimately. To some this may seem rather a childish method, but I have received ample testimony as to the pleasure it gives and how it has helped a number of people to understand and love music they had never understood or taken the trouble to listen to properly before.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOUTH AFRICA.

My wife and I sailed from Southampton in the *Kenilworth Castle*. The persistent creaking of the woodwork impressed itself on my memory, and a hide-covered easy-chair of ours, which creaks when anyone sits in it, is called by us the "Kenilworth." We reached Capetown on 23rd July 1907.

There were two city organists in Capetown—Dr Barrow Dowling and Mr Denholm Walker. Dowling was organist at the Cathedral and Walker at the principal Dutch Reformed Church. Walker's wife came of an old Dutch family named Krynauw, and her brother Richard lived with them in their wonderful house built in the Dutch style of architecture. There was some beautiful old pewter and Dutch furniture to be seen there. Walker was a Scotsman and his home had been in North Berwick before he went out to South Africa. We had many happy foregatherings both with the Walkers and the Dowlings.

The first thing I noticed on landing was a peculiar smell, dry and rather acrid. I had noticed the same smell in Colombo and again in Sydney, especially if the weather was more than usually hot. It was the smell of hot dust. But in Capetown there is also a delicious scent which one cannot fail to notice—especially on a Saturday morning—in front of the Standard Bank in Adderley Street where the flower-sellers have their stalls.

At once we were in the thick of things. A luncheon was given in our honour by the mayor and mayoress,

Mr and Mrs Lieberman, and the Corporation. We were introduced to many leading people, including Mr Finch, the Town Clerk, Mr Duncan Baxter, deputy mayor (and mayor in the following year), and Alderman Frederick Smith, another future mayor, who was knighted during the war. We experienced kindness wherever we went in South Africa, and not least from these three gentlemen.

We also met Mr William C. Cooper, who had the care of the fine Norman & Beard organ in the City Hall, and Mr James Duff, general manager in South Africa of the Union Castle Company, both of whom were most considerate and helpful on that tour and others.

I cannot imagine anything more ideal than a fine winter's day in Capetown, and there are many of them. Nevertheless there is another aspect of weather there which is not ideal, and that is the periodical south-easter, my own single experience of which I have no desire to repeat. A south-easter blows straight from the Indian Ocean and brings with it fine dust that gets into one's eyes, and grit that cuts one's face. Even an east wind in Edinburgh is preferable. But as Emerson says—

> . . . all sorts of things and weather
> Must be taken in together,
> To make up a year
> And a sphere.

The suburbs and surroundings are beautiful, and for backing there is the great mass of Table Mountain—incidentally an almost infallible barometer. The wonderful Victoria Drive round the mountain is said to be the finest marine drive in the world, and when we went up in a friend's car my wife was delighted with the marvellous views of sea and mountain, although she found it rather trying to the nerves when the road ascended to about five hundred feet above sea-level and the narrow path seemed

only wide enough for the car, the mountain towering high on one side, and the ground falling sheer to the sea on the other. Here I had the advantage over my companions, for although I knew when we were climbing up, I was not in the least nervous, and I enjoyed breathing the pure mountain air. There is nothing I like better than hill-walking, and that is why I prefer a holiday in hilly country to one at the seaside.

South Africa was suffering from a severe trade depression, the aftermath of the Boer War, and I was surprised at the large number of recitals Robertson had been able to arrange for me. The Capetown Corporation engaged me for a series of eight, and my first (which was also my first in South Africa) was given on the City Hall organ on 25th July, the Thursday after we arrived. The papers next day were highly eulogistic, and one critic went the length of describing me as a marvel. Robertson must have read this critic's report, for he telegraphed from Pretoria: "Bravo, you bloomin' marvel!"

The South African railway carriages were comfortable and well arranged, but in spite of Venetian shutters and windows kept closed, the heat and dust during the day were very trying, and at night and in the early morning it was so cold that the carriages had to be heated. On a main line heat is available from the engine, but on a branch line foot-warmers are used. All too often these were brought in during the afternoon and before the sun had set, causing us much discomfort. And the morning call of the black "boy," sweeping-brush in hand, who came to sweep the carpet, was an evil thing. He used to give a quick double knock, slide open the door, and say in a husky voice as though the dust he swept up had got into his vocal cords: "Sweep, missis! Sweep, missis!" His sweeping did not the least good. It only gave the millions of particles of dust a little jollification and a gratuitous dance.

Worcester, the centre of an agricultural and wine district, is about a hundred miles from Capetown. It is a pretty little town, and the streets are kept clean by constant running water in the gutters. The only school for the blind in South Africa is at Worcester, and there I found Greenwood, an old friend and fellow-student of mine at Norwood, and met his wife and children.

We visited the school and saw the excellent work done there. The Principal, Mr Besselaar, was insistent that the blind should have every possible opportunity of handling things, and he had collected all kinds of models, even to toy railway engines, toy aeroplanes, and suchlike. The schoolmaster, Mr Kruger, was one of the cleverest and keenest blind men I ever met. We had seen him three or four years before when he came to Edinburgh—travelling all the way from Worcester (Cape) entirely alone—to attend a conference on the welfare of the blind. His lodgings were more than two miles from us, but although he had never been in Edinburgh before, he found his way to and from our house unaided. He was told that at the Manchester School for the Blind the girls were taught to use knitting machines, and after the conference he went to Manchester, thoroughly mastered the machine, and took one back to Worcester with him. He then taught the first girl pupil how to use it.

I gave a recital in the Dutch Reformed Church on an organ I had specified and played—when it was still in Binns's works—ten years before, and immediately afterwards we left for Port Elizabeth. We had a long wait in the cold booking office before the "wonderful north-bound train" came in. Tethered to a post was a poor goat which had either just arrived or was waiting to be sent off somewhere by train. The little creature was thin and lonely, and I patted it to give it comfort. At last the train came in and we began a roundabout journey, going

north to De Aar on the main line to Johannesburg, and then back at an angle on another line. Sleep was impossible. It was all too easy to imagine the vast loneliness of the almost boundless veldt and the dreadful experiences of the first Dutch trekkers.

It was a weird sensation to stop at some little wayside station in the dead of night and hear not a sound save now and then the crowing of a cock in the far distance, which intensified the dreary emptiness of the world we were in. There was not even the hiss of steam from our engine. Coffee was brought round in the morning, but the quality was poor and we did not take it. My wife had a little spirit-lamp and made tea, which was much better.

Soon after the train leaves Worcester it begins to climb the mountains as far as the Hex River Pass. When the train stopped on a gradient the engine had great difficulty in starting again, and it always seemed to happen that great jerks and bumps disturbed the very moment when we were nearly getting to sleep.

At Port Elizabeth we were met by my old friend Roger Ascham, in whose home we stayed for ten days. He was by far the finest pianist in South Africa, and his death on 31st March 1934, ten days after his wife's, closed a brilliant career.

Ascham was municipal organist, and it was on the town organ that I gave my recitals. The organ was in the Feather Market, which, to say the least, is not an ideal place for an organ. The roof of iron and glass causes intense heat in the building and the pipes get choked with feather-fluff. Nor were climate, a glass roof, and feather-fluff the only enemies the organ had to contend with. Shortly before my visit Ascham discovered that rats had made a nest under the Great rackboards. None of the stopped wood pipes on the Great would speak. African organs suffer a lot from rats and mice. I was told of one where rats had gnawed through

several of the metal pneumatic tubes, evidently supposing them to be water pipes.

Back to Capetown, where we had a short respite from railway travelling while I completed my engagement with the Corporation. I also played in the Dutch Reformed Church in Adderley Street, famous for its handsome carved pulpit and single span roof. It is said to be the largest church (if not the largest building) in the world having a single span roof without pillars.

I was asked to pay a return visit to Port Elizabeth, and we went by sea. At that time, both at East London and at Port Elizabeth, all steamers used to anchor in the open roadstead, and passengers were landed and embarked by tender. In rough weather they were carried in a large basket-cage which was swung down on to the deck of the tender from the steamer high above it, and hoisted from the tender to the pier. The weather was calm, but it was thought safer for me to land by basket. To be swung up and then gently lowered was a curious sensation.

I gave my recital on the following Wednesday night, 28th August, a night I remember well, for it was then we had our first experience of a South African thunderstorm. It was as if a whole year's rain had been let loose in one great deluge. But Ascham told me he had known still heavier rain, and spoke of people who had been drowned during a flood. We managed to get a Cape cart, a sturdy two-wheeled vehicle with a hood which can be put up if required, but it was poor protection and we had to change at the hall. In spite of the weather I had a very good audience, whose enthusiasm the rain failed to damp. There was a slight leak in the roof just above the organ seat, and I felt an occasional drop of water on my head, but I was too much taken up with playing to bother about it.

We left for Pretoria early next morning, and passed through Bloemfontein and much of the war country.

Here and there we saw groups of little wooden crosses that marked the last resting-places of soldiers who had fallen in battle and been buried near where they had fought.

At Germiston, an important junction and railway camp, the line divides into two, one branch going to Johannesburg and the other to Pretoria. Soon after leaving Germiston the train stopped at a very quiet station. The evening was still, and we noticed a peculiar roaring sound in the distance, the sound of stamping machines crushing quartz brought up from the mines. These machines consist of huge wooden crushers which move rapidly up and down, but not together, and it is the irregularity of movement that causes the continuous roar. It is called the Johannesburg sea. I like machinery of all sorts and enjoy seeing it, but I count myself fortunate in not having been in a stamping mill.

As we travelled along the rand my wife noticed the huge dumps of crushed rock from which the gold had been extracted. At times they are a scourge, for when a high wind blows from them towards the city it carries with it clouds of a peculiarly fine white dust that penetrates the smallest chink. These dust-storms are often so bad that shops have to be closed and shopkeepers then put up notices: "Closed owing to the Dust-storm." My wife and I experienced one such storm on our last day in Johannesburg. It was over in time for my recital in the evening, but it left the console, keys, and organ seat thick with dust which, as fast as it was swept off, gathered again. In replying to a vote of thanks after my last recital in Johannesburg I said how enjoyable my stay had been "in this wonderful city," but I felt bound to add that its very dust to me was *not* dear. And the first thing I noticed about Johannesburg was not the dust but the almost complete absence of paving from the sidewalks, though the roadways were good and well paved.

Johannesburg is about six thousand feet above sea-level, but Pretoria lies in a hollow. Donald Robertson met us there and was full of excitement about my recitals and eager to hear our news.

Pretoria, when we first saw it, seemed rather a sleepy, old-fashioned town, noteworthy because it still used horse-drawn tramcars. But since the erection of the Union Buildings, where all Government business is transacted, the city has developed considerably, and when I last visited it—in 1916—a splendid railway station—said to be one of the most beautiful in the world—had been built, and electric trams installed.

I gave a piano recital in the Opera House and an organ recital (my only organ recital in Pretoria on that tour) in the Wesleyan Church, and we went on to Johannesburg, where I had an engagement to play piano solos at one of Hyde's Sunday evening concerts. Hyde was a Johannesburg musician who conducted an orchestra he had got together himself, and gave concerts every Sunday night during the winter. I played the Schumann concerto with him and his orchestra on my second tour, in 1909.

Robertson went with us to Johannesburg. I have never forgotten that night, for I was very near to being unable to fulfil my engagement, a thing that has happened only once in my long career of recitals. I had hardly finished dressing when my nose began to bleed violently. My wife tried cold keys down my back, cold sponges, and I know not what else, but it was some time before the bleeding stopped, and when at last it did the hour was growing late. Robertson and I set out to walk to the hall, but I felt rather weak and shaky and he thought the hurry of walking would be risky. There was no cab to be seen and no means of getting one. A couple of rickshaws happened to be passing and we hailed them. Afterwards I learnt that we had done the wrong thing, for in the Transvaal rickshaws are used

only by the coloured people, although in Natal custom holds opposite sway and rickshaws are exclusively used by whites. It is equally incorrect for a professional man to travel in America by day coach when there is a Pullman attached to the train. When I was last there I asked my manager what would happen if I went by day coach, which is much cheaper. "Well," he said, "I couldn't book you any more engagements."

The bleeding must have been caused by my not being acclimatised to so high an altitude, for until I had been in Johannesburg a little time my heart often began to race and I had to walk slowly and avoid sprinting for bus or tram. When it came to my turn to play I was all right again. My solos went well, and I was given an enthusiastic encore.

On the following evening I gave my first recital in St George's Presbyterian Church, and it was then that I first met my friend A. F. Tomkins, who had the care of the organ and with whom, later, I was associated in many happy experiences. Knowing that in the matter of musical appreciation I was likely to have a very mixed audience, I tried to choose my programme to suit all tastes, and judging by the enthusiasm of the large audience I must have succeeded.

The next night I gave a recital in the Presbyterian Church, Germiston. The organist and his wife, Mr and Mrs J. W. Day, kindly gave us hospitality, and a very pleasant time we had with them. The organ, a charming little three-manual Norman & Beard, was blown by a small water-engine, and I was appalled to hear that the cost was six shillings an hour. It made me afraid to practise. There was a very primitive way of getting rid of the water after it had passed through the engine. A pipe was led through a hole in the wall of the church and the water ran out on to the bare ground, there to remain until it had gradually soaked in. It was a sandy

soil, but, even so, after the organ had been used for a couple of hours there was quite a little river to step over if one came out by the side door. Of course, the more full organ one used, the more water was consumed, and I fancy the river must have assumed goodly proportions after my recital. I did not have to negotiate it, for we went out by another door.

We went on to Pietermaritzburg, on the main line from Germiston to Durban, downhill all the way. Some of the curves are so sharp and the gradients so steep that at one point (Charleston, I think) the train goes down the mountain-side in short zigzag runs, the engine being taken repeatedly from one end of the train to the other. The line goes through the heart of Natal and touches many places of importance in the Boer War—Ladysmith, Spion Kop, Colenso, and others.

During our stay in Maritzburg we were entertained by Mr and Mrs Fairgrieve, friends of Robertson's. Fairgrieve was a native of Edinburgh, and we therefore had interests in common. His wife had no female servants, but employed two little Indian boys whose ages would be about eleven and fourteen. Very capable little fellows they were, and it was wonderful to see how quietly and efficiently they went about their work. Both these little chaps were married, but whether they had made their wives' acquaintance, I cannot say. There was another domestic feature which gave me pleasure. Mrs Fairgrieve had two bantam hens, and one afternoon when I was sitting in the garden one of them jumped on to my knee just as a pet cat or dog might do, and although I was a stranger, settled herself down comfortably and allowed me to stroke her.

We were among the guests at a garden party at Government House, given by Sir Matthew Nathan, the Governor of Natal, to whom we were introduced, and I gave my first recital the next night, Friday.

My second and last recital in Maritzburg was booked for the following Sunday night, but I was not allowed to have the intervening Saturday as a holiday, for Robertson had booked a recital for me in Durban Town Hall for Saturday evening.

In order to be back in time for the Maritzburg recital on Sunday evening Fairgrieve and I had to hire a car in Durban. This was not so easy as might be thought. Motor-cars were by no means the perfect things they are now, and there were hardly any motor-hirers in Durban. Of those there were, most refused to risk their cars—not to say their lives—on a sixty or seventy miles' journey over the bare veldt, with practically no properly made road, except at a prohibitive price. But at last one of our friends found a man with a not very new car who was ready to undertake the job at what was considered a reasonable figure, high as it seemed to us. Fortunately my wife had remained in Maritzburg.

We left Durban early on Sunday morning, and on stepping into the car I could tell at once that it had had a good deal of wear. All went well until we were clear of Durban, and the road—or what had to do duty for one—began to climb. It was little better than a track on the open veldt, made by the passage of ox-waggons and other heavy vehicles. The car was said to be of twenty horse-power, but the standard must have been reckoned by that of very weak horses, for on any part of the road the slightest bit steeper than usual we often stuck and had all to get out and push. Soon the sun beat down on us mercilessly. The car was open, without even a hood, and there were no trees to relieve the glare and scorching heat. My face began to burn, and as the day wore on the pain became almost unbearable.

Once we stopped dead, either for a puncture or because we had got into an exceptionally deep rut, and the chauffeur suggested that as it would take him some time to get going again, Fairgrieve and I

had better walk on and he would catch us up as soon as possible. When we had walked a considerable distance and there was still no sign of the car, Fairgrieve said that if I did not mind sitting down, he would go back and see if he could give our man a hand. Although I did not say so, I strongly objected to sitting down lest I should disturb some snake or other venomous reptile. Fairgrieve found what he called a nice grassy spot and there left me. I sat down gingerly and remained seated for a while, but the thought of snakes persisted, and before long I jumped up again. I walked a few paces up and a few paces down, taking care to keep as straight as possible and not go far in either direction, and I was profoundly thankful at last to hear the car coming towards me. After a seven hours' journey consisting of short runs, stickings, crankings, shovings, and bumpings, and in a broiling South African sun, at about half-past three we at last reached Fairgrieve's house.

My description of that journey is but a faint presentation of the actual experience; but it did no harm, and after I had had a meal and my wife had covered my face with vaseline I went down to the hall, practised for two hours, returned to the house, dressed, went back to the hall and gave a recital lasting nearly as long. I resolved never again to take that journey by car, but time heals even sore faces, and two years later, on my second tour, I made the trip once more. But it was in a much more comfortable car and we took far less time. Nor was I called upon to take a seat on the lonely grass among real or imaginary snakes.

I finished up in the Transvaal with afternoon and evening recitals in St George's, Johannesburg, on Friday, 13th September, and on the 14th we turned our faces towards Capetown and home. During our absence from Capetown the Corporation had kindly arranged a benefit recital for me, and the City Hall

was full to overflowing. In my programme I included some piano solos which were very warmly received, and I began to think I was not to be allowed to leave the hall that night, for after giving two encores I was still recalled several times.

Lord Selborne, High Commissioner of South Africa, honoured me by giving his patronage to the whole tour, and I was also honoured by the patronage of Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Cape Colony; Colonel Sir Matthew Nathan, Governor of Natal; General and Mrs Botha; General and Mrs Smuts; and many other distinguished persons.

I had often heard the expression "take the cake," but had never known of its being applied literally. The "South African Review" and "The Owl," two weekly magazines published in Capetown at that time, were in the habit of presenting a cake to anyone they considered deserving of it. The "Review" gave me a cake with their issue of 2nd August, and "The Owl" gave me one on 30th August. A week earlier General Botha had been given "The Owl" cake. I remember clearly his low, soft voice and slightly foreign accent. Except for the accent he spoke perfect English.

CHAPTER XX.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

THE year 1908 gave me my first annual recital in Clapton Park Congregational Church—better known as the Round Chapel—London. It was the first of a series that lasted twenty-one years without a break, and brought me in contact with H. W. Heath, the enthusiastic Honorary Secretary of the Round Chapel Literary Society. Our friendship was broken only by his death in 1932. He was the best organ recital taster I have known, and for many years he never missed the daily lunch-hour recital in one or other of the city churches.

The Round Chapel organ was not very suitable for recitals, but there were people who travelled fifty miles each way to hear it, and every year the same enthusiasts used to offer their congratulations to the recitalist. And whatever may be said about the organ, the church, even when crowded, is perfect for sound. Mr John Jeffreys, an excellent musician, was organist, and besides including piano solos in my programmes, I used to give at each recital a piano concerto, the orchestral part of which he played on the organ.

During the same year there was in Edinburgh a large Exhibition, at which I gave several recitals. Shortly before it opened I was playing at a wedding in St George's at which Whyte was the officiating minister. When I went into the vestry beforehand to go over the service with him (a necessary precaution in Scotland, where each minister has his

own particular order), Mitchell, the church officer, was helping him on with his robes. Whyte turned to me and said, "Couldn't *you* put on a gown of some kind? You'd look splendid in one." I replied that I had not bought the F.R.C.O. gown and hood because I understood that organists of Scottish churches did not wear robes, and the conversation ended. But shortly afterwards my wife and I received an invitation from Mrs Whyte to lunch at 7 Charlotte Square. There we saw Dr Kelman, Mr and Mrs Scott Ireland, and a few other friends, and after lunch Whyte made a little speech in which he said that Mrs Whyte and he and the other friends present wished to give me the College of Organists gown and hood. Kelman added a few pleasant words, and Mrs Whyte then put the gown and hood on me.

I was giving a recital at the Exhibition that afternoon, and when I was about to remove my newly acquired finery, Whyte stopped me, saying: "No, no! Don't take them off. You must wear them at your recital. Margaret" (to his daughter), "go to the telephone and order a cab to come round at once. It's a beautiful afternoon so it had better be open." Thus I drove through the streets of Edinburgh and gave the recital in all my glory. And since then I have always worn my gown and hood in church on Sundays and at all special services.

A large part of the year 1909 was taken up by a second South African tour. It was a longer tour than the first, and my wife and I were away from the middle of May to the end of September. We went by sea from Capetown to Durban, where we were welcomed by Proudman, the newly appointed municipal organist. Mademoiselle Antonia Dolores was staying in the same hotel as ourselves. I had frequently heard her sing at the Crystal Palace, and I admired her voice and method. She was the daughter of the great contralto, Trebelli, and at

first sang in her own name, Antoinette Trebelli, but changed it later. Dolores was a pure and light soprano, perfectly trained. Her mother's voice was also something to be remembered. It was full, rich, even, and absolutely steady.

I repeated the motor-car trip of 1907, but in more favourable conditions. Two years had brought marked improvements in motor-cars, and the one we had this time was comfortable. We travelled quickly and easily and without a breakdown of any kind. My wife remained in Maritzburg, but my friend Cooper, who happened to be in Durban, wanted to hear the Maritzburg recital, and as Proudman did also, both men accompanied me. Cooper, who was used to the South African climate, declared that if one put on a thick overcoat it prevented the heat of the sun from penetrating. I do not think I followed his advice, but sitting between him and Proudman—I rather think he, too, had a thick topcoat on—did not prevent the hot African sun from getting at me. The only incident of the former trip that was repeated was the scorching of my face.

We were very thirsty, and seeing a small "bottle store" at the side of the road, called a halt. Each of us ordered a bottle of lemonade. It was the kind of bottle that has a marble for a stopper. The storekeeper—a coloured man—brought out tumblers, but Cooper, a faddist on hygiene, was dubious of their cleanliness and urged us to drink from the bottle, which we did. We made such an amusing picture, each with a lemonade bottle to his mouth, that Cooper, who had a camera, "snapped" us. That "snap" did not get into the newspapers.

In Kimberley, which was new to us, we paid some interesting and pleasant visits and made some delightful friends. The town itself was not attractive. Nearly all the buildings were roofed with corrugated iron, which caught the sun and magnified its already

intense heat; and we were told that the huge open "floors," on which the earth containing diamonds is exposed to the sun and dried to a fine dust, also add to the heat of the town.

But if the town itself is uninteresting, its industry is the very reverse. We had not an opportunity of going into a diamond mine, but we were shown the pulsator, an ingenious machine that washes and separates the diamonds. The earth containing diamonds is fed on to greased tables which oscillate and pulsate at the same time. Running water flows over these and washes the earth away, and the diamonds stick to the greased tables. We were also admitted to the room where the diamonds are sorted, and I was handed several large, uncut stones to examine. To me they felt like ordinary pebbles, but I tried to be suitably impressed by their great value.

Perhaps the father of music in Kimberley is A. H. Ashworth, a Yorkshireman who has lived there more than half a century. He is one of those large-hearted, simple, manly souls whom it is a pleasure to meet, and I have spent many delightful evenings at his house. Barnes, an intimate friend of his, was always one of the party.

My recitals were given in the Presbyterian Church. The organ was built by Wedlake for the Inventions Exhibition of 1885, where I had first tried it, little thinking that I should one day give a recital on it in a place so far distant as Kimberley. It is one of the organs I never forget the feel of. The ivories were riveted to the wood of the keys, so as to prevent them from coming off in the heat, and the slight discomfort of the rivets sticks in my memory.

We stayed at the Belgravia Hotel, about a mile and a half from the church and outside the town, originally built and furnished by the De Beers Company for the use of their numerous clients, but later thrown open to the public. It was a delightfully

restful place, and we thoroughly enjoyed our stay there. I have a vivid recollection of the curious little electric tramcars, called toast-racks, which ran to and fro between the town and the hotel. They were single deckers, quite open except for a thin roof. Each car was divided into compartments something like an old-fashioned third class railway carriage, but there were no doors, and all the seats faced the same way. There was a long footboard, on which the conductor walked to collect the fares.

Another place we visited for the first time on that tour is Grahamstown, "the city of the saints." The atmosphere seemed to me similar to that of a cathedral city at home. I was given a cordial welcome by the Grahamstown musicians, and Mr Deane, organist of the Cathedral, and his wife were particularly kind. Deane was interested in pedal technique, and his friends chaffed him about the number of pedal-boards he was said to wear out every year. I think he possessed and had studied every book on pedalling that had been written. In spite of having suffered all her life from deafness —to a musician the most serious handicap of all— Mrs Deane is an excellent pianist. I once heard her play the solo part in César Franck's Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra, and she gave an excellent performance. I had not heard it before, and I was at once carried away by the original opening theme with its wonderfully beautiful harmonies.

From Grahamstown we returned by rail—about twelve hours' journey—to Port Elizabeth, and I gave my last recital there on the 30th July. From Port Elizabeth we travelled to Capetown by sea, and it was a sad passage. The steamer *Waratah*, from Australia, was long overdue at Capetown, and the captain and officers of the *Saxon*, in which we went, had been instructed to keep a sharp look-out for any sign of her. They saw none, and nothing has ever been heard of her.

At Port Elizabeth our heavy luggage was hoisted by tackle from the tender to the steamer, but the smaller things were thrown from hand to hand by a string of natives until the last man pitched on to the deck whatever he had caught. We heard something fall with a smack somewhere above us. "Did you hear that?" my wife asked. "It was your typewriter." "If it is," I said, "it's all up with it." The "portable" machine had not then been invented, and my Hammond, although lighter than an ordinary typewriter, was heavy enough if I had to carry it any distance. The natives, however, found it a mere trifle, and chucked it about like a cork. Even so, it might have survived but for my own neglect. There was a clamp at each end of the carriage for keeping it in position when travelling. These clamps were held by a couple of screws turned by a small screwdriver, and not having one handy at the moment of packing I had not tightened the clamps.

Sir Fred Smith was Mayor of Capetown that year, and his carriage (of which he very kindly allowed us the use while we were there) was waiting to meet us. To drive in it made us feel rather important, for it was treated as though it were an ambulance or a fire-engine, and the other traffic had always to make way for it.

After a fortnight or so in Capetown we returned to Johannesburg. On the high ground of the Transvaal, between five and six o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, 17th August, we noticed that the train was constantly stopping, and starting again with difficulty. Snow was falling heavily, and as we went on it became so deep that the train was delayed considerably. The streets in Johannesburg were almost impassable, and we were told that there had not been so severe a snowstorm in that district for thirty years. The children had never seen snow before, but they soon learned the art of snowballing. They

were all out in the streets having the time of their lives. But before long the sun came out and the snow began to melt. The streets then became worse than ever. The rush of water was so great that the gutters could not carry it away fast enough. They became rivers. My recital had to be postponed for two days, and even then the approach to the church was slushy.

I must mention Paarl, which lies between Capetown and Worcester and is the centre of the wine industry. A pearl-shaped rock—hence the name—stands up in the very midst of the town. Cooper was with me, and we went to the little hotel for a cup of tea. I tasted sugar and asked for another cup, which was as sweet as the first. Only condensed milk was used in the hotel. But that is not my only reason for remembering Paarl. I gave my recital in the Dutch Reformed Church, which was lit by acetylene gas. I had got to the organ and was about to begin when every light went out. I began my programme at once and—as I was told afterwards—played the first piece before there was even a glimmer of light. The entire programme was carried through in a church almost dark, for it would not have been safe to enter the house containing the gas apparatus for fear of an explosion, and only candles could be used. It was one of the occasions when blindness may be an advantage.

My last three recitals on that tour were given in Capetown on the City Hall organ, my "first love." I was glad of this, for Capetown was the scene of my first South African success.

In Capetown I received a letter from Lady Hely-Hutchinson, the Governor's wife, asking if I would hear her son, Victor, play the piano. He was then about five or six years old. We met at the City Hall, and when he had played a piece to me, I asked him if he could make something up for me. He said he would try, and I gave him a simple theme

in three-four time, in the style of a waltz tune I thought of on the spur of the moment. He made an excellent job of it. When he had finished I asked him why he did certain things, and I was amazed at the correctness of his answers and the soundness of his reasoning.

I saw at once that the boy was musical in the real sense of the word, and greatly talented. He could name any single note or combination of notes I played. He could tell from what key and into what key I modulated, and the various keys through which I passed in doing so. I said to his mother that if he were allowed to develop his talent I was sure there was a great future before him, and my prediction has been amply fulfilled. All listeners-in know his music and his splendid work at the B.B.C., and many must be aware that he has succeeded Elgar and Granville Bantock as Professor of Music at Birmingham University.

A year after we got home again I began my annual recitals with the Potteries Choral Society in the Victoria Hall, Hanley, under the conductorship of Mr Carl Oliver. I suppose that almost every well-known vocalist and instrumentalist of the past fifty years has sung or played in the Victoria Hall, which by common opinion is one of the most perfect halls for sound, not only in England but in the world. It is said that the Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool was the finest of all, but as I was never in it, I cannot express an opinion. I know that the Victoria Hall is one of those buildings in which it is a delight to play.

Mr W. T. Bonner of Hanley, a fine pianist and an excellent accompanist, acted as accompanist at nearly every concert in Hanley, and before long we began to include a piano and organ duet in the programme. I wrote a Polonaise for piano and organ which we played together, and at the first performance it was so well received that we were

often asked to repeat it at subsequent concerts. I also wrote a part-song for the Society, which they sang very well. It is a setting of Henley's poem, "Life's a Dream Worth Dreaming."

One could not go to the Potteries as frequently as I did without hearing a good deal about Arnold Bennett and his "Five Towns" stories, in which the ordinary daily life of those wonderful hives of industry is so graphically described. I read The Old Wives' Tale with double interest after having visited Hanbridge, Knype, Bursley, and other places, and certain little scenes brought before me my own childhood's days in Welton House, when I used to go into the kitchen and chatter to Aunt Mary while she made pastry.

The great Choral Society of Hanley—one of the most important Choral Societies in the country—is the North Staffordshire, and I heard them sing Gerontius in Westminster Cathedral under Elgar's direction. Lewis went with me, and we sat in the organ gallery, whither we were kindly invited by Mr (afterwards Sir) Richard Terry, the Cathedral organist.

During the summer of 1910 my wife and I spent a holiday at the Kelgren Clinique in Sweden. We went from Hull to Gothenburg, about thirty-six hours' sail, and had a good crossing. (Coming home was very different.) The captain, who took his meals with the passengers, had no teeth, either natural or artificial, and far from trying to hide the want of them was proud of his ability to masticate the toughest meat and the hardest ships' biscuits. His prowess filled me with admiration, for even with my full complement of teeth unimpaired it took me all my time to chew the meat served to us. Doubtless it is an art which, like music, is acquired with much practice. He had been captain of the ship for many years, and I imagine that tender meat was never found on board.

We had no more than a glimpse of Gothenburg as we passed from the boat to the station to catch the Stockholm express, which stopped at Jonkoping, the station for Sana, where the clinique was established. (I have always felt sorry that we could not visit Stockholm, for I have often heard what a beautiful city it is.) The carriages were comfortable, and we had a very good meal in the restaurant car, which I liked because it had cane-seated chairs, not fixed to the floor.

At Jonkoping Miss Kelgren met us with a carriage, and during our drive told us how the establishment was run and how the days were spent. Our hearts sank when we heard that breakfast was at nine and dinner not until half-past two, but we soon got used to the long wait, the more easily because on the sideboard in the dining-room was always cheese and biscuits to which one could help oneself. Ordinary bread was not used, but what is now known in this country as rye biscuit. On our return we tried to get it in Edinburgh, but it was not known then, popular though it be to-day.

Every visitor—a patient for the time being—was medically examined, and suitable exercises were prescribed. After exercises we were massaged, or "pummelled without mercy," as I described the process, and then told to lie down until lunch-time. The cooking was very good, and we had many dishes which were new to us. After dinner there was excellent coffee.

We were told that Marie Fillunger, the greatest German lieder singer of that time, was expected shortly. I had heard her sing many times at the Crystal Palace, the Philharmonic, and the Richter concerts. She was an excellent reader of music, and was sought for at the leading musical festivals whenever a new and difficult work was to be performed, for at very short notice she could get up a new work and carry it through. She was also a clever

needle-woman, and we treasure a beautiful specimen of her work that she gave us. It was copied either from a Holbein picture or from a tapestry, and is remarkable if only because the design—worked on a single piece of material—is the same on both sides. Another of her accomplishments was cooking, which she did to perfection.

She had almost given up singing and had never been known to sing at the clinique; but I was anxious to hear her once more, and a few days before she was due to leave I asked her to sing before she went away. A night or so later, for more than half an hour she sang well-known songs by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms, and I specially remember "Hark, Hark! the Lark," and "Whither." Although she was then sixty, her voice was still fresh and pure and her method as artistic as ever. The great singers of those days took much time and studied hard before making their débuts, and the result of their long training and careful study was evident in the minute observance of every detail. Marie Fillunger was a striking example of this thoroughness. I was interested to learn that she knew Prince Alexander, and had a high regard both for his compositions and for his personality.

In 1911 I went with Mr Blackburn of Bolton to the London Musical Festival. Many new works were performed, among them Elgar's second symphony. I had all the themes in Braille and had studied them thoroughly, but I could not grasp this symphony at the first hearing. Most critics consider it the finer of the two, but the first makes a stronger appeal to me. I think it was at one of the Festival concerts that I met Sauer, my favourite pianist. Sir Henry Wood introduced me to him. He spoke English well, but his voice was rather guttural.

I had the honour of sitting with Sir George Martin in the organ loft at St Paul's during Evensong, and it was a striking experience. One has to listen very

hard to detect an echo, and as the organist can hear the choir perfectly he is able to accompany the service with the greatest ease. To describe the effect of St Paul's organ is altogether beyond my power. I have never heard anything exactly like it. There is the magnificent full Swell, the crash of the Tubas in the quarter-gallery, the roll of the fine Pedal, and the mysterious pervasiveness of the Altar Organ. Martin asked me to play the concluding voluntary, and as I did not know the organ, I extemporised and used the pistons. When everyone had gone he let me blaze away to my heart's content. He bade me play a chord on the full organ and then lift my hands and feet together and listen to the echo rolling round the building. The effect was marvellous. Martin told me that the reverberation lasts for fifteen seconds.

Blackburn and I went down into the Cathedral and listened while Martin played. When he joined us he took us out by a private door, to reach which we seemed to walk through many winding passages. I remarked that it was a puzzling way, and Martin told us that when he was showing Silas, the well-known organist and composer, out for the first time, Silas said: "My word, Martin! I should never be able to learn these wonderful chromatic passages."

Martin died in 1916 while I was in South Africa, and I did not see him again after that afternoon. I knew his successor, Charles Macpherson, slightly —a worthy successor to those two great men, Stainer and Martin.

The St Paul's Tubas remind me of a good story. When Willis was putting them in a friend of Martin's, who had not seen him for some time, asked one of Novellos' officials for news of him. "Oh! just now he's suffering from a severe attack of tuba-colossus," was the reply.

On another afternoon Blackburn and I went to Westminster Abbey. Sir Frederick Bridge, with

whom I sat, was a jolly man. He was not a great player, but he was a thorough musician, and his genial and kindly personality made him deservedly popular. Whenever he gave an organ recital the church he played in was crowded. I last saw him when he came to Edinburgh to give a recital in St Peter's, Lutton Place. The church was so full that I knew it would be impossible to get near him afterwards, so I went into the vestry and had a word with him before the recital began. "Good gracious!" he said. "What are *you* doing here? You know very well, old man, that I'm no recitalist, but the people think I am, and want to hear me, so I just give it to 'em." One could not help liking him for his good-nature and bluff, kindly manner. I have some delightful letters from him.

I was asked to write a Children's Cantata for the 1913 Morecambe Musical Festival, and I chose a setting in verse of the story of the mouse and the lion. The massed choirs of children picked it up easily and gave a splendid performance of it, and to accompany so large a number of well-trained and fresh clear voices was most inspiring. At the close there was a rousing ovation.

That was my first experience of a competitive musical festival. I have only acted as adjudicator three times, but even so slight an experience has proved to me that an adjudicator's job is not one to be sought after. Sometimes the negative attribute of justice, which is blindness, and the positive attribute of music, which is the gift of absolute pitch, may be advantages. Both have proved helpful to me. I was judging at a little festival in Bolton, and some of the competitions were held in Wesley Church, Castle Street, where Edward Blackburn, with whom I was staying, was honorary organist. His choir—a remarkably good one—was competing with many others, but I knew each choir only by number, and, unable to see the conductors,

I had not the slightest idea which was my friend's. When I announced the marks, I said that although the winning choir was outstandingly good, one of the parts had sung a wrong note, and that if the choir-master would come and speak to me afterwards I would show him where it was. Blackburn was the choir-master, and there was a hearty laugh.

At the same festival the gift of absolute pitch enabled me to be fairer than I might have been without it. There were two pianos in the church, and there was a slight difference in pitch between the two — hardly enough to be detected by the ordinary listener but sufficient to help a singer who could not quite "get there." The competing singers had all sung to the piano of higher pitch until a lady came on, and without asking permission was accompanied on the one of lower pitch. I asked her to sing again and to be accompanied on the other piano. The solo then sounded too high for her.

Absolute pitch is very useful. Once I was accompanying a lady in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." After one of the little symphonies she began again a tone lower, bringing the air into D. I followed like Mary's little lamb, and we ended happily and serenely in D, the lady none the wiser. What would have happened if I had not had the sense of pitch and been able to transpose easily need not be imagined.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE JOHANNESBURG JOB.

EARLY in 1913 I was invited by Mr D. B. Pattison, Town Clerk of Johannesburg, to draw up a specification of an organ for the new Town Hall and to act as adviser in connection with the whole matter. It was an honour such as comes to few, and, so far as I am aware, one that no blind man had previously known. The sum of £10,000 had been allowed for the organ, exclusive of case, freight, and erection in Johannesburg. I consulted my friend George Dixon, and we spent many happy hours talking over each department. At last the specification was settled, typed, and sent off. Tenders were invited, and Norman & Beard's was accepted. E. W. Norman, one of the cleverest men at organ mechanism I ever knew, had charge of the action and setting out, and his younger brother, Herbert, a genius at voicing, looked after the tonal side. On one occasion Herbert Norman spent a night with me at a London hotel, and we discussed the best way of laying out the draw-stop jambs. He spread a drawing of the jambs on his bed—it made a fine big counterpane—and placed little cardboard discs in the positions he thought best for the several stops. We sat talking and rearranging the discs well into the small hours of the morning.

In the same year I was engaged by Welte & Sons of Freiburg, in Breisgau, to make fifty records for their automatic organ-player. They were the inventors of the Welte-Mignon piano-player, success with which had led them to develop a player for the

organ, and the reproduction was, if possible, still more accurate.

A nephew of mine went with me to Freiburg, and we stayed at the Hotel Europa, close to the railway station. There was a Welte-Mignon upright piano in the large dining-room, and there were records made by great pianists. The manager put in a roll for us to hear while we were at supper. I had had a piano-player of my own for some years and I had to admit the superiority of the Welte-Mignon.

Welte's premises were quite close to the hotel, but on the other side of the railway line, and we went through a subway to reach them. The studio was a large and beautiful room, plainly furnished. On the walls were photographs of the musicians who had made records. The room could be entered by a door from the main building, or by a French window opening into a garden. The head of the recording department, Herr Bokisch—whom I dubbed the recording angel—had not yet returned from a week-end motor tour in the Black Forest, and while waiting for him I got to work at the organ. When he arrived he introduced me to the head musician, Herr Buchali. Bokisch spoke English perfectly, but Buchali very little.

Bokisch had asked me to bring a copy of every piece I intended to record, and this I had done. The first two days I spent playing over my intended records, and Buchali sat beside me marking in the copy whatever combination of stops I selected. When I began recording he still sat beside me and followed the music closely. Every morning Bokisch asked me to play a chromatic scale two or three times up and down each manual as fast as my fingers could go, so as to make sure that the markers were working freely after having stood idle all night. When I had played my scales like a good boy, Buchali used to take my hand in his big soft paw and say: "Ach! well done! Those nice warm fingers!"

We worked every day from ten till about one and from half-past two until half-past five, with a break at four, when tea and dainty little cakes were brought in. But although we were busy we found time to see most of the city, and beautiful it is. We were taken all over the Cathedral, even to the top of the tower, and of course we had a look at the two great bells, Peter and Paul. We also heard Mass in the Cathedral. It was accompanied by a large section of the opera orchestra.

One Friday evening we went into a church, and while we were looking round two old men came in and began to pull at the bell-rope which hung down from the tower in one corner. The bell was large, and it took the two men all their time even to swing it. I asked them why they were ringing the bell. They could not speak English, and my German was limited, but as far as I could make out they said it was the Todtangst and that it was rung every Friday night to commemorate Our Lord's death agony.

Bokisch wanted me to hear one of my rolls before I left, and it was arranged that I should take a day off while Buchali got one ready. The day was gloriously fine and warm and we went to the Black Forest. We lunched at Hinterzarten and had tea at Titisee. The Black Forest, as everyone knows, is the home of cuckoo clocks, musical-boxes, and toys, and as we walked along I heard cuckoo clocks and musical-boxes on all sides. We passed several little shops where beautifully carved clocks were displayed in the windows, and I longed for some spare cash wherewith to buy a cuckoo clock or a musical-box—probably the latter, for a cuckoo clock, especially when you cannot sleep, is not an unmixed pleasure. My nephew told me of the beautiful views, but he need not have done so for the beauty of the place was borne in upon me.

Herr Welte, the founder and head of the firm, a

fine example of old age, often came into the studio while I was recording. He knew only a few words of English, but we managed to have many a good talk together. In the studio there was a charming little organ—without keyboard—on which rolls were played. One of the stops was an open wood flute known as a Vienna Flute, and when I told Herr Welte how much I liked it he opened out at once. Before developing the Welte-Mignon and the organ-player, the firm's main business had been—and to an extent was still—the building of orchestrians for use with roundabouts and shows at fairs. Bokisch let me hear one of these instruments. It was wonderfully realistic, but what a dreadful noise it made inside the building !

When we said good-bye little did any of us think that a year later those good friends and ourselves would be enemies at war with each other. But enemies only according to the letter and through the exigencies of war : never, I am convinced, in the spirit.

I left all my music so that the records could be checked and corrected before the rolls were made. When war was declared it had not been returned, and this was not surprising seeing that to go over my fifty alone would take a long time, and Buchali had a large number made by other people to examine also. During the four years of war I forgot all about the music—although not about my friends at Freiburg—and I was both surprised and pleased when, early in 1919, I received a note from Bokisch saying that my music had been sent off. Both my friends had come through a very hard time. The music arrived in perfect condition, and I am glad to have this opportunity of acknowledging the sincerity and straightforwardness Weltes' showed in all their dealings with me.

Early in July 1914 Sir Francis Campbell died. He was in his eighty-second year. He rests from

his labours, and in very truth his works do follow him.

I cannot say that the war materially altered our way of living. It was some time before lights were obscured or food rationed. But very soon each day was made sad by news of the appalling loss of life, and other days came when we read or heard that someone we knew well had died of wounds or been killed in action, and of these many were little more than boys. Whyte's third son, Robert, was one of them. We could not realise that the bright little boy of four or five whom we saw on our visit to Mull in September 1897 had been killed. Like so many others he was a young man at the beginning of a promising career who had joined up almost at once and had fallen. His father—then nearly eighty years old—would not relinquish his work even for a day, and preached as usual on the Sunday after his son's death. I had arranged for the choir to sing the setting of the Benediction used at every baptism, and well known all over Scotland, as soon as Whyte entered the pulpit. When the choir stood up the congregation stood also, and we sang "The Lord bless thee and keep thee: The Lord make His Face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace." When it was ended Whyte said in a low voice, "Thank you, sir; thank you."

My wife and I went to Richmond, Yorkshire, for a short holiday. Harrison had recently rebuilt the organ in the parish church and my first piece of war work was to give a recital on it in aid of the Prince of Wales's Fund. Although the war was barely a fortnight old, thousands of ladies all over the country had already begun to knit socks and mufflers for the soldiers. Many had never learned to knit but were now anxiously making up for lost time, and most of those in the house we stayed in came to my wife to be shown how to turn a heel.

Richmond is a quaint old town and there are many little, old-world shops there, kept by old-fashioned people. We went into one of these shops and said something to the old woman who served us about the terrible fighting there had been already. "Ah, well!" she said, "they're having a fine day for it at any rate."

Travelling—of which I had a good deal throughout the war—became more and more difficult and uncomfortable, but although the trains were crowded, especially with men joining up or travelling to war duties, I never encountered the slightest unpleasantness or roughness of manner.

It had been stipulated that the Johannesburg organ should be completed and made playable in the works, and in 1916 I spent an interesting time at Norwich trying and testing it in every conceivable way. I went all through the interior, climbing ladders and walking along passage-boards at a giddy height. A photograph was taken while I was standing on the Great passage-board looking out between the front pipes. To give some idea of the size of the 32 feet C of the Open Wood, a boy crawled through it (the lowest pipes were horizontal for convenience), and another photograph showed him coming out at the other end.

Few people have any idea of the amount of material used in the building even of a small organ, to say nothing of the thought and planning involved. A case surmounted by groups of pipes; two, three, or four keyboards; an array of ivory knobs—that, naturally enough, is the popular impression. The following details of the Johannesburg organ will afford a different impression. They are taken from a booklet prepared by Mr Herbert Norman and myself at the request of the Johannesburg Corporation, who issued it as a souvenir of the opening ceremony.

The approximate weight of the organ, including

blowers, is sixty tons. Ten miles of pneumatic tubing were used for connecting the various departments to their respective keyboards. The total number of pipes is 6532. The largest pipe, CCCC of the 32 feet Double Open Diapason, contains 256 superficial feet of 2-inch timber, and weighs over half a ton. About eighteen tons of tin, lead, and zinc were used in the manufacture of the metal pipes. There are seventeen reservoirs for distributing wind at various pressures as required. The combined area of these reservoirs is 380 feet super., and they have a lifting power of about 15,000 lb. It takes thirty sound-boards or wind-chests to accommodate the 6532 pipes. The wind-chest pallets are controlled by 10,383 valves operated by 4900 compressed air motors (or bellows). The skins of 520 sheep were used for the covering of the reservoirs, motors, and valves, a quantity which would cover more than half the floor of the hall. The organ was shipped in 71 packing-cases varying in size from 4 to 300 cubic feet. The total cost was £13,153, 16s. 7d.

There are 97 speaking stops, 24 couplers, 42 pistons, 16 rocking tablets, 3 tremulants, 10 reversible pistons, 4 accessory rocking tablets, 6 rocking tablets for percussion instruments, 3 Swell pedals, and 1 Crescendo pedal. The present day cinema organ was foreshadowed in the provision of bass drum, side drum, triangle, chimes (solid steel bars), and a 2-feet Glockenspiel consisting of much smaller steel bars than the chimes. I would like to give the entire specification, which is well worth studying by those who are interested in organs, but space does not permit.

Tomkins—Norman & Beard's representative in Johannesburg—had sole charge of the erection of the organ in the hall. His was a remarkable achievement, for he had only one assistant who had been apprenticed to an organ-building firm. He had not seen anything of the organ until it arrived in its

numerous packing-cases, and had to go entirely by drawings. Almost at the beginning he crushed one of his fingers while putting a trolley under one of the heavy cases. This accident prevented him from working for some weeks, but all ended well and every part fitted into its place perfectly. During the whole time I was in Johannesburg there was not a single cypher, although in connection with the Johannesburg "job," as Tomkins called it (and even now always speaks of it so in his letters to me), he and I once had a fright, of which, although I am anticipating, I may conveniently tell now.

Tomkins was sitting near me in the console enclosure and I had just begun to play Gounod's Marche Militaire when we heard a loud, sharp crack—something like the crack of a whip—from somewhere inside the organ and about on a level with the console. I was in the midst of a recital and did not stop. "Good lord!" says Tomkins, "something's gone at last." Every moment I expected the blowers to stop or a manual to go out of action, but "the job" was as good as gold and nothing happened. When Tomkins came to take me down to the artistes' room for the interval he explained the mystery. "It was a mouse-trap," he said. "It had caught and killed a mouse."

Sir Arthur Pearson—a man deprived of sight—was already a champion of our soldiers who had been blinded in the war. Of all the people I have met, Pearson had the strongest will and the most wonderful driving power, Campbell himself not excepted. It was Pearson who, before the war, raised sufficient money to enable the National Institute for the Blind to purchase the site and build the fine premises in Great Portland Street, London, which they now occupy. He also raised funds for the development of the Institute's great work. If Armitage could return to life and see how wonderfully the small seed—"The British and Foreign Blind Association"

—sown by him more than sixty years ago has become a giant tree, his heart would surely rejoice.

Pearson now devoted all his energies to developing St Dunstan's, and very soon its work became known throughout the British Empire. No war fund made a wider appeal, and money poured in from everywhere. Shortly before I left for South Africa my wife taught me how to knit mufflers on a circular frame with pegs. One I knitted on board ship was raffled and afterwards put up to auction several times, and the total sum it realised for St Dunstan's was about £60.

My wife's health did not permit of her accompanying me to South Africa, and because of war conditions the Union Castle Company would not book me unless I could get someone sailing at the same time to be responsible for me. Fortunately, Professor Dennison of Maritzburg University and his wife, who is related to my brother-in-law by marriage, were returning to South Africa by the *Balmoral Castle,* due to sail on 8th January 1916, and they kindly undertook to be my sponsors.

Two very old friends, Mr and Mrs Woodrow, had just returned from Mexico and invited me to spend a little time with them in London before I sailed. The *Balmoral Castle* did not get away until the 12th January, and I might therefore have had a few more days at home, but, as though in some measure to make amends, fortune gave me a happy and interesting week in London.

I had asked Wolstenholme to give me a composition for the opening of the Johannesburg organ. He responded by writing a piece in 15–8 time, and about a week before I left home he sent me the Braille manuscript of it. It was his jolly and highly original "Bohemesque," which has since been published. At first I thought that he must be joking about the 15–8 time, but there it was in black and white, or rather, in Braille dots, as clear as day.

I had only had time to glance at it before I left home, and I asked Wolstenholme to come to the hotel and play it for me. His was an extraordinarily cheerful nature which bubbled over with fun, and the Woodrows were greatly attracted by him. He played his beautiful "Noël," which he had just composed. It is in many respects the most original of all his compositions. The underlying idea, as he explained it, is something like this: a still Christmas Eve; far away, the murmur of Christmas bells ringing a kind of cradle-song; the bells cease and the angels sing a pæan of praise; then the bells are heard once more.

The first friend I made outside the College—it was very soon after I went there—was Miss Spottiswoode. She used often to call for me and bring a St Bernard dog called Neptune with her. "Nep" was almost as big as I was, but what is large for a dog is small for a boy, and Miss Spottiswoode dubbed me "Shrimp." She married Dr Humphreys, whose practice was in the north of London, and I rang up their telephone number. Mrs Humphreys answered, and although I had not heard her voice for twenty years I knew it at once. Still more remarkable (for I knew beforehand that I might hear her speak), she knew mine. She hesitated no more than a second before saying, "It's Shrimp."

We sailed from Tilbury. My steward's first service was to tell me where the life-belt was and how to put it on. At first it seemed to me that there was no difference between back and front, but he showed me wherein the difference lay and the importance of putting the belt on correctly. He made me put it on and take it off several times until I was able to manage it quite easily.

There was none of the usual noise and bustle of embarcation; there were no good-byes. No one shouted, "Anyone for the shore?" First, second, and third bell before weighing anchor were not

heard. None but passengers had been allowed to travel to Tilbury or come on board. At about 5 o'clock the tender left us, and then there was amazing quiet. My cabin was on the promenade deck, and no one was walking there. The ship was silent.

When we had been at sea a day or two I made the acquaintance of a fellow-passenger who proved himself a real friend. This was Barnes, a master in one of the principal schools in Kimberley, whose kindness I remember with gratitude. Throughout the voyage his devotion to me was that of a brother. I have given several indications of my sensitiveness in the presence of sighted people who are strangers and do not understand the blind, and my dislike of accepting favours from those who, ready though they be to help a blind man, yet derive no pleasure from his company. Barnes was one of the few with whom one is quickly at home. A short time ago I re-read Locke's The Beloved Vagabond, and I thought once more of Barnes and our voyage, for it was he who first read that charming story to me, as well as other books.

The voyage took rather longer than usual, but we met no unpleasant adventure and reached Capetown during the afternoon of Sunday, 30th January.

Our old friend Richard Krynauw was dead, and the Denholm Walkers had gone to live in England. A Municipal Orchestra had been established under the conductorship of Theo Wendt, a clever musician, of whom Hartvigson had often spoken as a brilliant pupil. These were the principal changes I found in Capetown.

Wendt's orchestra had been badly depleted, for most of the players had gone into the army ; but he did wonders with the remnant. At the cost of much hard work he arranged some of Beethoven's symphonies for his small orchestra, and I heard him give a splendid performance of the Eroica with no

horns and only one 'cello. I also heard his arrangement of Siegfried's funeral march from Götterdämmerung, and a wonderful effect he contrived to get.

I left Capetown on Wednesday night—2nd February—and Cooper, who had some business upcountry, travelled with me for a few hours. He left me between three and four o'clock on Thursday morning, and I was then monarch of all I surveyed—at least in that particular compartment—until Friday night. It was my first long railway journey alone. I had a Braille book with me, but all I remember about it is that on the return journey I gave it to Greenwood at Worcester. What I remember very clearly is my pleasure in reaching Park Station, Johannesburg, and feeling Tomkins's handclasp. For the time being my home was with his wife and him at their house in the Bellevue district, some three miles from the hall, where they still live. Herbert Norman was also at the station, and for the next few weeks Tomkins, he, and I were an almost inseparable trio.

Tomkins had two little daughters, Kathleen and Olive ; and Olive, then two or three years old, made me so much her special care that I called her " my little woman." I can hear her gentle knock at my bedroom door now, and her wee voice saying, " Porridge is in, Mist 'Ollins." Then I had to open the door and let her in, for although she was too small to reach the handle, she was much impressed by the fact that I could not see, and insisted on taking me into the dining-room, even though it was only across the passage. One day she hurt her foot and was very sorry for herself. She showed the injured foot to her mother and said, " Poor Mist 'Ollins' little woman ! " —getting " poor " charmingly into the wrong place.

The days went by quickly. Much of my time was spent in the hall, listening to the constant tuning and regulating of the organ, and the noise might have got on my nerves but for a diversion which for

two or three weeks kept me engaged every day for a couple of hours. Miss Macadam, a sculptor from London who had recently settled in Johannesburg, made a portrait bust of me and presented it to the Corporation for the hall. Tomkins and Norman took a great interest in watching my image grow under Miss Macadam's hand. From time to time they criticised some feature she was working at, and with great patience she made one or two little alterations.

My opening recital was fixed for Saturday, 4th March. A few days earlier I gave a private recital to the City Council and their friends, and explained some of the special features of the organ. On the opening night the hall was packed, and people stood in the passages. In the absence of Mr O'Hara, the mayor, the deputy mayor made a short speech, unlocked and pushed back the sliding doors which cover the keys, declared the organ open, and asked me to proceed with the recital. I pressed the two buttons that switch on the motors, waited a minute or so for the reservoirs to fill, gave a preliminary roll of the drums, and then burst into the national anthem. The hall was so crowded that the real grandeur and power of the organ seemed lost.

I give the programme of that recital, both because it was the most important of all my recitals, and because the programme itself is typical of what I have found best suited to a mixed audience :—

1. Sonata No. 1	*Mendelssohn*
2. (*a*) Evening Rest (*b*) A Song of Sunshine	*Hollins*
3. Prelude to Lohengrin	*Wagner*
4. Toccata in F	*Bach*
5. Marche Militaire	*Gounod*
6. Improvisation.	
7. Minuet Antique	*Watling*
8. Overture . . William Tell	*Rossini*

The second number, Evening Rest, was composed after my arrival in Johannesburg, to demonstrate the Chimes and the Glockenspiel. I dedicated it to the mayor, and it was subsequently published by Novellos.

The organ behaved perfectly, and at the close of the recital I received a great ovation.

For the next month I was kept busy with two recitals each week and some other engagements, also in the hall, that were not Corporation engagements.

There was a rally of the Wesleyan Churches to raise money for the building of a Central Hall, and well-known hymns were sung to well-loved tunes such as Lingham, Lydia, and Diadem. The congregation of over three thousand people sang them as heartily as any Yorkshire or Lancashire congregation could have done, and to accompany such singing was a thrilling experience. At times I gave them nearly full organ, but even so they almost drowned it.

At a concert given by an orchestral society under the conductorship of Mr Foote, I played the brilliant Weber-Liszt Polonaise for piano and orchestra, and the organ part at the end of Tschaikowsky's 1912 Overture, in which, when the organ is brought in, orchestra, organ, military band, cannons—if there are any—everything is going for all it is worth, FFFF. Nor must I forget an octave of tubular bells. (Anything can be used to help swell the din!) The bells, close beside the organ seat, were clanging in my left ear, and the drums, cymbals, and other percussion instruments were immediately behind and below me. I put on all the organ I could get, including the 16, 8, and 4 feet Tubas, with octave and sub-octave couplers, and yet I could hear practically nothing save the clanging of the bells and the banging and rattling of the drums. To this day I do not know how I managed to get through, for I heard scarcely a note of the actual music. Tomkins stood

on my right and yelled the conductor's beats into my ear, and as I had got up the organ part thoroughly I went by his yelling and trusted to luck for the rest. I believe we all finished together, but if we did not no one cared. There was such a storm of applause that we had to do the last part again. It was a wonderful night.

Shortly before my engagement with the Corporation came to an end, I was engaged for another month in May, when there was to be a special gala week and hundreds were coming from great distances to hear the organ. This gave me some free time in April, and I visited a good many of the places I had played in on my former tours, besides several new ones such as Beaufort West, Colesburg, Queenstown, &c. Cooper and his two partners, Gill and Tomkins, made all the arrangements, and although I had to do a great deal of travelling alone, they planned their tuning rounds in such a way that one or other always met me wherever I played. This was a great comfort to me and ensured that the organs would be in good condition. It was the same in Maritzburg, Durban, and Port Elizabeth, where the organs were in charge of other builders. Everything was in first-rate order.

Tuning rounds in a vast country like South Africa are long and tiring. The distances are so great that many places can only be visited twice a year. Often the tuner has to leave the railway and drive for miles in a Cape cart. Then there are climatic difficulties that make it almost impossible to keep the country organs in good condition. In the hot, dry weather the sliders shrink so much that the sound-boards become full of "runnings," and the tuner has to spend no end of time screwing down the upper-boards. In the rainy season the sliders swell, and on the tuner's next round the upper-boards have all to be loosened.

I gave several recitals at the Presbyterian Church

in Pretoria and also played the morning and evening services one Sunday. Since my last visit a new minister, Mr (now Dr) Macmillan, had been appointed. He entertained me at his manse, and we soon became friends. He admired and appreciated Whyte, and he liked one of my favourite authors, William de Morgan. Most people, even those who are fond of books, with whom I have tried to talk about de Morgan and his works, either do not know them or do not care about them. Macmillan quoted some lines which are too good to be forgotten :—

> JOSEPH VANCE kissed ALICE FOR SHORT,
> As the two in the library stood.
> IT NEVER CAN HAPPEN AGAIN, she said,
> But he thought it was SOMEHOW GOOD.

I revisited Durban, where I made my home with Mr and Mrs Siedle, leading people in the city, highly cultured, and very musical. Their daughter, Perla, is a good pianist and sings well. The Siedles, who treated me as though I were one of themselves, were then passing through much anxiety. Mr Siedle was German by birth but had long been a naturalised British subject. His wife was English. Both were devoting all their time and energy to war work, yet felt they had reason to fear that their house—like the houses of other families reputed to be German—might be burned about their heads. I am glad to be able to say that nothing of the kind happened.

In Grahamstown I met the organist of the Cathedral, Mr Douglas Taylor, and his wife. " Charming " is an overworked adjective nowadays, and I hesitate to use it in describing Douglas Taylor and his wife, but there was something about them that appealed to me and I cannot find a better word to describe the attraction. Taylor played several of his compositions, all of which I liked very much and some I thought really beautiful. A year or two

later he was appointed organist of Lancaster Parish Church, and his wife and he returned to England.

If the barrel of a clock with Westminster chimes has moved round one place, causing the chimes to sound in the wrong order, I cannot help worrying until it is put right. Such was the state of one of the clocks in Mr and Mrs Orr's house, in Kimberley, where I spent a week or more, and one of the boys (who like all proper boys had a mechanical turn of mind) and I set out to adjust it. We began pulling the clock to pieces, which was an easy and delightful task, but to get the chimes in order was another matter, and after fumbling for about an hour we gave it up. Instead of putting the chimes right we had silenced them altogether. That unfortunate experience was a lesson to me, but not in the way that might be imagined. I have since put many chiming clocks right. The point is that I learned the trick of doing it.

Hartvigson once said, "Everything has an end except a German sausage, which has two," and my tour had an end when I said good-bye to my kind friends in Capetown on Wednesday, 19th July, and once more stepped on board the *Balmoral Castle*. As things have gone, it was my farewell to that wonderful country. I would love to see once more the friends still there. I would love once more to put my fingers on the organ of which I am frankly proud. But I know that these things cannot be. I must bow to the inevitable years. But why should I lament them? I can take those journeys, I can see my friends, I can play on "the job"—all these pleasant things can be done as often as I care to transport myself into the land of happy memories.

The homeward voyage was a constant strain. Every day we were in fear of being torpedoed. At night, all lights out. During the day, passengers at bow and stern as volunteer "look-outs." It was a grim passage. On Saturday afternoon, the day

before we landed, when we were somewhere off Cherbourg or Brest, the captain received a wireless signal to be prepared to land his passengers at one or other of those places and to wait for another signal. Rumours flew. We circled about for a couple of hours before the " all clear " came. Then we went ahead and reached Plymouth early on Sunday morning, 6th August. Passengers were not allowed to go round to Tilbury.

The captain was due to retire, and that was his last voyage. The passengers subscribed to a presentation, and he was heartily congratulated on having brought the *Balmoral Castle* safely into port and on his success with all the other ships he had commanded. He had never had an accident.

I can run quickly over the next two or three years.

A recital at Park Chapel, Crouch End, London, gave me particular pleasure. Josiah Booth had just retired after having been organist there for many years. He was well known for his numerous hymn tunes and anthems. Sidney Ambler, a member of the church, made the care of the organ his hobby and his pride. (I have always admired a man who is clever with his hands and can make things. Sir Walter Alcock and Sir Edward Bairstow are examples of those so gifted.) Ambler began by carrying out little repairs to the water-engine. One night Booth went up into the organ to tune the reeds before a wedding next day, and in taking out one of the Swell shutters let it fall. It broke several of the trackers. Ambler said he thought he could mend them in time, and by next morning had everything right. From that day Booth gave the organ into Ambler's care. The blowing-room, which was behind the organ, was a veritable show place. Ambler kept it like the engine-room of an Atlantic liner.

My father—then in his eighty-fourth year—died on 13th November 1917, after only a few hours' illness. His death was a great sorrow to my wife

and myself, and left a blank in our home. Almost the last thing he did was to read aloud to a cousin of mine, with whom he was staying, a letter he had just received from me. I was at Long Eaton, near Nottingham, at the time, in readiness for a recital in Derby, and from Long Eaton I went direct to Hull for the funeral.

Fiddian Moulton, at that time minister of the Wesleyan Church in Derby, where my recital was given, came of a very gifted family. One of his uncles was Lord Moulton, the brilliant lawyer, and another uncle—a professor in one of the American universities—made an exhaustive study and a translation of the Book of Job, and arranged a considerable selection from it in the form of a dramatic recital, which he gave at St George's one Sunday evening.

I had recently composed an organ piece (now published under the name of "Morning Song"), and Fiddian Moulton is responsible for the title. The first part is so much in the style of my "Spring Song" that I had thought of calling the new piece "Spring Song—No. 2." But Moulton said: "It seems to me to suggest someone who has had a good night's sleep and begins a new day in cheerfulness and hope. There is something so delightfully fresh about it. Why not call it 'A New Day'?" This caused me to suggest "Morning Song," which he thought better, and "Morning Song" it was.

On 7th May 1917 Queen Alexandra opened a great bazaar in the Albert Hall, organised in aid of St Dunstan's by Sir Arthur Pearson, who engaged me to give short recitals at intervals during the afternoon of the opening day. (Balfour gave a recital before the opening and accompanied Clara Butt in the national anthem. I "carried on" afterwards.) I did not see Pearson that afternoon, but my old friend Heath and I dined with him at 21 Portland Place at night.

The house had been converted into a hostel for blinded officers. When Heath and I arrived, Lady Pearson was just going out to dinner, and I was only able to shake hands with her. Pearson had a different voice from what I had expected—it was a light tenor—but he gave me the immediate impression of a very masterful man. He was full of the success of his bazaar, and told us that Queen Alexandra had walked round with him, taking his arm, and had insisted on buying something for him. He chose a pipe.

Pearson told me an amusing story. One day when he was alone he heard a knock at his office door. "Come in!" he said, and I know that his voice would be quick and commanding. Thinking that one of his blind men was entering, he went on: "Look out how you come over to where I'm standing. Keep to the left if you don't want to bark your shins as I've just done mine. Some fool has moved these chairs about." The reply came: "It's all right, Sir Arthur; thanks all the same for your thoughtfulness." It was one of the princesses—Princess Victoria, I think.

I had visited St Dunstan's that morning, and spoke to Pearson of his wonderful work. It was still in its early stages, and he and his staff were learning how best to train their unfortunate charges. They had to deal with young, strong, and active men, in full possession of their faculties, from whom the precious gift of sight had been taken in an instant. One cannot imagine what this must have meant to them, and it is not surprising that many suffered at first from depression and even despair. But most of them put up a brave fight and took their part in life as before. Pearson was proud of their achievements.

Whyte, whose health had failed, went to live in Penn, Buckinghamshire, and I last saw him in February 1919. Mrs Whyte took me to her

husband, who was seated in a little summer-house in the garden. He was in a comfortable easy-chair with a rug over his knees, and he had his books and newspapers on a table beside him. It was two years since I had seen him, and I was deeply touched by the pleasure he evinced in our meeting. We had a delightful hour together before lunch. Although frail, he was as keenly interested as ever in St George's and its people. He told me that every day he looked carefully in the Edinburgh papers for news of any of his old friends, and sent post-cards of sympathy or congratulation as might be appropriate. Before leaving Edinburgh he had presented the whole of his enormous library (except a few books given to personal friends) to the New College. He had wanted me to have his copy of Julian's Dictionary of Hymnology, but it had gone astray and could not be traced. I thanked him, saying that I appreciated his kindness just as much as if I had received the book itself, and thought no more of the matter. But Whyte did not forget. Before Christmas he wrote to Dr Ballantyne, our Session Clerk, and asked him to get a copy of Julian for me. He also sent an inscription to be pasted into the book. It reads thus :—

22 Church Row
Hampstead

Christmas, 1919

To my very dear and much esteemed friend and wonted fellow servant

ALFRED HOLLINS,

in abiding memories of many years of Divine worship together in Saint George's United Free Church, Edinburgh.

Alexander Whyte.

Whyte was under orders to lie down for a couple of hours every afternoon, but he would not go until

he was assured that I was staying for tea, and even then he did not take his full rest. And immediately I had gone he sent a post-card to my wife saying that I was well and that we had had a happy time together.

The greatest day of that year, and one to be counted among the greatest days in the history of the world, was, of course, the 11th November—Armistice Day, or, as it is now more appropriately called, Remembrance Day. Everyone expected that the Armistice would be signed at eleven o'clock that morning, but at first it was impossible to realise that the unspeakable horrors we had heard and read of every day during more than four awful years were then to end. Between ten and eleven o'clock my wife and I went for a walk in Ravelston Dykes, a favourite place of ours because on a clear day we got a fine view of the Forth and the Fifeshire coast. We were talking of other things when suddenly all the ship's sirens and lighthouse fog-horns in the Firth broke into a horrible discord. Everywhere it seemed necessary to make as much noise as possible. Pent-up emotion must be allowed its safety valve.

CHAPTER XXII.

OVER THE AIR.

At the invitation of Mr and Mrs Ruddock, in 1920 my wife and I spent our summer holiday at their home in Malvern. Arthur Ruddock had been a pupil of mine at the College when he was about ten years old, and had become organist of Christ Church, Malvern.

I know of no place I like better than Malvern. The air is good and there are many delightful walks. It is a stiff pull to the top of the Beacon, and those who have not the energy to walk may ride on donkeys. These donkeys, not so stupid as some think, trot downhill to their stable entirely alone. A little way up the hill is St Anne's Well, where it is correct to stop and drink a glass of water, the most deliciously pure and cold I have tasted. Visitors to the well are entertained with music played by a blind man on a small harmonium and a dulcetone in turn.

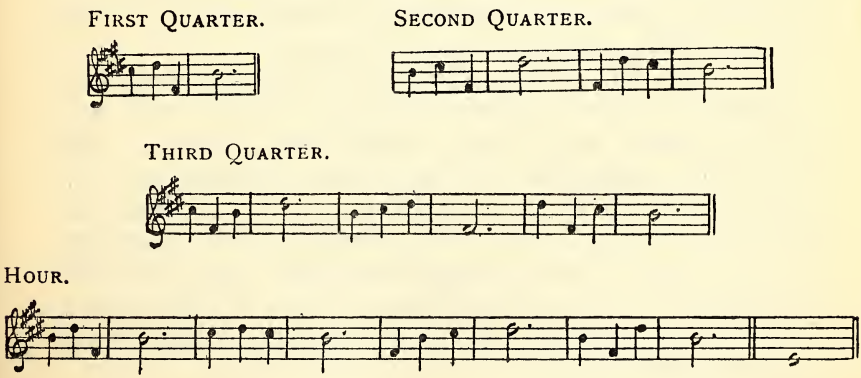
In the Priory Church I spent many pleasant hours with the organist, Dr Hamand, who was beginning to collect money for a new organ. In 1928 his patient labour was at last rewarded by the building of a four-manual Rushworth & Dreaper.

On Tuesday morning in our second week at Malvern I noticed something peculiar about the chimes of the Priory Church clock, and went to ask the custos—the head verger—about it. He was old and deaf, and it took a little time to make him understand what I wanted to know. At last he said

that those were the Malvern chimes, and that was all I could get out of him.

Later on I learned that the Malvern chimes had been composed many years previously by someone interested in campanology, and that a second barrel containing them had been made. But if the second barrel was used at all it was soon discarded in favour of the Westminster chimes, and lay idle in the clock chamber for many years. Then one day a new clock-maker discovered the disused barrel, and showed it to one of the church-wardens. It was then arranged that the Westminster chimes and the Malvern should be used week and week about. The barrel is changed every Tuesday morning, hence my difficulty.

The oftener I heard the Malvern chimes the more I liked them, and I wonder that they are not used anywhere else except possibly at Worcester. (I have been told that Worcester uses them, but I have only heard the Westminster chimes there.) As I have not come across the Malvern chimes in any collection, I give them here :—



On the morning of 6th January 1921, St George's —and, indeed, I would say, the whole Christian world—was grieved to learn of the passing of Alex-

ander Whyte. I believe that all who came under Whyte's influence, and particularly those who, like myself, were closely associated with him, will feel as I do: We shall never look upon his like again. The funeral service was the saddest I ever played at. The church was crowded and several well-known ministers took part, either reading Scripture or offering a prayer, but by far the most impressive feature was the singing by the choir, pianissimo and unaccompanied, of a verse of one of Whyte's best-loved hymns :—

> With mercy and with judgment
> My web of time He wove,
> And aye the dews of sorrow
> Were lustred by His love.
> I'll bless the hand that guided,
> I'll bless the heart that planned,
> When thron'd where glory dwelleth
> In Immanuel's land.

Jack Shillington died two days before Whyte. In the early pages of this book I wrote at some length of this friend to whom I owe so much. It is rarely given to anyone to have such a friend, and I would fain keep his memory green.

Mr (now Dr) James Black was inducted into the ministry of St George's in March 1921, and our colleagueship has always been very happy. He leaves the selection of the Praise largely to me, but has his distinct partialities and is inclined to fight shy of new tunes. He maintains that he allows me to " boss " him in matters musical, and had the temerity to write on the flyleaf of one of his books : " To Alfred Hollins, prince of organists, whom even I obey—sometimes."

On the 21st July 1922 Edinburgh University conferred on me the honorary degree of Doctor of Music, and on the 2nd November, at the Annual Congregational Meeting, to mark my semi-jubilee

as organist, the congregation of St George's kindly presented me with a handsome cheque, the Mus.Doc. hood, and a black, corded silk gown. (It was thought that the scarlet gown would be too conspicuous in church.) An illuminated address accompanied these gifts, and it touched me deeply that our dear friend D. D. M. read it. He greatly disliked speaking in public.

The evening before every graduation a dinner is given by the Senatus to the honorary graduands, and this was the beginning of my initiation. Our friend Dr John Thomson kindly piloted me through, and I listened to excellent speeches by Sir Alfred Ewing and others. Dr Wood, then Bishop of Peterborough, who had heard one of my recitals in Nottingham, was one of the graduands. He spoke to me at the dinner and sat next me on the platform at the ceremony. Professor Wilson, Secretary to the University, was very kind in making everything as easy for me as possible. He arranged for me to sign the roll beforehand and allowed my wife to guide my hand.

For I must humbly confess that I have never been able to sign my name even passably without some little assistance. To be unable to keep a straight line without a guide is, of course, excusable in a blind person, but in spite of all the demonstration and help I have had, and although I know how to form at least the letters of my own name, for some obscure reason I have never made a success of my signature. As early as possible in their education, blind children should be taught to sign their names, and daily practice should be insisted on until they have learned to sign legibly and easily.

All the graduands marched into the M'Ewan Hall in procession, wearing the University gown of scarlet cloth with facings of white corded silk, and carrying the hood on the arm and a cap in the hand. The cap is of velvet in the fashion of John Knox's time.

Unfortunately, Professor Tovey was absent, but Professor Sir James Walker took his place and presented Sanford Terry of Aberdeen (who became a Doctor of Music at the same time) and myself to the Chancellor, who made a short oration on the subject of worthiness to receive the degree, &c. Professor Wilson then conducted me to Sir Alfred Ewing, who touched my head with a special cap used for the purpose and said: "In the name and by the authority of the Senatus Academicus I confer on you the degree of Doctor of Music." He shook hands with me and I turned to go back to my seat. An official of the University put on the hood, and my graduation was complete. The wonderful ovation I received quite overwhelmed me.

After the ceremony we attended a special service in St Giles' Cathedral, and then walked to the Students' Union building for a luncheon given in our honour by the Students' Representative Council. The speeches at the luncheon, like those at the dinner, were good, and the President for that year of the Women's Students' Union spoke particularly well.

In the afternoon my wife and I attended an At Home given by Sir Alfred and Lady Ewing. Ewing was a charming man and his wife was a delightful hostess. When at last my wife and I got home and could talk over the events of the day, we came to the conclusion that, although exciting and somewhat tiring, it had been a happy one. I shall always be proud of the honour done me on that occasion, not only for my own sake and my wife's, but because I believe it should be a stimulus to other blind musicians, and help sighted people to realise that, given equal opportunities in musical training and education, a blind musician can take his part in the world with his sighted brethren.

In February 1922 Paymaster-Commander Arthur Duckworth, son of the late Sir Dyce Duckworth,

Bart., arranged with the organist, Mr W. J. Kipps, and the authorities, that I should give a lunch-hour recital in the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields, deservedly popular for the evening services broadcast every second Sunday in the month at eight o'clock. The vicar, the Rev. H. R. L. Shepherd—well loved by all listeners and affectionately called "Dick Shepherd"—was away, but by a strange coincidence the curate on duty was Leslie Hunter, a son of Dr John Hunter, whose first charge was Salem Chapel, York, and of whom I have already written in this chronicle. Kipps and I had met in Hull, at the house of an uncle and aunt of his, many years before, when we were boys. He gave me a very good original theme for the improvisation.

In 1923 I gave two recitals on the organ (then incomplete) in Westminster Cathedral. My first recital was on a Thursday, and as I wanted to have time to get thoroughly used to the organ I went to London the previous Monday. Henry Willis, at whose house I stayed, met me with his car at King's Cross, and at 9 o'clock, after we had dined in leisurely fashion, we went to the Cathedral. Practising was not allowed earlier.

One incident was amusing, if incongruous. I was startled by hearing the loud barking of dogs. I have never been at a meet, but the barking was such as I imagine one would hear from a pack of hounds impatient to get away. It grew louder and louder as I put on more and more organ, but whenever I stopped, or reduced slightly, the dogs were still barking away to beat, not the band but the organist.

My competitors were three or four fine Irish setters belonging to the night watchman, who told me that he always took the dogs with him on his rounds because people sometimes stayed in the Cathedral after closing time, hiding in the confessional boxes or out-of-the-way corners in the

hope of getting a sleeping-place for the night, and that they beat a hasty retreat when they saw or heard the watchman and his dogs.

At last Willis said: "Well, young man, you seem to be enjoying yourself, but if we're to get home to-night we'd better be making tracks." Nor, to be precise, did we get home that night, for it was after twelve when we reached the house. And even then the day was not finished. I was introduced to Mrs Willis, and we all sat down to supper and more "shop" before admitting that bedtime had come.

I have described that day at some length because I would like my blind readers, if any there be, to share with another who is blind the joy of interest in everyday happenings which has been to him one of the greatest helps in life. If one tries to be game and keen, one is saved from lethargy and introspection.

My recital went happily. The Cathedral was crowded, and many personal friends, besides some well-known musicians, were present. One of the friends was John Courage, whom I had not seen for many years, and I was told afterwards that Cardinal Bourne, who had listened from his special gallery above and behind the high altar, sent his thanks to me. It was a message I was very proud to receive from one so illustrious.

Willis and I went to Derry's Wood, John Courage's beautiful home at Wonersh. There we met the Rev. Bonavia Hunt, and John's friend, Stuart Archer, whom I already knew well. He is a good musician and an organ enthusiast, and we have many tastes in common. We five men—Hunt, Archer, Willis, John Courage, and I—were kindred spirits, and we talked organs to our hearts' content.

Marcel Dupré, who was then acting organist of Notre Dame during Vierne's absence through illness, had taken London by storm with a recital

in the Albert Hall. On his first visit to Edinburgh he gave only one recital, and I saw little of him. But I heard him play and gave him the theme for his improvisation. Like his great countrymen, Guilmant, Widor, Saint-Saëns, and others, he is a marvellous improvisator, and the extreme brilliance of his playing dazzled all who heard him. He has a superb technique. He is beyond question a great organist.

On Dupré's second visit to Edinburgh he gave two recitals, and I saw more of him. Moisievitsch was in Edinburgh at the same time, and Dupré and I went to hear him. During one of the intervals we went to the artistes' room and introduced ourselves, for although Dupré, like myself, had often heard Moisievitsch, neither of us had met him. And what a great player Moisievitsch is! And as modest as he is great.

My wife and I invited Dupré to lunch next day, Sunday, and he gave me a surprise by turning up at St George's in time for morning service. I was on tenterhooks lest he should be bored by things strange to him, but he told me afterwards that he had understood most of the sermon, and he was good enough to compliment me on a little piece I extemporised during the offering.

Dupré told us of an amusing experience he had in Leeds. He went to one of the many windows in the station booking-hall and asked for a ticket to Newcastle. There was a queue at that particular window, and the booking clerk, a bluff Yorkshireman, being very busy, merely shook his head and said, " Top winda." Dupré protested that he wanted a ticket for Newcastle and not for Top Winda. The booking clerk became more vehement and shouted, " All right, I've told you it's top winda." Dupré had not the remotest idea what " top winda " meant, or if it was a place, where it was, and firmly believed he'd have to spend the rest of his life in

Leeds. But at last he found someone who understood what he wanted and took him to the top window.

Early in 1923, when I was in London for my annual recital at Clapton Park Chapel, I had my first experience of wireless and listening-in, and although in the light of subsequent developments it may seem trivial to look back on, that first experience was thrilling and marvellous.

In 1924 I paid a visit to 2 Savoy Hill, then the headquarters of the B.B.C. At that time Sunday afternoon recitals were being broadcast from the organ at the National Institute for the Blind, and Rex Palmer, then London Station Director, who had asked me to call, invited me to give one of them. But when I told him that I must return to Edinburgh within a fortnight and he consulted his list, he found that the only free date I had was already booked. We had an interesting talk, and I was glad to hear that in three weeks' time the B.B.C. were going to open in Edinburgh a broadcasting station which was to be in charge of a young man named Marshall, a pupil of Palmer's.

Palmer took me down to one of the studios where a rehearsal was going on. Just outside the door was a small, sound-proof cubby-hole, something like a street telephone-box, with a glass window looking into the studio. Inside the box sat a B.B.C. engineer wearing head-phones by means of which he could listen to what was going on in the studio, and direct the singer or speaker by signs whether to go near to, or step back from, the microphone, as the loudness or softness of the song or speech required. His head-phones were connected to the receiver in the control room, and he got exactly the same effect as if the performer were broadcasting from a distance. The engineer allowed me to listen for a minute or two. As long as I had the phones on my head the music was quite loud, but—so good

was the sound-proofing of the box—when I took them off I could scarcely hear at all.

My friends removed from Clapton to Stoke Newington, and their son added a valve amplifier to his crystal set. On the 5th April 1924 there was to be one of the first attempts at relaying a programme from New York, and, as though to make the attempt doubly interesting, the relay was to be a recital by Courboin on the organ in the auditorium of Wanamaker's great store. There was, however, a difficulty. The broadcast was timed to come over at 12.45 A.M., and although I wanted to hear it I felt too sleepy, after an exceptionally busy day, to sit up so late.

But my friend's son, Gerald, ran an extension through to my room, connected up a pair of headphones, which he hung on my bed-head, and explained that I could easily reach them if I woke up at the right time. It was a big "if," but I determined to act on the advice Miss Proctor of College days once gave to Fred Turner. One Sunday morning when it was his job to get up early and catch the train from Croydon to Redhill, he overslept. When he came into the dining-room, late for the breakfast Miss Proctor had ready for him, she gave him a good sound rating: "You knew you had to get up early; you should charge your mind with it, Mr Turner; charge your mind with it!" "Charge my mind, Miss Proctor!" said Turner. "Be hanged to that tale! I've got to rush off to Croydon without breakfast. Charge my body would be more like it!"

Either Turner's chagrin or Miss Proctor's admonition must have been effective, for I charged my mind to such purpose that after a couple of hours' sleep I woke punctually at 12.40. The broadcast was good, but, of course, far short of what can be done to-day. The organ came over in gusts, and everything was much hampered by atmospherics. Two of Courboin's items were a move-

ment from one of Widor's symphonies and a march by Mailly, and a tenor soloist sang that delightful old song, "Phyllis has such charming graces." I have a gramophone record of it, sung by that great artist, the late Gervase Elwes. On the 7th October 1925—eighteen months later, almost to a day—I gave a recital on the same organ, and Dr Alexander Russell, the Musical Director of Wanamaker's, who announced Courboin's pieces, introduced me to the large audience assembled to hear the first recital of my American and Canadian tour.

The Stoke Newington experience made me determined to buy a wireless set immediately I got home, and to have it installed, if possible, in time for the opening of the Edinburgh station on 1st May. And this was done. It was an interesting and exciting experience to listen to the opening of the Edinburgh station, broadcast from the Usher Hall, and from that day I have been a "wireless fan," save that I do not switch on as soon as the morning programme begins and keep going until Big Ben strikes midnight.

Wireless gives me a great deal of pleasure, but, strangely enough, I hardly ever enjoy an organ recital by wireless. As a rule organ music comes over less satisfactorily than anything else, and a resonant building with an echo, such as Downside Abbey, is apt to produce such a jumble of notes that it is almost impossible to distinguish what is being played. So far as wireless is concerned, absolutely "dead" places are best for organs. Another complaint I have is that in their choice of programmes organists do not sufficiently consider the multitude of listeners who are not used to complicated music and cannot take it in. They play too exclusively for the benefit of other organists. Nor do I altogether enjoy an orchestra by wireless. Perhaps I have been a little spoilt by hearing so much of the real thing all my life. Nevertheless, now that I

am getting too old to go out often at night, an orchestral broadcast—provided the programme is not of ultra-modern music—is better than nothing. The extreme type of modern music does not in my opinion come through at all well. It is often discordant, and modern composers keep the full orchestra going so continuously, and so seldom use the instruments for solo work, that my ear gets tired. I prefer to listen to Saturday night music halls.

Wireless has taught me a good deal about football —both Rugger and Soccer—and I take a keen interest in the League Table, and especially the Scottish League. I try never to miss an opportunity of listening to a broadcast football match, and I enjoy it as perhaps few sighted listeners can. It is something like smoking. Sighted smokers say they do not enjoy a pipe or cigar unless they can see the smoke. To me it does not matter. Similarly, I think that the blind are better able than the sighted to enjoy a wireless play, for those who can see as well as hear must miss a great deal when they can only listen. But I miss the enthusiasm of an audience. Actors and actresses—musicians and speakers too, for that matter—unconsciously put far more into their work if they have an audience, and everything then goes with more spirit.

Soon after the Edinburgh station was opened, Dr Black and St George's choir broadcast a service from the studio one Sunday evening. We had a test rehearsal on the Saturday afternoon, when I went up to the control room and listened to the choir through a pair of head-phones. I was thus able to judge as to the position of the various parts in relation to the microphone. We did my anthem, " O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," and I accompanied on the piano. The hymns were unaccompanied. We found the studio hot and oppressive, and we all felt rather nervous, but many friends congratulated us afterwards on the success

of the service, the good blend of the voices, and the distinctness with which the words were heard. A few months later we broadcast a short service for children, which was also very successful.

In July 1931 the B.B.C. arranged with the Deacons' Court for a series of five recitals to be broadcast from St George's organ. I gave the opening and closing recitals, and Clifford Smith (then newly appointed to Glasgow Cathedral), Pullein (organist of St Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Glasgow), and Head (organist of St Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Edinburgh) gave the other three. My own recitals did not make me particularly nervous, and I would not have been nervous at all if I had had an audience. The emptiness of the building and the absolute silence after each piece made me feel not quite at home.

Helped by public subscriptions, the B.B.C., in co-operation with the National Institute for the Blind, have done a fine piece of work in providing wireless sets for blind people who cannot afford to buy them, and the Postmaster-General allows wireless licences free to all blind persons. If the advent of wireless has created a new and wide field of interests for me, what must it have done for thousands of my blind brothers and sisters in less fortunate circumstances, who, before the blessings of wireless were placed within their reach, led sad and lonely lives! It has undoubtedly opened up a new world, one, in fact, in which the blind can almost see. And indeed we do see inwardly. To listen to some episode in the life of that incomparably human family, the Bugginses, is to see old Grandma Buggins sitting in her easy-chair by the kitchen fire while Mrs Buggins is hard at work mixing the plum pudding for Christmas, and father and children do their best to help or hinder by fetching the wrong things or getting in the way. Then there are those two delightful cockney girls, Gert and Daisy. What fun they are! There are

many others in every branch of art, education, science, and religion who have become known and loved by means of the radio, but I mention these as outstanding examples of how personality can be conveyed through the microphone. Canon Shepherd has said that we ought all to be thankful to those who can make us laugh, and I cordially agree with him. I am profoundly thankful that the older I get the more I enjoy a hearty laugh at a good joke.

Every blind man and woman must appreciate the generosity of the public, the B.B.C., and the National Institute in making wireless freely obtainable; but I want to add that there remains open to the B.B.C. a unique opportunity of giving still more practical help. There must now be many blind organists, pianists, and singers—men and women highly trained, and holding degrees and diplomas from our Universities and Music Schools—who are obliged to spend their days reading, practising, or listening-in because they cannot find pupils or obtain organ appointments. Having no incentive to keep up their music they become disheartened, and in time lose almost everything they have worked so hard to acquire. And a blind man has indeed to work hard—far harder than a sighted man—to succeed in a profession. If the B.B.C. would give blind singers or players an audition and engage those who came up to their standard, a splendid work would be done. There are some very talented blind musicians who do not make a good appearance on the platform, and for these the privacy of a broadcasting studio is ideal. It may be their only opportunity of giving to the world the talent entrusted to them—their music.

I had heard much of the War Memorial at Loughborough, and, thanks to the courtesy of Messrs John Taylor & Company, I had an opportunity of seeing it. The memorial is in the form of a tower containing one of the two largest carillons in the

British Isles. Bell-founding is perhaps the most important industry of Loughborough, and as many of Taylors' men (including three sons of the late J. W. Taylor, Jun., head of the firm from 1906 to 1919) lost their lives in the Great War, it is not surprising that the memorial should be what it is.

There are no less than forty-seven bells, the lowest being A flat, first space in the bass clef. The tower is beautifully situated in the public park with a wide open space all round it, and there is nothing to keep the sound from getting well out. Part of the entrance hall and the whole of the first floor are used as a war museum, and a spiral stair leads from the hall to the carilloneur's chamber, just below the bells. Thence a step-ladder goes to the top. The entrance hall also contains a practice clavier for the use of the carilloneur.

The keyboard interested me even more than the bells. The keys are not piano keys, but short, round, and rather thick wooden levers. The carilloneur wears a pad on the outside of his little finger and strikes the keys with his clenched hand. There are still shorter keys in the same relative position as the black keys of the piano.

Carillon-playing is very hard and hot work. The player sits on a high stool like the old-fashioned office stool. He wears shorts and is stripped to the waist. Great quickness of movement and unusual strength are required.

On the day I visited Loughborough M. Anton Brees, one of Belgium's finest carilloneurs, was there. Although he had not arranged to recite on that particular day, at Mr Taylor's request he kindly gave a special recital for my benefit and played several pieces, to which I listened from a point of vantage in the grounds, selected by Mr Taylor as the best position from which to hear.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEGINNING OF THE BIG TOUR.

Of all the episodes of my public life the last tour —the big tour of 1925-26 in the United States and Canada—was the most ambitious and the most important. Suggested in the first place by my old friend G. A. Audsley, it was under the auspices of the National Association of Organists, who placed all arrangements in the hands of Dr Alexander Russell, musical director of Wanamaker's in New York and Philadelphia. It was, however, impossible for one man to do more than look after the eastern states for visiting organists, and the management of Canada and the west was the affair of Mr Laberge, a French-Canadian, who, with his partner, Miss Bogue, conducted a concert agency under the name of Bogue-Laberge.

The strain of the tour—its excitement and hard travelling—would have been too much for my wife, and Mr and Mrs Heddon Bond—friends of ours—decided to let their younger son Frank accompany me. It was an ideal arrangement from my point of view, and afforded a unique experience to a keen boy of seventeen who wanted to become an organ-builder.

My headquarters were to be in New York, but as I wanted to make the acquaintance of Casavant Brothers in Montreal—one of the leading firms of organ-builders on the American Continent—I decided to go there first, and we sailed from Glasgow on 11th September 1925. Up to the last moment

I was in that state of mind which prompts a half-hope that plans will have to be changed, so reluctant was I to be separated from my wife, who in place of new scenes and new experiences had long winter nights and lonely months before her. But after the unselfish pattern of women she would not allow me to think that she felt my going away, and her letters were masterpieces of cheerfulness and the sort of home news a traveller loves to receive. She used also to send me passages from " Punch " and other papers, done in Braille, to lessen the tediousness of my long train journeys.

The voyage was my first in a ship fitted with wireless. I found that one could send two kinds of messages, either " straight " (direct) or one to be picked up by a homeward-bound ship and posted to its destination when the ship reached port. The former was the more expensive, and I chose the latter, by means of which I was able to send a short letter to my wife at comparatively small cost. The operator allowed me to listen with a second pair of head-phones while he tapped out my message.

Our landfall was Father Point, where the pilot came on board to take us up the St Lawrence. I hoped to receive a letter from Laberge with instructions what to do on our arrival at Montreal, but none had come.

We reached Quebec at 9 P.M. on Saturday, 19th September. A conspicuous landmark seen from the harbour is the C.P.R. hotel, the Chateau Frontenac, built high above the city on the Heights of Abraham, and it must have been a grand sight to see the great building lit up. Letters were brought on board and distributed: still none for me. But better was to come. With the other passengers I was in the saloon waiting for the Government doctor to come on board when I was told that Mr Laberge wished to see me. He had travelled from New York to Montreal and thence to Quebec in order to join

us for the sail to Montreal; and he made light of this considerateness by explaining that while we were sailing up the St Lawrence he would have a peaceful opportunity to report progress. He had plenty to report.

When we reached Montreal, Laberge took us to what was then the largest hotel in the British Empire, the Hotel Mount Royal, and there our new experiences began in earnest. The hotel contains 1008 bedrooms, with a private bathroom to each. The size of the place was bewildering at the time, but before long we learned far more astonishing things, beside which the bigness of the Mount Royal seemed nothing.

After we had disposed of our luggage, Laberge took us down to the basement and initiated us into the mysteries of the cafeteria, which I would describe as a snack-counter restaurant. You do not sit on high stools as at an ordinary snack counter, but at small tables as in a restaurant. In single file you pass in front of a long brass rail, behind which is a counter with a great variety of dishes on it. But first there is a pile of trays, each containing knife, fork, spoon, and paper napkin. You rest your tray on the rail as you go, and only stop to pick up a plate of whatever food you select. You see plates of cold ham, beef, tongue, chicken, &c., and a great variety of pies cut in slices. At one point stands a girl cooking eggs in any way you prefer: these you must wait for. Another girl is making tea and coffee, and I remark in passing that coffee is by far the safer at nearly all American restaurants. When you have filled your tray—not forgetting roll and butter—you keep moving until you come to the cash desk, where there is a very nimble and remarkably quick-eyed girl whose musical instrument is an automatic cash register. She glances at your tray, and her trained eye takes in all you have got on it; nothing escapes. She plays a tune on the

keys of her cash register, each phrase being the cost of each separate dish on your tray. The machine prints the dreadful list of things you have undertaken to eat and displays it to your wondering and incredulous eye, and the last bar of the tune is the grand total. You follow, not with applause, but with the necessary cash, and become a free man once more—free to walk off with your spoil to the nearest disengaged table and enjoy your hard-won booty. Later in the evening we had an excellent supper, but we decided then and there that a cafeteria is a rough-and-ready institution where noise predominates, and we seldom entered one afterwards.

Next day Laberge took us to the principal English and French newspaper offices, and I was photographed and interviewed for press stories. Both in Canada and in the States interviewing is a great factor in publicity, and I was interviewed almost everywhere I went. As soon as we stepped on to the quay at Montreal I was buttonholed by a newspaper reporter. We spent the evening at the house of Philip Layton, an old fellow-student whom I regard as the most successful blind business man I know. He went out to Montreal nearly fifty years ago and founded and developed the principal music warehouse in the city. He has also done most valuable work by founding and developing the Blind School in Montreal.

St Hyacinthe is a small town about thirty miles from Montreal on the C.N. line to Quebec. The short journey there was our first experience of a Canadian railway. There were no "chair cars" on the train we went by, and we had therefore to travel in a "day coach." In all my tour I did not find any marked improvement in the American cars over those I had travelled in nearly forty years before. Nor had the use of the large bell on the engine been given up. The only difference is that the bells on the engines of the important trains are now rung

by a small steam motor, and the fireman no longer pulls a rope in his cab.

We were met at St Hyacinthe by Mr Stoot, Casavants' general manager, and the two brothers, Joseph and Samuel Casavant, founders and principals of the firm, showed me everything there was to see. The firm had been established for nearly fifty years, and the small original workshop is part of the present large premises, which are equipped with the latest machinery. Perhaps the part most interesting to me was the Museum, which contains working models of the various kinds of action used by the firm since its beginning, and especially electric actions, which Casavants, like other leading organ-builders in America, have brought to a great state of perfection, largely owing to the influence of Hope Jones.[1] Until his death a few years later Sam Casavant and I wrote regularly to each other.

We travelled to New York in a " chair car," which we found luxurious. Although these cars are not divided into compartments but are like our " diners," if two people are travelling together they can be alone in their own section or on their chairs, for their fellow-passengers take no notice of them. Sometimes we had the same fellow-passengers for a couple of days, and not a word was spoken. I came to the conclusion that, as a rule, Americans travelling by train are not sociable.

Laberge was waiting for us. With engines running the taxis wait for fares, and as they are under cover the noise and smell are the more noticeable. To me the noise was bewildering. On the way to the hotel in Forty-fourth Street we crossed Times Square, and caught a glimpse of the elevated railway running along Sixth Avenue. I heard the roar of

[1] I do not wish to trouble the general reader with technicalities relating to the various organs I saw during that tour, and as far as possible these are avoided. Any who are specially interested in organ matters will find my impressions in an article contributed to " The Organ " of October 1926, published at the office of Musical Opinion, London.

a train as it went by, and wondered how the people of New York could have put up with such an intolerable nuisance for more than half a century of general progress. I felt grateful to Laberge when I found that he had chosen a quiet hotel for us. It was our headquarters whenever we were in New York, and the proprietor (to whom I was always "Professor") was invariably kind and attentive.

Next morning, soon after 8 o'clock, the telephone bell rang. It was my old friend Tertius Noble ringing up to welcome me and to invite us to lunch at his club. From that moment his wife and he took us under their wing, and their delightful little flat—the top storey of St Thomas's choir-school building—was a haven of refuge. Noble had travelled a great deal both in the States and Canada. He knew most of the places where I would be giving recitals and the people whom I would meet, and I found his advice and experience most helpful.

Frank and I went for our first walk in New York. It was to Laberge's office, only two blocks from our hotel, but far enough to make me understand why Americans go by some kind of conveyance rather than walk. The sky-scrapers seemed to me to shut out the sun, and I felt as though I was walking at the bottom of a deep ravine. The streets "up town" are quiet enough, but in the avenues, especially those along which the "El" runs, the noise is indescribable. New York is admirably suited to the modern system of traffic lights, which, if one watches them carefully, make the crossing of streets comparatively easy, but to cross an avenue when an "El" train happened to be passing overhead was terrifying. That the rule of the road was the exact opposite of ours was another difficulty. Frank soon managed the crossings very well, but I always "got the wind up" in spite of his constant admonition, "Now, don't get breezy."

After lunch Noble took us to his church—St

Thomas's Episcopal—on Fifth Avenue, a magnificent building, on the interior decoration of which neither money nor pains has been spared. The organ is a fine four-manual Skinner, with which I was very happy.

The morning service at St Thomas's is plain, but that in the afternoon is choral, and it was refreshing to hear Cathedral singing so far from home. There was no evening service, but Noble gave an hour's organ recital every Sunday night from eight to nine. He has a splendid choir, and is fortunate in having a school for the boys, who are boarded and educated free. It came to be a custom that whenever I spent an evening with Noble and his wife, before I left he took me down to the schoolroom to have a word with the boys, and once I gave them a little piano recital. They were jolly little fellows and very keen on their choir work.

Welte had a studio nearly opposite St Thomas's, and we went across and heard some of the rolls I had made in Freiburg twelve years before. We also went into a restaurant for tea. Americans do not understand afternoon tea as we do, but what one got in restaurants was better than none, and I would not have missed my afternoon cup on any consideration.

Russell was in Europe, but his assistant, Mr Noë (Wanamaker's clever official organist and a kind and genial man), called and took us to the Store so that I might try the organ. The Musical Instruments Department and Auditorium, together with Russell's office (under the stage), take up the whole of one floor of the Eighth Street building, and that little office became a rendezvous, which I see once more as I write. There was Miss Kettle's big roll-top desk, at which she sat in a revolving chair. Her typewriter was immediately behind her in a corner, so that she could swing round and tap off a letter whenever she wanted to. There were two or three

small chairs, and I always took one next the typewriter so that I could put out my left hand and fiddle with it while I talked. At first our friends were inclined to be rather formal, but we soon got to know each other, and when I chaffed them about their original stiffness they declared they had felt diffident about meeting " a great organist," but that when they found that I " didn't behave like one " (they were too tactful to say " wasn't one "), they felt at ease.

We went on to the stage, from which one looks out on a hall—with a gallery at the end—seating altogether about fifteen hundred people. The organ, a large four-manual with separate String and Echo organs, is built in two chambers above the stage, and nothing is visible except the console. The sound comes through grilles and gets out remarkably well. The String and Echo organs are in a separate chamber in the roof, half-way down the hall. Before my first recital I knew the organ thoroughly, and it was said afterwards that I might have been handling it all my life.

It had been arranged that I should make some rolls for the Æolian Company's organs, which are fitted with players. The work was similar to what I did for Welte in 1913, and I spent about a week on it. The studio organ is a three-manual and has " blind " pistons, which I dislike very much. The recording apparatus is in another room two floors above, and when all was ready a knob was pressed and a buzzer set going in the organ room as a signal for me to begin. It was nervous work. The managing director, Mr Taft, was very kind, and I enjoyed his sense of humour. We had many jolly chats together.

Within little more than a week I saw six consoles every one of which differed from the others. I realised that I had some hard battles before me, but I soon learned each builder's particular style of console, and I managed every organ of the tour

unaided except the big Wanamaker at Philadelphia, for the study of which I had only a couple of hours. With a little more time I could have managed it alone quite well.

The N.A.O. honoured me with a reception in St Thomas's Church House, and Russell and Laberge introduced me to all the leading organists and musicians who were there. The president of the N.A.O. was Mr Reginald M'All, who took a very active interest in my visit. A warm friendship grew up between us.

That night I met Lynnwood Farnam for the first time. He was one of the greatest organists I have ever heard or expect to hear, and the better one knew him the more one realised that he was a remarkably simple and lovable man. He took his art seriously and bestowed most scrupulous care on every piece he played. He was not a concert organist like Lemare. He rarely, if ever, played arrangements, and never treated the organ as though it were an orchestra. The secret of his strength lay in clear and brilliant playing and wonderfully varied registration. By his early and sudden death a few years ago the organ world suffered a severe loss.

Percy Scholes, the well-known musician and author, who was in America on a lecture tour, was also at the reception. For some time he had been the official music critic of the B.B.C., and I had often listened to his weekly broadcast talks with interest and pleasure. During his absence in America he sent to the B.B.C. a weekly letter which was regularly broadcast, and he told me that he was going to mention the reception in the next letter he wrote. This promise he amply fulfilled, and my wife was delighted to hear news of me so unexpectedly. The incident gave great pleasure to both of us.

That was the first of many receptions, and my friends on the other side will understand that if I mention few of the others it is not for lack of apprecia-

tion but for want of space. A full account of my tour of the United States and Canada would fill a volume.

My first public recital was at Wanamaker's. The console was placed in the centre of the stage, with the Union Jack draped on one side and the Stars and Stripes on the other, and the hall was crowded with a particularly enthusiastic audience. New York people pride themselves on being critical, and they are somewhat cold and restrained. But there was neither coldness nor restraint when, after the recital, people filed on to the stage to shake hands with me. It seemed to me that almost everybody in the hall came up, and it was curious to hear the different expressions of enjoyment. "Dr Hollins, I've been in heaven this afternoon." "I'm glad to know you, Dr Hollins. I've been perfectly thrilled." And so on.

After the recital, and while the repacking for our two months' tour was going on—sad havoc to make of my wife's careful work—Laberge called to give me the itinerary and my contract sheets. These made a bulky package, but everything was so carefully noted that it was almost impossible to go wrong, and as my narrative proceeds I hope I shall contrive to give some impression, however slight, of the great amount of painstaking work on the administrative side.

We went to Washington—perhaps the most lovely city in the United States—where I gave a recital in the City Auditorium, and from Washington returned over the main line as far as Wilmington, Delaware, so that I might play at Longwood, the residence of Mr Dupont, the gunpowder magnate and one of America's millionaires. The Duponts—an old family—own almost the whole of the State of Delaware, and have done much both for the State and the people. The concrete roads they have made are a joy to drivers of motor-cars.

From Wilmington to Longwood—about twelve miles—we were taken in Mr Dupont's car, and on the way we picked up his private organist, Swinnan, who, a Belgian refugee during the war, afterwards went to America and settled in Wilmington. He had given several organ recitals in England, including one at Wellingborough Congregational Church, where Frank's father is organist, and I believe he had met Frank there. Be that as it may, he remembered Frank's father very well, and we were all on friendly terms at once.

The organ at Longwood is built at the end of a large conservatory or winter garden, which is about a quarter of a mile from the house and seats a thousand people. Dupont arranges weekly Sunday afternoon recitals throughout the autumn and winter, and on every alternate Sunday the public is admitted. A charge is then made, and the proceeds go to the Delaware Hospitals. On the other Sundays the recitals are private, and admission is by invitation. The audiences at these private recitals—of which mine was one—consist almost entirely of personal friends of the family, and when I played there must have been four or five hundred people present. The console is at some distance from the organ, in a small drawing-room partitioned off from the winter garden by folding glass doors, and during a recital Mr and Mrs Dupont usually sit there with a few special friends so as to see the organist at work.

Swinnan played while I walked about and got the feel of the sound, if one may so express it. Dupont came to welcome me, but did not stay. He made it a rule not to interrupt an organist at practice. He was a quiet, unassuming man, and I liked him.

The next day was sunny, but there was a feeling of autumn in the air. Frank and I were in the winter garden by half-past ten. We were alone, and the peacefulness of that lovely Sunday morning

lives in my memory. Dupont took us to the house for lunch, and introduced us to his wife. There were only the four of us, and the smallness of the party gave me a welcome opportunity of becoming acquainted with our host and hostess. The house had once been a farmhouse. It had been altered and added to, and what was now the dining-room had originally been the farm kitchen. It struck me that the atmosphere of the room suited my host and hostess.

After the recital tea was served to all present, and Frank and I said good-bye. Hardly any of the guests had gone when we left to catch our train for New York. We dared not miss it, for we were leaving for Toronto that night. The journey was one of two or three on which we passed through, or changed at, Buffalo, the station for the Niagara Falls, and my one real grief connected with that tour is that I was never able to " stop off " and go to the Falls. It is all the more tantalising because I shall not now have an opportunity of hearing that mighty rush of water.

In Toronto we were welcomed by three old friends —Ernest Macmillan (my former pupil), Dr Sclater (in whose church I gave my recital), and Dr Davis, a medical doctor and organist at one of the Toronto churches.

Macmillan took me to a plain-song recital given by Healey Willan and his choir in the Church of St Mary the Virgin. Willan—a fine musician, whose compositions are well known to musicians in this country—had formerly been organist of St John's, Wilton Road, London. The recital was interesting, but I am not conversant with plain-song and could not follow it well. It made me wonder anew how monks and priests and choirs contrive to memorise it, for to me it seems all alike. Macmillan also took me to see the magnificent organ in St Paul's Episcopal Church, about which I had heard a good deal from

George Dixon, who drew up the specification. It is a gorgeous instrument and perhaps, taking everything into consideration, the finest I tried during the whole of my tour.

My recital went as I like a recital to go. The church was crowded with an appreciative and understanding audience, and I was very happy at the organ. But in this contrary world of ours the moment of exaltation is always followed by some practical need that brings us back to earth, and so it was then. We had two very long journeys before us, and had to be out of bed by the cold hour of five o'clock next morning.

It was an unresting tour. I had intended to go from Toronto to Hamilton, a distance of some forty miles, but an engagement came in from Watertown, N.Y., and we went back nearly all the way to New York, only to return immediately in order to keep the Hamilton engagement. We had many an experience such as that, and there was no help for it. My managers were anxious that I should not lose an opportunity, and as I knew it would take me all my time to make anything beyond expenses I was of the same mind as they.

Mrs Fox, who promoted the recital in Watertown, had worked hard to ensure its success, and it went well. Like everyone else with whom we came in contact she was kind, attentive, and hospitable. In Hamilton we had a much-needed rest, and Mr Hewlett, organist of Centenary Church, where I gave my recital, took us for a very interesting motor drive. We had the unusual experience of sitting in the car while it was taken up a high hill—one of the features of the place—in a lift.

From Hamilton to London, Ont., was only a morning's run—one of our shortest journeys. It is not a large or interesting town, and the only resemblances to its great namesake are its Oxford Street and St Paul's Cathedral, in which I gave my

recital. The organist was Mr Dickenson, whom I had met many years before when he was organist in Glasgow, and at lunch in his house I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Mr and Mrs Wheeler, whom I had once met when they attended a service at Free St George's.

Next day I gave a recital at Exeter, thirty-five miles away, and it was near midnight when Frank and I got back to London. Every restaurant seemed to be closed, and we began to think ruefully of going supperless to bed. But our chauffeur was a man of knowledge, and from him we learned of a Chinese restaurant which would be open. Thither we went, fortified in hope by a previous experience in New York when Lynnwood Farnam took us to lunch at a Chinese restaurant and we fared sumptuously. Everything was so good that we did not hesitate to risk the foreign mysteries of the house to which our chauffeur introduced us. We had a good supper and slept the sounder for it, but what we ate the proprietor of that little London Chinese restaurant can say better than I.

Next evening St Paul's Cathedral was crowded, and the recital went well but for one slight accident during my improvisation. I had made the acquaintance of Dr Balogh, organist of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, who, after he had settled in London, persuaded a great friend, Paul de Marky, to join him. Balogh gave me a very good theme he had written specially for the occasion, and I had just begun to weave in the principal melody of one of de Marky's pieces when the driving belt connecting the generator of the action current to the shaft of the rotary blower came off the pulley, and the organ stopped. The belt was replaced almost immediately, and I managed to make a fairly good finish. But the interruption was disturbing and I felt that my improvisation had suffered. Fortunately others seemed to think differently. Balogh and de

Marky were amused and pleased with the way in which I had worked their themes together, and Dickenson, who had striven to make the recital a success, was delighted with the result.

From London we went to Madison, Wisconsin, *via* Chicago, and caught a hurried glimpse of that busy whirlpool of traffic while we were being transferred from one station to another at break-neck speed. I was thankful when we were once more safe in the train and preparing for bed. In Madison I gave a recital in the fine Lutheran Church, which had been opened shortly before my visit. (During my tour I was impressed by the large number of different denominations, especially in the States. It had not occurred to me that the Lutheran Church might exist outside Germany, Denmark, and Scandinavia.) The church is spacious, and its high roof makes it magnificent for sound.

To my surprise and pleasure, waiting for me at the hotel was a note from Dr Mills, Professor of Music at the University. Mills had been the first organist of Morningside United Free Church, Edinburgh, after the organ (built by Binns to my specification) had been installed. I examined a short leet of candidates, of whom he was one, and recommended his appointment. Frank and I had dinner with Mills and his wife—an Edinburgh lady—and spent a very pleasant hour talking over old Edinburgh days.

The Lutheran men students had formed a fellowship guild, and it was their custom to meet in one of the church rooms every Sunday evening for a light supper followed by a lecture or music or a debate. My recital took the place of one or other of these, and Frank and I were invited to the supper. The president proposed that I should be given a "sky rocket," which is the students' way of giving three cheers. They begin by making a whistling noise like the noise of a rocket shooting up into the

sky. It reminded me of the " whistling rockets " we used to hear on firework night—Thursday—at the Crystal Palace. Then they give a mighty shout which sounds like the bursting of a rocket. At my request there was an encore.

That night Frank and I were within an ace of missing our train for St Paul, Minnesota, where I had to be next day. According to our route sheet the train left Madison at midnight, but by great luck we learned that on Sundays the only train for St Paul left at 9.30. The recital was timed to begin at 8.30, and I could see that it would be necessary to leave the church at 9.20 at the very latest. As my programme was timed to take an hour and twenty minutes some change in our arrangements had to be made, and after some discussion it was agreed that the recital should begin at 8.15 and that a taxi should be at the church sharp at 9.15. Fortunately there was no applause, and thus I gained time between the pieces.

The moment I had finished the last piece I slid off the organ seat. Frank and Mills were waiting for me. I had not time to take off my thin organ shoes and put on boots. These and my overcoat Frank carried, and Mills piloted me at top speed down the narrow gallery stair. We bundled into our taxi, and the driver started off almost before the door was shut. I scrambled into my overcoat as best I could and changed into boots. When we reached the station we had two minutes to spare. I had given Mills the taxi fare, and with a quick " Good-night " left him to pay the driver. Frank and I ran downstairs and got into the train.

In spite of the excitement I must have slept well that night. Otherwise I could not have got through the next day, as I did, without feeling the least bit tired, for it was one of the longest, busiest, and most strenuous days I have ever spent. It was also one of the happiest of that tour. We

reached St Paul at seven o'clock on Monday morning, 26th October—Henry Smart's birthday—and were met at the station by Hugo Goodwin, the municipal organist, with whom we felt at home at once. He told us that he was a bad hand in the morning, and that in order to be up in time to meet us he had bought an alarum clock, which would doubtless have waked him had he not forgotten to wind it. However, there he was on the platform.

My recital was to be given in The House of Hope Church, a Presbyterian church, and by a curious coincidence Dr Swearingen, the pastor, had preached in St George's on the Sunday immediately before I sailed for Montreal. He had promised me a warm welcome in his own church, and his promise was amply fulfilled. I could not have had a kinder welcome anywhere.

Frank and I were hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs Sanford. After breakfast we were taken to a delightful bedroom, to which there was a private bathroom, and my hostess suggested a rest.

But there was no rest for me that day. I had not had time to shave in the train, and was in the middle of shaving when Mrs Sanford announced that an old friend had called to see me. It was Wilmot, an old Norwoodian whom my readers may remember as one of the first boys I met at the College. We shared a bedroom, and he tried the experiment of smoking up the chimney. For more than an hour we talked about old days.

Goodwin came to take Frank and me to the church, where we found Dr Swearingen and his organist, Mr Morton. What a welcome that was! Morton, a Scotsman, had been on holiday at the same time as Dr Swearingen, and was in St George's when he preached. I had therefore met him before.

I had just begun to practise when a lady from one of the newspapers came to interview me, but at last I got going in earnest and put in about an

hour before Goodwin took us to lunch at Mrs Sanford's club, where was a small party of distinguished musical people, including Mr G. A. Thornton, organist of one of the Episcopal churches in St Paul, who, a Yorkshireman by birth, had heard me play when I opened the little Lewis organ in Monkfryston. There were also two of St Paul's leading men—Mr Fobes and Mr Lindsay—amateur musicians, each of whom had an interesting organ in his house which I "really must try," and Goodwin was insisting that whatever I might omit to do, I must not fail to spend a little time at the magnificent Skinner organ in St Paul's colossal Auditorium, over which he presided.

As the Auditorium is just across the street from the club, it was arranged that we should go there immediately after lunch, and that Goodwin should see us to the church, where Mr Fobes would call at about four o'clock and take us to his house for tea. After the recital Mr Lindsay was to take me home with him, and Goodwin to drive Frank to Mrs Sanford's to pack up. Frank was then to join me at Mr Lindsay's with the luggage, so that we might go straight to the station together and catch our train at 12.30. This programme was carried out to the letter. In addition, we attended a dinner arranged by the Minnesota branch of the American Guild of Organists and friends interested in the recital.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when we reached Mr Lindsay's house. Many of those I had met during the day were there, and there were others besides. Mrs Verbrugghen was there—the wife of Henri Verbrugghen, whom I knew in Edinburgh when he was leader of the Scottish Orchestra. At the time of my visit to St Paul he was on tour with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, of which he was conductor, but I saw him a month later in Kansas City. After a little while Frank joined us with the

luggage, and all too soon it was time to leave for the train.

Concerning the recital itself, the old phrase, like King Charles's head, has to come in once more. To keep it out would be an injustice to myself and a still greater injustice to the kind friends who had done so much to make it what it was—an outstanding success.

And so that wonderful day, joyous and unforgettable, came to an end. In the train I took off my overcoat, and noticed, as though it were something strange, that I was still in evening dress. It was a real help to have our luggage in the car with us. Otherwise I would have been obliged to put on my evening clothes again next morning, and my dress would not then have been very suitable for the journey of two hundred miles in a motor-bus which was the next stage in our programme.

Our objective was Fort William, Ontario, and we went by train from St Paul to Duluth, Wis., and thence to Fort William by motor-bus. It was before the days of long-distance motor-buses in this country, and hitherto I had not heard or thought of a journey of two hundred miles by road.

We got into our berths at about one o'clock, and when the car porter called us soon after six, bed pulled very hard. The train was due at Duluth at seven o'clock, but the bus did not leave until nine. We decided therefore to breakfast in Duluth, where we found a restaurant next door to the waiting-room and booking office for the buses. The hot coffee made us feel wide awake, and we were careful to choose an old-fashioned English breakfast of bacon and eggs, not knowing when or where our next meal would be.

At the Canadian frontier there was, at first, a difficulty about our being allowed to go on. But the Government official in charge asked us to sit in his office (which was nice and warm) while he

examined our passports, and I began a conversation by suggesting that he must have rather a monotonous job, spending day after day in a lonely place where there was nothing but a long bridge across a river which marked the boundary. He replied that it would certainly be very dreary but for the radio, and soon we were talking like old friends. And old friends must be allowed to proceed. To our surprise we met that friendly official again. It was in the lift of the hotel at St John the night before we sailed for home. He had gone there for a holiday and was on his way to my recital.

In Fort William I had a friend, Stanley Smith, manager of the Ontario Branch of the Canadian Westinghouse Company. He and his brother—Grant Smith, who lived in St John—had come over to England with the Canadian contingent during the war. Both were interested in music, and when they were in Edinburgh I showed them the St George's organ. We saw Grant Smith again in 1918 while we were on holiday in Grantown-on-Spey, and after the brothers returned home both they and their father and mother wrote to us. The family is related to that of Morse, the inventor of the wonderful system of telegraphy which bears his name. One of Stanley Smith's two sons is named Morse.

Smith had mentioned a very earnest request from the Mother Superior of one of the convents that I would play my programme to her and her nuns during the afternoon, and this I did very gladly. In the evening the church was crowded for the recital, and the audience was most appreciative. On the whole, I think I enjoyed playing to some of the Canadian audiences in far-off towns even more than to those in large cities.

From Fort William to Edmonton in Alberta was our longest journey up to that time. We went *via* Winnipeg, where we had two or three hours to wait, and we spent part of the time in the restaurant of

the Alexandra Hotel, adjoining the station. There we saw one of the many gadgets for which Frank and I were always on the alert. On the wall and immediately above each table was a small electric bulb—a signal light operated from the kitchen. When the order for a particular table was ready in the kitchen the corresponding light was switched on. This saved the waitresses a good deal of running back and forth.

I used often to write letters in the train, but on some journeys in the States I was not allowed to use my typewriter in the public car because the sound of it offended the ears of other passengers. If, however, the drawing-room part of the car was empty, I was allowed to take my typewriter in there. At other times we did crossword puzzles—or, more correctly, Frank did them, and I tried to help him, although I was not much good at the job. Our days in the train never dragged.

At Edmonton Station we were met by Mr Wild, organist of the Robertson Memorial Church (in which my recital was to be given), and by Mrs Ghostly, the wife of a doctor in Edmonton, who kindly placed herself and her car at our disposal. There was an atmosphere of friendliness and cordiality in Edmonton such as I love to find. As in so many towns in Canada, the people are typically British and one feels at home with them.

We spent Sunday afternoon and evening with Mr and Mrs Wild, and met all the members of his choir and some other friends also. The rooms were not very large, and I marvelled at Mrs Wild's cleverness in finding seats for so large a company and providing tea for all. During the evening I tried the automatic telephone for the first time. I thought then, and I think still, that it is one of the most wonderful things ever invented. It is so simple to dial the number one wants, and so easy to be annoyed if occasionally the telephone is out of order, that one

takes everything for granted and seldom thinks either of the marvellous brain that conceived the original idea, or of those who brought it to its present state of perfection. I rang up Mrs Ghostly, who, at my request, put through a call to someone else, and while that call was on I rang her up again so that I might hear the " engaged " tone. It was great fun. A year later, when the automatic telephone was installed in Edinburgh, I was rather proud of being able to decline the offer of an official of the G.P.O. to show me how to work it.

There was a charming little incident just after I had played Wolstenholme's " Answer " as part of my recital programme. I had left the organ seat to acknowledge the applause when Mrs Ghostly's younger daughter, Constance, aged five, made her way along the front of the gallery and put a beautiful rose into my hand. Her mother told me afterwards that she had taught Constance to curtsy to me and to make a little speech. In the excitement of the moment, and shy at being made suddenly prominent in such a crowd, the child forgot both curtsy and speech. I stooped and kissed her, and she put her arms round my neck and gave me a warm hug in return.

We went to Calgary, and thence by way of Sicamous to Kelowna, in the Okanagan Valley. By going over the Rocky Mountains in daylight we gained a vivid experience of that masterpiece of railway engineering. The scenery is beautiful beyond belief. I formed a picture of it in my mind from the description Frank read out of the C.P.R. guide and from his own account of the various scenic points as we came to them ; I could tell when we went through the wonderful series of tunnels, one above the other ; I could feel the great curves as the train, climbing all the time, took them quietly and safely.

My recital in Kelowna had been arranged by a

friend and former pupil of mine, Mr Moncrieff Mawer, for some years organist of Lady Glenorchy's United Free Church in Edinburgh, and at one time —before my day—the professional bass singer at Free St George's. I was very glad to see him again and to meet his wife.

Kelowna is the centre of the apple-growing industry, specialising in the kind called "Delicious." I was taught how to distinguish it from other apples by looking for the five little knobs or projections which characterise it. The sun shines at Kelowna for ten months of the year, and even during the remaining two months there is little rain. Watering is by an elaborate system of irrigation.

Again travelling by night we reached Vancouver at seven o'clock in the morning, and soon after nine o'clock I sat down at the console of the organ in Christ Church, the principal Episcopal church of the city, where my recital was to be given at four o'clock in the afternoon. I soon saw that I would need all the practice I could get and that the early start was worth while. The organ was a large Wurlitzer-Hope Jones with a great array of stop-keys and pistons but no composition pedals. Mr Chubb, the organist, took much trouble to explain the organ, and even went inside it and altered the combinations on the pistons to my liking. (They were not adjustable at the keys.) Both his wife and he were kindness itself.

Although I had not met Chubb before, he was not altogether a stranger. Prior to his going to Vancouver he had been for some years organist of Christ Church, Harrogate, where, it may be remembered, my great-uncle Thomas was one of the churchwardens. My cousin Mary, Uncle Thomas's daughter, knew Chubb and admired his playing, and often sent me programmes of his recitals, in which he included one or other of my compositions.

The Vancouver recital—arranged through the

generosity of a wealthy member of the church who had given the organ—went with a swing. There was a large audience ; Chubb was generous in his praise of my management of the organ after so little time at it ; the promoter of the recital was delighted, and asked how I liked the organ and if there were anything I could recommend that would improve it. Chubb had told me that he felt the want of composition pedals, so I seized the opportunity and said at once that some composition pedals would be a great advantage. Later in the evening Chubb was told that he might give the order for composition pedals to be put in at once.

Next morning the rain came down in torrents. It was, I think, the wettest morning we had during the tour. We left by the 10.30 steamer for Victoria, where I had two old friends, both organists. One was Douglas Macey, for many years secretary to Walker's (the organ-builders) and organist of Lyndhurst Road Congregational Church, Hampstead, where that celebrated preacher, Dr Horton, was minister. The other was Mr Wickett, at one time organist of Trinity Wesleyan Church, Penarth, with whom I had stayed whenever I went there to give a recital in his church. I had also met Mr Ingram Smith, an amateur organist to whom I had shown my organ when he came over with the Canadian army during the war.

Victoria—a delightful place—is called the English city. Many English people have settled there ; the houses are English in style ; the general lay-out is typically English. If ever I emigrated, thither I would go. But the climate is often English, too : although mild, it is inclined to be damp and rather enervating.

Macey had promised a warm welcome, but I was not prepared for such kindness as Frank and I received. When the steamer drew alongside the pier Smith and he were waiting for us. He had told

me of an accomplished pianist, Mrs Huntley Green, whom I was anxious to meet, and he brought from her an invitation to afternoon tea. As soon, therefore, as we had deposited our luggage and registered at the Empress Hotel (where we were given a large and airy room which had been used by the Prince of Wales—the present King—as a sitting-room during his last visit), we went to Mrs Green's home. It was a delightful afternoon. Our hostess, who had studied under Godowski and Medtner, played some of Godowski's wonderful transcriptions and several of Medtner's original compositions. One seldom has an opportunity of hearing a highly trained concert pianist in such intimate circumstances, and I was reminded of an afternoon in Edinburgh, two years previously, when one of the world's greatest pianists played on our Steinway at home and only my wife and I were there to hear him. This was Cortot, who in 1923 gave a piano recital in Edinburgh. I had the pleasure of meeting him, and next day he called on my wife and me and played to us. I have not met Cortot since that afternoon, the pleasure of which I can never forget.

I went to the Metropolitan Church, and Mr Parsons, the organist, showed me the organ on which I was to give my recital. What Macey afterwards wrote to my wife is more succinct than any words of my own could be : " The finest audience ever assembled here for an organ recital. Enthusiastic : captivated them and held them spellbound for over two hours, and, mind you, he followed Bonnet, Dupré, and Courboin."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HALF-WAY HOUSE.

BROWNING, speaking through Rabbi Ben Ezra, exhorts us to

> welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough.

My next adventure did not bring me a rebuff, but if the great poet had written " worry " (which would have spoiled rhythm as well as rhyme) he would have been giving me good advice, however difficult of acceptance.

We had reached Tacoma very late at night and had been compelled to go hungry to bed. Early next morning the minister of the church in which I was to play rang up to arrange for our meeting, and it was then that my worry began. " Ours is a new Estey organ with touch stops," he said. I knew what that meant : a touch brought a stop on and showed a tiny light ; another touch took it off and the light went out. I did not see how I could tell whether a stop was on or off except by the sound, and I decided to go to the church at the earliest possible moment and get the feel of things.

The way led up a steep hill, and the pavement was slippery with frozen snow. We had to walk with care. And when I got to the organ I was confronted by an array of luminous stops, rather like the keys of a typewriter, but larger, grouped distinctly enough according to departments, but without anything to indicate to a blind man whether

any particular stop was out or in. When a few stops adjacent to each other had been on for a little time I could feel some warmth in the electric bulbs, but there was not even that slight help when only a single stop was on. Nor was there room for anyone to stand beside me on the little platform that carried the console, or to sit beside me on the organ stool.

I knew I must either fight my battle alone or abandon the recital, and as I was determined not to acknowledge defeat I settled down to practise. There were several adjustable pistons, but I would not depend on them alone, for it has always been my aim to get as much variety of colour as possible and one can never do that by using pistons only. Therefore I did a good deal of registering by hand.

At half-past ten I heard tubular bells ringing. Hymn tunes were being played. It was Armistice Day, and the bells were reminding the people to be ready for the two minutes' silence at eleven. These bells—perhaps an octave and a half—were in the tower, and were played by electro-pneumatic action from a piano keyboard in the minister's vestry, so that, like one of the parlour splendours in Goldsmith's " Deserted Village "—

> The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
> A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day—

the organist found a secondary duty and became bell-ringer also. In the evening, just before my recital, the minister suggested that I should announce it on the bells. I played first the Westminster and next the Malvern chimes, and then struck eight on the lowest bell, which was A. (The organ contained a set of small tubular chimes played from one of the manuals, but these had nothing to do with the bells in the tower.)

By the time I had finished practising—late in the

afternoon—I felt I had got a grip of the organ, and I was not much worried about how things would go. To be honest, I must admit that they went extremely well, but I was thankful to see the end of a particularly worrying day. It had been a great strain on the memory. I had to remember what combination I had set on every piston, the exact position of every stop, and, if I had put on a stop by hand, whether I had taken it off again when it was no longer required.

Immediately after the Tacoma recital we took train to Portland, Oregon. The chief promoter of the recital there was Mr James Bamford, an amateur organist and enthusiast, whose hobby was organ-building. In his house was a good three-manual organ he had built himself. His great friend, Mr Lucien Becker, one of Portland's leading organists, met me at the City Auditorium and showed me the organ. The audience at the recital was the smallest of the tour, but what the people lacked in numbers they made up in appreciation. Most of the Portland organists and leading musical people were there.

I went to Salem, about fifteen miles from Portland, gave a recital in a church whose organist, Mr Roberts, is a blind man, and returned to Portland, where we were hospitably entertained both by Mr and Mrs Becker and by Mr and Mrs Bamford. There was a cordial homeliness about the little party at Becker's that appealed to me strongly, and at the reception at Bamford's I was completely taken aback when Mr Denton, Warden of the Portland Branch of the American Guild of Organists, after making a very kind speech, presented me with an envelope containing a cheque "From some friends in Portland, in token of their pleasure and appreciation" of my playing. This generosity was intended to make up in some measure for the financial loss which the recital would otherwise have caused me.

I hardly knew how to express my thanks, but I trust that my friends realised how deeply I appreciated their kindness.

I played at services in Becker's church (Madeline Roman Catholic) and in Bamford's also. Bamford brought with him his little daughter Betty, who sat beside me on the organ stool, and was interested in everything I did. I was indeed reluctant to say good-bye to the friends at Portland who had shown us such wonderful kindness, and I am glad that Bamford and I still keep our friendship in repair.

Not without regret I must pass over the recitals I gave in Walla-Walla, Spokane, and Helena, and move in a single stride to San Francisco, " the city of the golden west." After changing at Butte (pronounced Bute) and at Ogden (where the clocks were put back an hour from Mountain to Pacific time), we went over the great Salt Lake " cut-off," a long strip of land, built up from the bottom of the lake, which it divides into two parts—a marvel of engineering. One gets the impression that the train is steaming through the water. Another interesting feature of the journey was the running of the train on to a huge ferry steamer with four sets of rails.

Mr Sabin, Dean of the San Francisco Chapter of the N.A.O., called on me. He had heard me give a recital in Warwick, and he knew and played several of my compositions. He gave me a warm welcome, and kindly arranged for me to use the Auditorium organ (on which I was to recite) whenever I liked.

I was eagerly looking forward to seeing once more a lady whom I had not met since I was organist at St John's, Redhill, forty years before. At that time she was Miss Bennett, who, with her sisters, used to come up to the organ regularly after Sunday evening service to speak to me. She married Mr John Parkin and settled in San Rafael, where she lived until her death in the latter part of 1934.

Her sisters removed from Redhill to Norwood and became close friends of my wife and myself. San Rafael must be nearly two hours' journey by steamer and train from San Francisco, but Mrs Parkin, accompanied by her younger daughter, Kathleen, set out for the city immediately she heard of my arrival, and subsequently Frank and I spent a delightful afternoon and evening at their home, where we met the rest of the family.

The organ in the Auditorium, a very large four-manual Austin, had been built to Lemare's specification some years before when he was municipal organist. Over five thousand people were present at my recital on Thursday evening (26th November), a splendid audience, everyone said, considering that it was Thanksgiving Night, which most Americans spend as a festival in their own homes.

From San Francisco to Kansas City—our next objective—is a journey of over two thousand miles, and the journey took nearly three days. The train climbed higher and higher. For some distance we were about five thousand feet up, and at one point we touched eight thousand feet. We spent much of our time on the platform of the observation car, and it was a lovely sight to see the mountains all round us covered with snow in the bright sunshine.

Mr Gilkeson, manager of my recital, was on the platform to welcome us. He was very kind, and did everything in his power to make our short stay enjoyable. Kansas City gave me the impression of a big, bustling centre of industry. A fire-engine rushed past our hotel on its way to a fire. It had a siren such as is used on a steamer, and the screaming noise it made was terrifying. No wonder the traffic scuttled out of the way!

On the morning after my recital, as we were going into the dining-room for breakfast, I was delighted to see Verbrugghen. He invited us to join his party, and we met his manager and Miss Alie Cullen, the

principal second violin. Some years before, I had acted as examiner in collaboration with the great violinist, Wilhelmj, at the Athenæum School of Music, Glasgow, and Miss Cullen had then won a scholarship. We lingered over breakfast, chatting, and in the afternoon Frank and I went to hear Verbrugghen's orchestra, which he had brought to a high pitch of perfection.

St Louis next. Dr Percy Eversden, President of the St Louis branch of the N.A.O., and Mr Kilgen, a member of the firm of organ-builders of that name, met us at the station and devoted much time to us. Kilgen took me to the works and introduced me to his father, the head of the firm. We had a very interesting talk about organ mechanism, in which American builders have always specialised. After a late recital we hurried away to Chicago.

Nobody could have been kinder, more friendly, or more appreciative than the people I met in Chicago, yet the visit began badly. We arrived early on a cold and unpromising morning, drove to the hotel named in our route sheet, and were told that the house was full. Perhaps it was as well, because the bill for our frugal breakfast of coffee, rolls, and prunes was two dollars and a half. Mr Hardy, manager of Kimball's organ department and of my recital, fixed us up at a more modest hotel.

Very soon I was at the organ in the hall of the Kimball building. At first I was aghast at the size and seeming complication of the console, with its two great semi-circular sweeps of stop-keys, innumerable pistons, and Swell pedals, &c., but I soon got used to it. The organ is most sympathetic, the Swell boxes are extraordinarily good, and the Swell pedal action is the quickest I have come across.

On the same floor as the hall is a large studio containing a three-manual organ, fitted with an automatic player, for which on a subsequent visit

I made some rolls. Regular broadcasts were given on the studio organ by Edward Benedict, a very clever organist whom I nicknamed " King Edward." The station which broadcast Benedict's recitals was owned by one of the Chicago newspapers, and the announcement (always made by Benedict himself) ran something like this: " Edward Benedict will now broadcast from the station W.G.N.," &c. I asked what these letters meant, and was told, " World's Greatest Newspaper." Benedict put on an amusing and clever stunt for my benefit. It was an imitation of a train gradually starting up and gathering speed. The train ran over a dog, or, rather, the buffer of the engine just touched the dog and knocked it out of the way, for it had enough strength left to give some fearful yells and then to bark furiously at its enemy.

Hardy introduced me to several of his colleagues on Kimball's organ staff, among them Mr Michael, head voicer, and Mr Carruthers, works manager and head of the action department. Carruthers had been one of Hope Jones's head men in England. He knew several men in the organ-building trade whom I also knew, and we had much to talk about. The president of the Chicago branch of the N.A.O., Mr Frank Van Dusen, had a studio in the Kimball building, and I had not been long in the hall when he came down to introduce himself. Another organist—a keen amateur—who came about the building a good deal and who introduced himself was Mr (now Dr) William Barnes.

Before I left the Kimball building Hardy took me up to the skies—in other words, the top storey—to call on Gruenstein, editor of " The Diapason," a jolly man, full of kindly good-humour. I told him that from Chicago we were going to Columbus, Ohio. " Well," he said, " you've a mighty awkward journey before you." He kindly looked out trains for us.

A dinner arranged by the three leading musical societies of Chicago was a wonderful gathering. Besides myself, there were two other guests of honour, the newly appointed conductor of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and Grovlez, the well-known French composer, whom I was particularly glad to meet because I knew his "Images" —music I like very much, especially "The Litany of the Little Jesus." And my dear old friend Clarence Eddy was there. I was so deeply moved by the kind things he said that I could hardly keep back my tears. Although he was nearly eighty he remembered and recalled every little incident in our long friendship. He spoke of having tried my Lewis organs at Norwood and Edinburgh. He remembered that both of these instruments had Lewis's patent key-touches instead of pistons. He surprised me by recalling how, after trying my organ at Norwood, he came home to supper, for which my wife had prepared a salmon mayonnaise, very prettily ornamented. Eddy declared that he had never seen so artistic a dish, and that it looked much too nice to cut. He wanted to photograph it, but had not his camera with him.

Admission to the recital was by invitation of the N.A.O., and the hall was filled with a thoroughly musical audience. By special request, I opened with my Concert Overture, No. 2 in C minor, dedicated to Clarence Eddy. I was given a most enthusiastic reception and had to play several encores. One of those who spoke to me afterwards was Dr Middelschulte. I had heard him described as one of the finest organists in America—of the severe German school—and I was relieved to hear him speak kindly of the recital. I had feared that my style would not appeal to him. He did me a great honour by coming to hear me, for he was old and was seldom seen at a public gathering.

Hardy saw us off shortly before midnight, and it

seemed as though we had scarcely gone to sleep when it was already five o'clock next morning and the merciless porter was waking us so that we should be ready for Richmond at 5.30. There we had four hours to wait. It was a wretchedly cold morning and snow was falling. To step out of the warm car and find ourselves on a bleak open platform was cheerless indeed, but we set our teeth to keep them from chattering, sought refuge in the waiting-room for a time, and soon after six went out in search of breakfast. The snow drove in our faces, but before long we found shelter in a little restaurant, and as our table was not required we kept our seats until it was time to go back to the station.

Mrs Millar, organist of the church at Columbus in which I was to play, had charge of the arrangements for the recital, and met us at the station. Dr Lumb, Principal of the Blind School, had suggested that we should stay there, and she had accepted the invitation for us. Lady Campbell, who after the death of Sir Francis lived in Columbus for some years, had often mentioned the school in her letters, and I looked forward to seeing it. We drove there at once, and Dr Lumb (himself blind) and his wife gave us a hospitable welcome.

A little dinner-party given that evening was in Frank's honour as well as mine, for his father had cousins in Columbus, and in true American fashion they welcomed Frank as though they had known him all their lives. He was called upon for a speech, and although very nervous (for it was his first attempt at after-dinner speaking) he did very well.

After the recital a lady, the daughter of a former master at Norwood, Mr Smith, spoke to me. Her father, who was in poor health, had urged her to attend the recital and to try and see me afterwards. He was very fond of music and used to like Fred Turner or me to play to him. One of his favourites was the Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhäuser, and

at a certain chord Smith used to exclaim with a curious accent I cannot attempt to reproduce, "Oh, Alfred, that's a heavenly chord! What is it, Alfred? What is it?" It was only the $\frac{6}{4}_{2}$ at the beginning of the sixth bar, but the unexpected A natural in the bass (instead of B which would have made it a common chord) must have appealed to him. I was glad to be able to arrange to go and see him.

We left for Ottawa. I found that we had to change at Toronto and wait there an hour and a half, and as we were due at about one o'clock I telegraphed to Ernest Macmillan and asked him to meet us at the station for lunch. This he did, and the break in our journey was very enjoyable.

At Ottawa we were met by Mr John Bearder, Chairman of the Ottawa Branch of the Canadian College of Organists, the Canadian equivalent of the N.A.O. Bearder and his wife were Yorkshire people, and he had heard me play in Bradford eight or nine years before. I spent an evening at their house, and his wife and I had got on to the subject of special Yorkshire dishes, such as Yorkshire pudding and Yorkshire cheese-cakes, by which I mean those little open tarts filled with a peculiar kind of curd, not lemon curd, which is common enough, but the real Yorkshire curd—practically unknown outside Yorkshire. After the recital we went to the Bearders' house again, and it was a delightful surprise to find some real cheese-cakes on the table, specially made for us by Mrs Bearder.

I played in Montreal the following night, and the morning after my recital there we left for Boston. For some reason or other, on our first journey from Montreal to New York I had been obliged to give up at the frontier (Rouse's Point) all my papers admitting us into the States, and I wondered what would happen when we came to that fateful place

again. Nothing happened at the place itself, but half an hour or so before we reached it, events took a turn which for a time made it seem doubtful if either Frank or I would reach Boston or any other place in the States, except perhaps Sing-Sing Prison or Ellis Island, or some gloomy and forbidding fortress where we would be entombed for many a year and pine away pending inquiry by the powers-that-be as to our desirability, amiability, sensibility, or any other " bility " one might think of.

A custom-house officer asked us in not too ingratiating a manner to open our boxes for examination. The " square box," as Frank called the box containing my typewriter, our route sheets, and a few other papers, gave him pause, and we half expected him to empty the whole of the contents on to the floor of the car. But he thought better of it and, with a grunt, let everything pass. Next we were " ably tackled " by another official, evidently the first man's " boss," who wanted to know where we were going to, what I intended to do in Boston, how often I had been in and out of the States, how many head taxes we had paid, and I don't know what else. His summing up was something like this: " Well, this is a case that will have to be gone into. You must pay another head tax, anyway, and you ought to have paid one long ago. You'll have to get out at the next stop, and I'll take you to the immigration office and have the case investigated." The train waited a quarter of an hour at Rouse's Point, and there might then be time for " the case " to be gone into, but he did not think there would.

I was busy concocting a telegram asking Russell or Laberge to come and get us out of the mess when suddenly the man who held our destiny, or, rather, destination in his hands, reappeared and delivered judgment: " I have decided to let you go on, but you will pay a head tax of fifteen dollars." If my

recollection is correct this meant fifteen dollars for each of us. "Oh, thank you!" I said. "How remarkably kind!" Thus Rouse's Point was safely passed, and once more we were in the United States of America, speeding on our way to Boston, which I was much looking forward to seeing again after nearly forty years.

My first Boston recital was given at Cambridge, about six miles from the city, in the Chapel of St John's Episcopal Theological College, in connection with Harvard University, but my first social engagement was a luncheon given by Lady Campbell in Boston. I had last seen her a few months before her husband died.

After the luncheon we went to the new Music Hall to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Koussevitzky, with whose conducting I was familiar. He is a fine musician, but, as I think, inclined to put too much "passion" into some of his interpretations and to take certain pieces too fast. I thought he did so that afternoon in the first movement of Mendelssohn's Italian symphony. Be that as it may, although it was an entirely different band, playing to a new generation in a new building, it was still the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and as I listened I could not help feeling proud that many years ago I had played a concerto with it and that my name would be preserved in its archives. And there was another echo of the past. Arthur Foote, whom I had met during my previous stay in Boston and again when he visited the College, sent me a message of good wishes and kind remembrance, and regretted that his health and age would not permit him to attend the recital. I would have liked to call and see him, but in the short time available I could not do so.

We went to Watertown, where Lady Campbell lived with Mr and Mrs Fowler and their adopted daughter, Lily Howard, and the evening we spent

there was one of the lovely experiences life sometimes affords. Lady Campbell had mellowed in latter years and was no longer the lady with the eagle eye of whom I went in fear when I was a little boy at Norwood. Miss Howard—I always think of her by that name, forgetting that she became Mrs Fowler—was just the same as when she was a teacher at the College nearly forty years before—quiet, gentle, understanding, and sympathetic—and I lived over again a Sunday in 1888—she had left the College then and returned to America—when she took me from Boston to spend the day with her mother and herself at their home in a little country village not far away. Shortly before she left Norwood, Miss Howard adopted a little girl who was almost blind, and to whom she gave her name. This was Lily, now grown up, a real daughter to her mother by adoption, and the mainstay of the household. Although Lily had very little sight she was a wonderfully good cook. In the kitchen was a new radio set, and nothing would do but Frank and I must go and listen to the wireless while she cooked something for supper.

I gave a recital at the Dartmouth Men's College, Hanover (where Mr Longhurst, a grandson of Dr Longhurst of Canterbury Cathedral, was music-master), and returned to Boston in order to go and see the Perkins Institute at Watertown. It was a very different place from the one in which Campbell was educated and to which he took us on a visit in 1886. The new premises, with large grounds and a fine school building and comfortably furnished cottages in which the pupils live, are ideal, and we spent an interesting morning there, seeing all there was to see and hearing the pupils sing and play. The well-trained choir was in the care of a sighted music-master, and Lady Campbell told me that they often gave broadcast concerts.

That was the last time I saw Lady Campbell.

She had wonderful vitality, and although she was then eighty years old, five years later she travelled once more from Boston to Norwood to attend a reunion of old pupils, at which, unfortunately, I could not be present. She died in 1933.

We went on to Wellesley, which I had previously visited in 1886. The old building had been burnt down and I played in the College Chapel. Both building and organ were new.

Dr Hamilton Macdougall, the music professor, and his wife were very kind to us. Macdougall had been trained at the Royal Academy in London, and his sympathies were with English music and musicians. Speaking generally, I found that the younger school of American organists had no use for any music save that of Bach and the modern French composers, especially César Franck. Even Guilmant was beginning to be out of date, although his memory was (and is) kept green by the Guilmant Organ School, founded and presided over by Dr W. C. Carl, whom I had the pleasure of meeting. Macdougall knew and loved our English organ music, and it was partly this that made me feel at home with him.

We were back in our old room at the 44th Street Hotel, New York, next day, and I went at once to Wanamaker's to report and to see our friends there. Originally I had asked leave from church duties for three months, but soon after I set out from New York Russell booked engagements for three more months, and I had to apply for an extension of leave. This was readily granted.

That night there was a service in Trinity Church, arranged by the American Guild of Organists. One of the oldest churches in the city, it reminded me of an English church, and I found it remarkably good for sound. At eight o'clock members of the Guild walked in procession up the nave to the pews allotted to them. All wore gowns. I also was provided with a gown and walked with the warden,

Mr Frank Sealy, at the head of the procession. The service was described as a " Festival Evening under the auspices of the American Guild of Organists to mark the visit to America of Dr Alfred Hollins," and clearly reflected the English tradition. It began with the hymn " The God of Abraham praise," to Noble's setting, and included Attwood's " The Lord is King " and Balfour Gardiner's anthem " Te, lucis ante terminum," in English. The Magnificat was sung to Martin in B flat, and before the address we had Haydn's " How wondrous and great thy works." After the address I played three of my own compositions—Meditation, Morning Song, and Grand Chœur in G minor—and these were followed by the offertory anthem and a recessional hymn. The choir of boys and men was excellent.

After the service Channing Lefebvre, the organist, gave a supper in a queer little underground restaurant not far from the church. One of those present was Shelley, who had been organist of Henry Ward Beecher's church for more than fifty years. His anthem, " Hark, hark, my soul ! " was very popular on both sides of the Atlantic at the close of last century. Others were Huntingdon Woodman, whom I had met at Audsley's house in London many years before ; Lynnwood Farnam ; and Mauro Cottone, organist of the Capitol Picture Theatre, then the largest picture-house in the world.

The supper-party was very jolly. Cottone, deft and musicianly with his improvisations (those were the days of the silent film with ingenious organ accompaniment) was equally deft with some unusual table tricks. He showed us how to build up a wonderful pyramid of empty bottles, balancing them in a marvellous way upside-down. Much to my regret I could not examine it. A breath, to say nothing of the slightest touch, would have demolished it instantly. He performed some other clever tricks also.

It must have been nearly one o'clock when we came out and took the underground to Times Square. Although it was so late the cars were crowded, and, like many other passengers, we were unable to get seats. I have been on the underground even later than that, and I always found it as busy as during the day. One of the conductors told me that the cars were crowded throughout the night.

Next day, after I had given a recital Noble had arranged for me in his church (except Wanamaker's it was the only New York building I recited in), Frank and I left for Asbury Park, a little more than an hour's journey from New York. A recital had been arranged by the late Mrs Bruce Kaytor, a friend and pupil of Noble's, in a church at Long Branch, a mile or so farther along the coast, and thither we went. The church was excessively hot. Whether the organ was situated immediately over the furnace I cannot say, but it soon began to get out of tune, and towards the end of my programme it was almost unbearable. In memory of her husband our hostess had recently given an organ to a church in Asbury Park, of which she was organist, and after the recital she took me to see it. When I had had my hands on it for less than three minutes I exclaimed: "Why, oh! why didn't you give me this to play on instead of that awful machine this afternoon?" Something had gone wrong with the blowing motor, and it had not been possible to get it put right in time.

We were up at 5.30 next morning, and at seven o'clock left for Atlantic City, where we were to spend Sunday. On the following Tuesday I was due to give a recital there, and as the organ was large and complicated and the hall not usually available until late in the afternoon, Russell advised me to give myself plenty of time. He arranged also that we should break our journey at Philadelphia so that I might visit Wanamaker's and have a look at the

console of their mammoth organ, on which I was to recite early in February.

The interior of the huge Wanamaker building must have been a marvellous sight with its amazing display of Christmas presents and decorations. It is of different design from the New York store. The ground floor is a spacious hall known as the Grand Court, with six galleries one above the other and in the centre a clear space from floor to roof, which is at a great height above ground level. The console is in the first gallery and the organ itself goes up to the sixth, where is placed the Ethereal organ. It is called " Ethereal " because of its altitude. If its sound were the criterion it should be called " Bombard," for it consists of heavy-pressure reeds on 25-inch wind.

Mr George Till, head of the organ department, and Miss Harriet Ridley, daily organist and head of the music department, welcomed me. Till was perhaps the cleverest all-round organ-builder in the United States, and had greatly added to and largely rebuilt the Wanamaker organ. He was then at work on still further additions and alterations. There were to be at least six manuals (there were already five) and more than six hundred stops, and the new console was to be so large that one would easily be able to stand upright inside it and even walk about.

One thing struck me as typically American. Besides the usual chimes—tubular bells—there was one big tube which had a separate draw-stop tablet, and was connected by electro-pneumatic action to the lowest A on one of the manuals. The hammer must have been very heavy, for the bell was intended to be heard all over the building. At twelve o'clock, and I think at certain other hours also, Miss Ridley or one of her assistants struck the hour on this tube, and on that particular Saturday at noon I acted as striker.

I was amazed at the colossal scale on which the great store was conducted and the enormous amount of business done in it. I asked Miss Ridley what arrangements were made when a recital was given at night, and she told me that immediately the store was closed (at 5.30) a large staff of workers took possession of the Grand Court, moved all the counters and show-cases back, and filled the space with chairs.

The Atlantic City organ—an elaborate instrument built by Midmer-Losh to the specification of Senator Richards—was in a hall belonging to a school, and the municipality must have had something to do with it, for there was a city organist named Brooks who gave regular recitals. Richards is an enthusiast, and prided himself on the fact that the fluework was scaled and voiced according to Schulze. The specification certainly gave evidence of close thought and careful study, but to my mind an organ of such dimensions is like a vast army with only one general.

Before my recital Richards gave a dinner, to which he invited several friends who came from a distance to hear me play, and among them was Rollo Maitland, a blind organist from Philadelphia, about whom I had heard a good deal from Roberts, the blind organist of Salem, Portland. To be strictly accurate, Maitland was not quite blind, but his sight had been so poor all his life that he had been educated at the Philadelphia Blind School and had studied music under Dr Wood, the famous blind organist of St Stephen's Church. He often gave one of the daily recitals at Wanamaker's in Philadelphia and knew the organ thoroughly.

We were back in New York in time to attend a luncheon of the Hymn Society, to which M'All, the president, had invited us. It was the day before Christmas Eve, and I shall never forget the bustle and excitement in the crowded streets. In the

middle of Times Square a great Christmas tree had been set up, beautifully decorated. In the evening it was ablaze with thousands of coloured lights, and there was some kind of organ, such as is used with roundabouts in this country, on which jazz tunes were played. To these the people danced.

In the morning of 24th December we met Lynnwood Farnam by appointment at his church, where he played to us. For lunch we went to the Chinese restaurant I have already mentioned. The menu was: Green-pea soup, eaten with curiously shaped spoons; lobster omelet served with rice; shredded chicken done with rice and what are called "needles," besides lots of other things that went to make a most delicious concoction; nut cake, very delightful; little cubes of pine-apple, each cube having a small piece of wood like a toothpick stuck in it for use as a fork; China tea without sugar or milk, sipped from cups without handles: everything was light and excellently cooked. During the afternoon I went to the Æolian Hall and heard some of my rolls played. They needed certain alterations and corrections, to which I gave effect. And in the evening we both went to the Capitol and sat with Cottone at the large four-manual Estey with its luminous stops, all on a light wind.

When we got up on Christmas Day, Frank and I anticipated rather a sad day. It was the first Christmas I had spent away from my wife since our marriage and the first that Frank had spent away from his father and mother, to whom he was devoted. But, thanks to Mr and Mrs M'All, we did not eat our turkey and plum-pudding in Child's restaurant or some other similar place. We went to Noble's church for the morning service—and a very fine service it was—and M'All took us home with him to a very good Christmas dinner. We returned to 44th Street early in the evening and spent the rest of the day writing letters.

Shortly after Christmas I went to Bethlehem, not very far from New York, to give an organ recital. It was timed to begin at eight, and there was a large audience. I turned on the wind and prepared my stops for the opening number—my C major Concert Overture—but when I struck the first chord, which was on full organ and should have been fortissimo, all I heard was a thin squeak. Then there was complete silence, and with it utter darkness. Someone who went to find out what was wrong came back and announced that not only the church but the greater part of the town was in darkness. The electric light cables were carried overhead on poles, and at one of the junction poles there had been a breakdown.

A quarter of an hour passed. Whether candles were obtained I cannot now remember, but I think not, for everyone seemed afraid to speak except in an awed whisper. Another quarter of an hour passed. The silence was broken only when the Chairman reported on the progress of the repair work, and he spoke solemnly, as though he were preaching a sermon. At last I could brook delay no longer, and going to an upright piano near the console I told the audience I would play some piano pieces. I also talked to them and managed to raise a laugh or two, which brightened things up a bit. The piano was shockingly out of tune, but I made it speak as well as I or it knew how, and the intolerable tedium was relieved. At last, about nine o'clock, the lights came on again, and were greeted with an outburst of applause. There was a general sigh of relief and satisfaction, and I began my recital. I believe that not one person left until it was over, notwithstanding that we were an hour late.

So we came to the last day of the year, most of which Frank and I spent at Huntingdon, Long Island, where I gave a recital in a Presbyterian church known as the White Church, an old wooden

building renovated a few months previously. The minister, a real live wire, was one of the kindest and jolliest men I have met. He was musical, and told me that he often did duty at a service both as organist and minister.

Most hospitably we were prevailed upon to spend the night in the manse, and there we saw the New Year in. After our numerous checkings-in and checkings-out, and unrestful journeys in sleeping-cars, it was an indescribable relief to spend a night with a kind and homely family, and that half-way house, which sheltered us midway in our protracted tour, is a happy memory.

CHAPTER XXV.

HARDENED TRAVELLERS.

We spent the first few days of the year in New York. I was the principal guest at the New Year luncheon of the American Guild of Organists in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel; I heard Paul Whiteman and his wonderful Jazz band, and was amazed by the lightning changes and infinite variety of tone colour, the wonderful technique of "the boys" (many of them double-handed), the extraordinary rhythm and its frequent variations; and I gave some recitals, including another at Wanamaker's.

Then began the second half of my tour—not so far afield as the first but involving a very full programme.

The first recital in the new series was on Tuesday, 5th January 1926, in the Presbyterian Church at New Rochelle, not far from New York, where I found the loveliest French horn I have heard on any organ. We went on to Stamford, and there we walked up and down the wintry platform, between twelve and one in the morning, waiting for a train to Northampton, where I gave a recital at Smith College next evening.

Smith College is a college for women, and there are upwards of 2300 students. The hall I played in was also used as the College Chapel, and the Principal requested that there should be no applause. But the large audience ignored the request, and at the end they would hardly allow me to leave.

We went to Poughkeepsie, the home of Vassar

Women's College, where I met the organist, Mr Gear, and the head of the music department, Professor Gow, one of whose Interpretation lectures we had the pleasure of hearing. Amongst other pieces he took Debussy's delightful and poetic "The Girl with the Flaxen Hair." When it had been played by a student he asked each in turn to give her idea of what the composer meant to express, and then summed up, adding some helpful suggestions of his own. But I cannot help thinking that one must enjoy music simply as music, or not at all. I do not want frills. A lady once said to me, "If you went suddenly into a vast cathedral and heard the great organ playing, would you imagine you saw all the colours of the rainbow reflected as in a prism?" I was young then, and my reply must have shocked her. It was only when I thought it over afterwards that I knew that I ought to have been more polite and tactful. "Well," I said, "I don't know. I fancy I would listen to hear if the diapasons were good, whether the pedal came out well, and what the reeds were like." She was as tactful as I was tactless, and changed the subject.

Snow began to fall, and when we left Poughkeepsie it was lying very deep. Our next halt was Louisville, Ky., and we went *via* Cincinatti. Our train was late, and the connection to Louisville had gone, but by taking a taxi we caught it at an outlying station. Frank had to guide me over railway tracks and signal wires. He was carrying two of our boxes and I another, and a fellow-passenger for Louisville, who had shared our taxi, carried the fourth. The sun was hot and the snow had melted between the railway lines. It was a slushy and difficult crossing.

At Louisville we were taken to see Mrs Speed, who had arranged a reception for me. Both she and her sister, Miss Robins, who lived with her, were delightful, simple, and unaffected. They showed us great kindness, and at the reception I realised

what is meant by the aristocracy of the south. Many of the people I met must have been descendants of the great slave-owners, and there was in them an innate courtesy and good breeding, the atmosphere of which one feels immediately.

My friends, Dr and Mrs Eversden of St Louis, drove from there—a distance of over two hundred miles—to see me once more and hear my recital. Until that night there had never been applause in the church. Mrs Speed remarked afterwards that they simply could not help it. I was greatly amused by a newspaper report, in which reference was made to "the wonderful way Dr Hollins handled his feet."

Twenty-four hours later we were in Cleveland, Ohio, where we were met by Dr Higley, in whose church I gave my recital. I had been introduced to him by a dear Edinburgh friend of ours, Scott Frackelton, and during our stay in Cleveland he did everything possible for our comfort.

In a little restaurant kept by a Greek I heard a clever mechanical contrivance consisting of a piano and two violins. The bows were in the form of revolving rollers covered with resin. There was an arrangement for producing the tremolo, or close shake, and I think a certain amount of expression was obtained by means of swell shutters. A nickel dropped in a slot set the instrument going.

We had tea with Mr and Mrs Robert Frackelton, and after the recital there was a reception, at which I met several Cleveland musicians, including Edwin Craft, the city organist. Besides myself there was another blind organist at that gathering, a big, bluff, hearty fellow, full of good-humour. There were no tables, and refreshments were handed round. Someone helped him to sandwiches, but when he had finished he could not find anyone to relieve him of his empty plate until he managed to buttonhole Frank. "Say, young man, I'd like to

have you park this plate somewhere and get me a drink," he said in a big voice.

We visited Grand Rapids, Mich., where I had the unlooked-for happiness of finding some friends—Dr and Mrs Masselink—whom my wife and I had met on board the *Briton* in 1909 when we sailed on our second visit to South Africa. My recital had been largely promoted by Mr Jack, a wealthy manufacturer in the city, and I gave it in a fine new church, magnificently appointed in every way, which, I was told, had only recently been built and had cost over a million dollars. Although Mr Jack was not a member of the church, he had taken much interest in it because of the minister, whose preaching he greatly admired, and he had joined with two other men to give the organ—a splendid four-manual Skinner, with a 32-feet reed on the pedal—which cost over $50,000. Like many other churches in the States, this one had no evening service, and it was closed altogether for three or four months in the summer. It seemed strange to me to build, equip, and maintain a magnificent church and only use it for perhaps forty hours a year.

I found time to look at the Episcopal Cathedral, where I discovered an excellent contrivance for the comfort of the organist. It was bitterly cold out-of-doors, and there was no warmth in the cathedral, for it was not the custom to hold a daily service. But a canvas tent had been put up all round the console and an electric heater placed at each end of the organ stool, and as the tent was high enough to stand up in, the organist could shut himself in, turn on the heaters, and be as warm as toast. Since then I have sometimes used a tent in St George's.

After seeing the Cathedral we went back to the church, and—like boys with a boat—spent some time " messing about " with the organ and bells. There was a set of tubular bells in the tower, played from

a small keyboard close to the organ console. Frank wanted to see the tubes and the machinery for moving the hammers, and as Dunham (the deputy organist) had not been up into the tower, the two of them decided to go exploring. The result was a sore head for one, and sore muscles and dirty hands for both. The stair leading to the tower was easy, and Frank ran up two steps at a time. But he received a sudden and unexpected check. It was dark at the top of the stair, and he banged his head against an unseen trap-door which did not yield to the force of the impact. As John Ridd once said, "He was like to have fallen backward on his companion, and both would assuredly have descended to the bottom of the stair in much less time than it took them to climb to the top." But it was not as bad as that, and each had a go at the stubborn trap-door, which, being locked, would not budge. The expedition returned to the solitary and patient figure at the organ and reported failure.

We went back to Chicago so that I might make some rolls for Kimballs' automatic organ-player, and the next three days were chiefly spent on that work. The recording machine was in the basement two or three storeys below, and the recording manager, Mr M'Gaw, kindly showed me the machine and explained its working. I came to the conclusion that all recording machines are on the principle of the typewriter, with specially designed markers instead of types. It was very noisy when the machine was working, but even if there had been no noise nothing could have been heard of the organ by the recording manager. Connection with the organ-room was by telephone and electric buzzer.

From Chicago we went to Winnipeg. It was a long and expensive journey for only two recitals, and took more than a week altogether. I made hardly anything beyond travelling and hotel expenses, but I did not regret the trip, for it was comfortable

and we had a very pleasant time. It was another instance of a convenient date not being available. Much travelling would have been saved if Winnipeg and Regina could have taken me when we passed through on our way to Edmonton.

I thought Winnipeg a flat, uninteresting city, and both Frank and I felt glad that it was not our home-place. John Hartley, for fifty years organist of St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, where he did splendid work, and who, after resigning that appointment some two years before my visit, had gone to live in Winnipeg, assured me that he could not have settled down there had he not been able to visit Edinburgh once a year and feast his eyes on the hills. I could not help thinking of that wonderful verse: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

We went to a concert given by the newly formed Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra, got together through the efforts of its conductor, Mr Ross, who had been trained at the Royal College of Music, London. The players were engaged in the various cinemas and theatres of the city, and the concerts could therefore only be given on Sunday afternoons when they were free. It was an unpaid orchestra, and the players met for the love of good music. The programme I heard was admirably chosen. One of the items was Lalo's Spanish Symphony for violin and orchestra, played by a brilliant and promising young violinist who had returned to Winnipeg after studying for a time abroad.

Nowhere else have I experienced such penetrating cold as in Winnipeg: 18° below zero is not excessively cold, and we must have had much lower temperatures in Halifax and St John, but the biting prairie wind found us defenceless. The thread with which the buttons of my overcoat were sewn on became so brittle that some of them fell off.

To be shown over Eaton's great Departmental Store was an interesting experience. It is a mail

order store, and people send their orders from long distances by post, making their selections solely from the catalogues issued twice a year. On one floor were over a hundred typists, clicking away as hard as they could go, and there I saw and tried for the first and only time an electric typewriter. The keys, instead of being connected to type bars as in an ordinary machine, make an electric contact, and electricity does the rest. I believe one can attain great speed on these machines, for even the lines are changed automatically. In the calculating room there were a hundred adding machines, but I did not give much time to them. What interested me most of all was the catalogue printing and binding machine. First the catalogue is printed in sections. The machine then arranges the sections in order, binds them together, sews on the back and covers, trims the edges, and drops the finished book out at the other end. It must have been about twelve o'clock when I saw this almost human machine, and that morning it had already produced 23,000 copies. Nearly half a million catalogues are sent out twice a year.

Before the day had come to an end we were in Regina, where I had the pleasure of seeing once more a former girl student of Norwood days to whom I had given organ lessons. It is seldom that a sighted man marries a blind girl, but she was married to a sighted man, a Canadian farmer, and she managed her house and had brought up her children like a born Canadian. Altogether I met five old Norwoodians on that tour.

On our way from Regina to Chicago we changed at Moosejaw (curious name) and at St Paul, where Mr and Mrs Sanford, our kind host and hostess of the former visit, entertained us to dinner at their club. Two more nights in sleepers and we were once more in Chicago, where our good friend Hardy met us at the station. That night a special concert was

broadcast from New York, and we heard Madame Schumann Heink, one of the greatest contraltos in history. She was then nearly seventy, and we were a thousand miles from where she was singing, but her glorious voice—and it was a glorious voice even then—came over magnificently. She sang only well-known and simple songs, one of which was "The Rosary," by Ethelbert Nevin, the American composer. At that time it was probably the most popular song in America, and in this country too. It is mawkish and sentimental, but Schumann Heink invested it with a new meaning and a dignity I had not heard in it before and have not heard since.

Next morning we were in Wooster, a small town in Ohio, where I gave a recital at the Presbyterian College. Someone connected with the college met us and drove us to the hotel. Just before he left us, and while we were standing at the hotel office window, where everybody could hear, he said: "Did you notice S. and Zee's, a restaurant on the other side of the street, nearly opposite? Well, you'll be able to get all your meals there." I thought it strange that we should be directed to a place outside the hotel for our meals, and stranger still that it should be mentioned inside the building, and I asked Frank to find out where the dining-room was. "Guess there ain't no dining-room here," was the reply; "this is only a sleeping hotel." I had heard of such places, but had not been in one before. "S. and Zee"—"Zee" is the American name for the letter Z—were the initials of the two partners who owned the restaurant.

I gave a recital at Dayton, Ohio. The church was packed, and many people were turned away.

There was a celebrated choir at Dayton, known as the Westminster Choir, and the conductor, Mr Williamson, had brought it to great perfection. This choir made frequent tours of the States in order to inculcate the use of better music in the

various churches. Williamson kindly arranged a special meeting for the night of our arrival, and the singing was remarkably good. I particularly enjoyed the Negro Spirituals they sang.

Dayton's principal industry is the manufacture of the National Cash Register, and, thanks to the kindness of one of the directors, Frank and I spent a morning in the factory where the registers are made. We were shown everything—from the simple cash-drawer, which rings a bell when it is pulled out, to the super-machine, which adds and registers the amount of each purchase and prints the receipt. The comfort and convenience of the workers are studied carefully. There is a hall large enough to hold two thousand people, with theatre stage, film screen, and organ. Boxes containing sandwiches, pies, coffee, milk, &c., can be had for small cost at the canteen, and those who care to do so eat their lunch and enjoy the film or music at the same time. Most of the workers come to and from the factory in their own cars, for which a large parking ground is provided. Frank and I had lunch with the manager and some of his principal staff in a separate dining-room, and a very good lunch they gave us.

In the afternoon we had another thrilling experience. Dayton was the home of the Wright brothers, the pioneers of flying, whose aerodrome was a few miles out of the town. One of the two brothers was still living and managing the aerodrome, and our friends wanted to take us there. I would have been proud to be introduced to Wright, but it was not certain that he was at home, and our time was limited. Instead we went to the Cook Field, the army aerodrome where military aeroplanes were tested, and I was allowed to examine an aeroplane. Better still, I was handed up a ladder into the cockpit of one of the planes and placed in the pilot's seat. It was the nearest I could get to flying. No civilian was allowed to go up in any of the military planes,

even though accompanied by a fully qualified army pilot. I was disappointed at not being able to go up, but I got a splendid idea of the shape and size and construction of an aeroplane.

After I had given a recital at Princeton, the great University of Pennsylvania, Frank and I returned to New York (Dr Russell accompanying us thither), spent two or three hours in our old room at the 44th Street hotel (free of charge), and left for Rochester, N.Y., the home of the Kodak industry. Laberge came to see us, and without his help we must have missed our train. We went down to the front door in plenty of time to get a taxi, but none was to be had. Snow had fallen, and walking was difficult. Frank took my arm and carried one of our packages; I carried another, and Laberge two more. It was a stiff tramp in the driving snow, and, although much shorter, reminded me of my walk with Campbell the day after the great blizzard in 1888. Laberge left us at the top of the steps leading down to the platform. We almost threw our boxes at two porters, rushed after them down the steps at break-neck speed, and scrambled on to one of the cars barely half a minute before the train started. Although it was a bitterly cold night we were both perspiring freely.

In Rochester we were met by Mr Harold Gleason, principal organ professor at Eastman's School of Music, organist of one of the churches, and Eastman's private organist: an extremely busy man. He took us to his house, introduced us to his wife, and hurried away to give his morning recital—a daily event—in Eastman's house during the breakfast hour. Gleason and his wife were our host and hostess during our short stay in Rochester, and very kind and charming they both were.

Mrs Gleason showed us over the Eastman School of Music. At that time it was said to be the best equipped and most richly endowed school of music

in the world, and I believe it. A fabulous sum must have been spent on the building and its equipment, to say nothing of upkeep. Besides the concert hall, which contained a large four-manual Skinner, there was a large picture theatre with an eighty-stop Austin. On the top floor were thirteen small practice organs with consoles in separate rooms on the floor below. In Gleason's studio was a very good three-manual Skinner. Joseph Bonnet, the great French organist, had had a two years' engagement as organ professor at the School, and I think Dupré had also taught there for a time. Eastman maintained a symphony orchestra of sixty musicians, who played in the picture theatre every day and gave a symphony concert once a week. At the time of which I write Eugene Goosens was the conductor, and as a rehearsal was going on when we went to look at the theatre we sat and listened for a while. I would have liked to hear some of the students play, but as it was Sunday there was nothing going on.

My recital was in the afternoon. I gave it in the German Evangelical Church on a recently installed Austin. The church was crowded, and the collection amounted to between £80 and £90.

Eastman, when he was at home, used to give a large musical party every Sunday, and I was invited to the one arranged for that evening. Gleason said I would certainly be asked to play, and we went early so that I might have a look at the organ before anyone else arrived. Actually there were two organs (Æolians), the north and the south, both played from one console. Over three hundred guests were present. A Russian choir sang, and I particularly remember the wonderful deep basses. I found Eastman rather silent and unapproachable, but agreeable nevertheless. He said some very kind things about my playing, and when I asked him to sign my autograph book, did so with great readiness. I also met Goosens, a modest

and unassuming man, with whom I had a long talk.

At noon next day we were in Utica, N.Y., where I gave a recital on a fine new Skinner in Grace Episcopal Church. The organist and his wife—Mr and Mrs Norman Coke-Jephcote—would not hear of our getting meals anywhere but at their house, and our merry tea and supper parties stand out with particular clearness in my memory. I must have been in very happy mood at the time, for I cannot remember having laughed so much on any other occasion during my American travels. Coke-Jephcote, a highly accomplished English organist, is now at the cathedral of St John the Divine, New York City.

We were back in New York at 7.30 next morning, most of which I spent at Wanamaker's, practising for my recital the following week. After lunch we left for Philadelphia, where was by far the biggest and most complicated organ I had to tackle. Russell came from New York for the recital on the following evening, and brought with him a friend, Archer Gibson, an organ expert, who had specified several large organs, including the Moller on which I recited in the Washington Auditorium. Russell had asked Stokowsky, the conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra (which has become celebrated under his direction), to give me a theme for my improvisation. He could not be present himself, and sent a theme in a sealed envelope which Russell opened immediately after he had announced that Stokowsky had furnished it. There was revealed the most awkward, ungainly collection of notes I have ever been asked to improvise upon, difficult to memorise, and without any semblance of a tune for the audience to get hold of. If Russell had seen the theme beforehand I believe he would have been sorely tempted to put another in its place. However, there was nothing for it but to make the best I could of the

strange collection of notes, and if I may accept the opinion of those concerned, the best was duly made. The recital was broadcast, and a man I met a few days later told me that, not knowing who was playing, he had turned on his radio set in the middle of one of my pieces, and heard the big Wanamaker to better advantage than ever before.

We reached Richmond, Va., at nine o'clock next morning, two hours late because of heavy snow on the line. But there was none at Richmond, where the weather was spring-like. As everyone knows, it is the centre of the Virginia tobacco industry, and a few days later I received a parcel, addressed to me at Wanamaker's, containing a large jar of the best Virginian tobacco, sent by the promoter of my recital. I played in an Episcopal church on a very good organ built by Hall, whose work I had not hitherto seen.

On our way back to New York we broke our journey at Philadelphia and heard the Symphony Orchestra, and looking back over nearly ten years I still think it was the finest collection of individual players that could be brought together. I have heard warmer and more sympathetic performances under men like Nikisch, Wood, Beecham, and (in some respects perhaps greatest of all) Toscanini, but for quality of tone and precision and clarity of detail, I have never heard, and cannot expect to hear, the equal of those players. The programme that night began with a fine performance of Beethoven's Overture, Leonora No. 3. Harold Samuel played the Emperor Concerto, his reading of certain parts of which I did not altogether like. There followed a Bach concerto for piano and strings, and last, but possibly most effective of all, Stokowsky's transcription for orchestra of Bach's organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor. It is scored for a very large orchestra, some instruments being quadrupled. Those who had heard the transcription told those

who, like myself, had not, to expect something stupendous, and we were not disappointed.

We were back in New York in time for lunch on Sunday. In the afternoon we went to hear Noble play for the service in St Thomas's—always enjoyable—and in the evening to his recital at eight o'clock.

And then, quite suddenly, I realised that I had come to my last Sunday but one in New York. I was conscious of a great longing to be home once more, but I was conscious also of regret that my six months of wonderfully varied life were almost at an end and that I must begin the diminuendo which is the musical expression of advancing years. Fortunately the music may still be melodious. Fortunately, also, conflict of emotions is forgotten in work.

I gave my last Wanamaker recital but one, and was photographed at the console. It is an amazing thought, particularly to one who is blind, that light can be induced to have so sensitive an effect on a chemical preparation as to produce a faithful record of the thing seen by the camera. And I say "seen by the camera" intentionally, for I understand that it can be made to see more than is visible to the human eye.

Frank and I visited the great Woolworth building and went to the top of its high tower. "The Cathedral of Commerce," as it is called, is a misnomer, for there cannot be any such thing, but the name has caught popular fancy. People in this country are under the impression that it is the largest of Woolworth's Sixpenny Stores, but that is a mistake. It was built to be let out in offices, and is so used. When I was there it was not only one of the first skyscrapers; it scraped the sky higher than any other building, for it was the highest building in the world.

The height of the Woolworth building is 792 feet from ground floor to observation gallery—approxi-

mately twice the height of St Paul's Cathedral. There are fifty-eight storeys, and it is said that the 5000 windows are cleaned once a week or oftener if necessary. Twenty-nine high-speed lifts are constantly running up and down. Two of them are express lifts, and shoot up from the ground floor to the fifty-fourth storey—700 feet—in less than a minute. The fifty-fourth storey is a large room with windows all round it, and here one could buy postcards and souvenirs. From the fifty-fourth storey a smaller lift takes passengers up the remaining four storeys (forming the tower)—a further height of 92 feet—to the observation gallery at the top. This gallery is open to the air, and a broad parapet covered with lead—so broad that I could not touch the outer edge even by leaning over and reaching out my arms full stretch—surrounds the gallery. I found it exhilarating to be so high up, and I heard the noise of the city subdued to a dull roar. Unfortunately the view was obscured that day. As a rule, only anthracite coal—practically smokeless—is used in New York, but because of a coal strike soft coal was being burned, and a cloud of smoke hung over the city, mingling with a mist on the river. I could tell at once when we were on the side looking towards the river. The noise of the city was behind us, and all was quiet in front, where the river lay, except for the occasional hoot of a siren far off.

We rather dreaded the thought of dropping down fifty-four storeys so quickly, but the elevators are so ingeniously constructed that no pressure of air is felt on the ears, nor do "your ribs come inwards." To come from the quietness of the tower down to the great entrance-hall, full of people hurrying to and fro, was like coming back to a half-forgotten, bustling town.

We went to Atlanta, in Georgia, noted for its great stone mountain, the largest block of granite

in the world. I was told that until a few years before my visit the mountain had been maintained intact, but that ultimately it was decided to carve on the face of it mammoth figures of heroes of the southern army in the Civil War. These gigantic figures would take many years to complete, and would be visible for miles round.

The promoter of my recital mentioned that his brother had a large, up-to-date Æolian organ in his house—or "home," to use the American and, as I think, more fitting word—and took Frank and me to see it. It was the largest and finest Æolian I had tried, and I was astonished to find so complete an instrument in a private house, but I believe it was only one of many such in different parts of America. These private organs were one of numerous signs of the great prosperity of the country and of the plentifulness of money. But although money flowed like water, it did so in two senses of the expression, for prices were double and even sometimes treble the prices we know on this side. I came home with a credit balance, but I did not make anything approaching a fortune. Apart from the high cost of everything, my expenses were doubled because there were two of us. It would have been rather disastrous if, after all my extremely hard work, I had done no more than clear expenses, but even so (and it was not as bad as that), I would not have forgone the greatest adventure of my life.

Immediately after the recital we left for Rockhill, South Carolina. It was, I think, the wettest night of the tour, and I remember standing under cover of the portico outside the Auditorium while the friend who was going to take us to the station brought his car round, and hearing the rain coming down in torrents, splashing up from the pavements and rushing down the gutters. My recital in Rockhill was at Wynthrop College, a large college for girls. Besides giving me a most enthusiastic reception the

students made a great fuss of me, and I like being made a fuss of. The head girl is known as the Marshal, and her badge of office is a shepherd's crook with long streamers hanging from it. After the recital we all went down to a large hall in the basement, the Marshal and I leading the procession—or, as it ought to be put for accuracy, I and the usual Marshal, for she made me take her place for the rest of the evening, and it was I who carried the crook. In my new and temporary capacity I had to give certain orders, and a poor hand I would have made at the business had not the real Marshal been there to instruct me. During the recital, however, I felt that I was really in control. The students sang their school song to me. They sang it rather shyly, and I said, "Now, let's have it all over again, and this time let yourselves go." And they did. Then I told them that the first part of my improvisation would be a general treatment of the song, but that I would finish by playing the whole of it, and that I wanted them then to sing it to my accompaniment. Just before I came to it I gave them a sign with my hand, and they all rose and sang with a heart and a half, almost drowning the organ. I was indeed sorry to say good-bye to those kind and jolly girls.

We left Rockhill early next morning. So far, all our journeys had been made without untoward event, but that one was marred by a sad happening which for a time cast a gloom over the whole train. We were travelling at good speed across an open plain when we felt the brakes suddenly put hard on, and the train was quickly brought to a standstill. Everything was ominously quiet. Presently we saw some of the officials hurrying to and fro outside on the line, and after about a quarter of an hour's delay the train started again. Before long we learned that a man had been run over and killed. Another train was passing in the opposite direction, and the unfortunate man, in trying to avoid one train, had

been caught by the other. There was no mark by which he could be identified, and it saddened me to think of that vast continent and of the unknown and uncared-for who fall by the way.

Then began our last week in New York. I did not like the city—to speak truth I could hardly bear its noise and bustle—but I felt sorry to think of leaving it so soon. We went to hear Noble, and it was then that I played that beautiful organ of his for the last time. At his request I played my C minor Overture for the concluding voluntary. We had tea at his house, returned to the church and listened to his eight o'clock recital, and went back again for supper. I felt ashamed of the number of times we had eaten meals with Noble and his wife, but they were too kind ever to listen to " No."

The anniversary of George Washington's birthday, 22nd February, is a public holiday, when shops and business places are all closed. Lynnwood Farnam gave a Bach recital that evening, and before the recital he took Frank and me to dine with Dr Mottet (his rector) and Mrs Mottet. Farnam told me that before every recital of his Dr and Mrs Mottet gave a small dinner-party, and that he issued the invitations, the rector and his wife standing aside. Dr Mottet, nearly eighty years old, was very quiet and courteous. His wife, much younger, was a highly cultured lady. We were given a very kind welcome.

On the following evening the N.A.O. gave me a farewell dinner, at which all the leading organists of New York were present. Many professional and amateur musicians came from a distance, even from Philadelphia. It was a wonderful gathering, and I was proud to realise that so many of America's musicians had assembled to do me honour. In Philadelphia I had been made a member of the American Organ Players' Club, and now I was elected to membership of the N.A.O. How I wished that G. A. Audsley had been spared ! He had prophe-

sied a great success for me in America, and he would have rejoiced to see his prophecy fulfilled.

I gave my last recital at Wanamaker's on 24th February, in the afternoon. I had mentioned to Russell that I would like to play some piano and organ duets, and he kindly engaged an excellent pianist—a Canadian—to join me. We played Guilmant's Scherzo Capriccioso, Op. 36, and a Polonaise of mine—still in manuscript—which I composed for performance with Bonner at Hanley. It has always been warmly received, and that afternoon the audience encored it enthusiastically.

That recital was the greatest of my Wanamaker successes. Concert-goers in New York are not quick to warm up, and a musician must not expect the ready response which will be given him in other musical centres. But once the critical faculty is satisfied appreciation comes readily enough, and at the end of that recital very many of my hearers came to shake hands and offer their congratulations. No one who has had experience of public performance of any kind will fail to appreciate how inspiring such an audience can be.

It is human to delay farewells as long as possible, but the time had come when we must say good-bye to Wanamaker's and our kind friends there. Both Frank and I felt the parting, and I believe that our friends felt it too. They declared that no other visiting musician had made himself so much at home with them. It was they who had made the happy association possible.

Dr and Mrs Russell and Mr Laberge called to say good-bye. Both Russell and Laberge urged me to return a year later, and promised me an even greater tour and much better terms. But the greater tour has not been made.

We returned to our first abode in Canada, the Mount Royal Hotel at Montreal. How different it seemed! How bewildered we had been six months

before when for the first time we pushed round the revolving door and found ourselves in the large entrance hall! But our adventures had given us experience, and we were hardened travellers. The largest hotels and the most truculent officials were nothing to us. We had learned to swagger in and out of hotels and restaurants and to give our orders as to the manner born.

There was a weighing machine which had interested us on our first visit, and we decided to try it again. It was different from any I had seen before. When you put your money (five cents, I think) in the slot, the machine, instead of showing your weight on a dial, printed it on a ticket which came out of another slot made for the purpose. On the back of the ticket your fortune was printed, but as this had been done before the supply of tickets was put into the machine, one did not feel obliged to take the prognostication seriously. The fortunes were mass-produced and sufficiently non-committal to apply to anybody. We had certainly not been slimming. When I left Edinburgh I weighed only a little over nine stone. Now I was eleven stone one, the heaviest I had ever been. Frank had also put on weight.

The weighing machine was not far from the barber's shop, and my account of the tour would not be complete without a word about the American system of shaving, which is an elaborate business. The chairs are similar to those used by dentists, but more roomy and comfortable. You step up on to rather a high foot-rest which is part of the chair, and sit down. The shaving-wrap—or whatever barbers call it—is put round you, various fluffy cloths are tucked into your neck, and you put your head on a nicely padded head-rest. Then, suddenly, you are tipped back until you are lying almost horizontally, and the barber, by pumping oil into the chair, gradually raises it to a suitable height for his operation.

The real business begins. Your face is covered with a scalding towel wrung out of boiling water, only your nose being left free. This searching process is said to soften the beard, and maybe it does, but the cloths are so hot that I always felt stifled, and I was profoundly thankful when, after a couple of minutes or so, the super-heated encumbrance was removed. Latterly I refused to be bothered with it, which annoyed the barber. The lathering which follows is enjoyable, for only the softest brushes and the nicest smelling soaps are used. How many razors come into the service of one shave I never could tell, but it seemed to me that there was always a little one for the finishing touches. Shaving ended, the patient is sponged, sprayed, oiled, perfumed, and I know not what else, and then, after paying his bill—which may amount to half a dollar in a fashionable shop—he is allowed once more to get out into the open air—greatly refreshed, it must be said, smelling like a new-blown rose, and with a face as smooth as a baby's.

Surely I must have run the whole gamut of shaves, from the rough bass of the signal-box at Wressell to the effortless treble of the most swagger tonsorial parlour in New York, but I add for the encouragement of other blind men that since safety razors were introduced I have shaved myself. It is not the least difficult or risky for a blind man to use a safety razor. Some of our young men at the College were even bold enough to use an ordinary razor without a guard. One of them once shaved a companion with an ordinary razor, but what kind of a job he made of it I do not know. I was not the companion.

Although only six days remained before we sailed for home, there were still two long journeys to take, and the first was the longer of the two.

We went to Halifax, where I met my old friend the Rev. J. M. Shaw, Professor at the Presbyterian College, and Mr Hollis Lindsay, the blind music-

master at the Halifax School for the Blind, with whom I had had frequent correspondence. I played in St Matthew's Presbyterian Church on a very good modern Casavant. There was a large audience, and the recital went well, but I thought at the time, and still think, that I was not at my best. The long journey had tired me, and even a good night's rest in bed had not put things right. Another adverse factor was that I could not be seen at the console, and, as my readers know, I have a curious dislike of being out of sight when I play. After the recital we went to the Blind School, where the Principal and Lindsay had arranged a reception for me. Lindsay was asked to play a piano solo, and improvised a remarkably clever fantasia on the leading themes of several of my organ pieces. It astonished me to find how many of these he had memorised.

Frank and I could take only a few hours' sleep, for we had to be up betimes to catch the train to St John. But although it left early, Lindsay and his wife came to the station to see us off. They kindly brought me a bottle of port wine, which they asked me to drink with my meals on the journey. They said I had looked tired the previous evening, and perhaps they were right.

Mr Ledoux, Casavants' representative in that part of the country, travelled to St John with us to see that the organ was in good order for my recital there. He sang to us a French-Canadian folk song or students' song, "I'Alouette," very popular at dinners and suchlike functions, and taught us to join in the chorus. There were no other passengers in the car, and we were free to make as much noise as we liked. The train was fitted with wireless, but there was no broadcasting until after two o'clock, and before that hour we had to change into another train. We amused ourselves by speaking to each other through the head-phones with the length of the car between us.

We had some time to wait at a junction where

we changed. The platform—or rather the open ground between the tracks (for there are no station platforms in Canada or America except in the cities) —was deep in snow, but although the temperature must have been very low we did not feel cold. It was not snowing at the time.

At last our many railway journeys on the other side of the Atlantic were ended, and we stepped out of the train at St John at seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, 3rd March. Grant Smith, who had promoted and worked up the recital, met us and gave us a warm welcome. After supper we went to the church—Centenary Methodist—and I tried the organ—an old three-decker Casavant, with tubular pneumatic action, very good in spite of its age—and rehearsed the choir in my anthem " O Worship the Lord," which was to be sung at the recital next evening. The organist, Miss Alice Hea, a quiet, gentle soul whom I liked very much, was about to relinquish her post after having held it for many years. The church authorities asked me to find another organist for them when I reached home, and this I subsequently succeeded in doing.

My recital was a delightful conclusion of the great tour. It went well, and I rejoiced in its success if only because the Smiths had worked so hard for it. But I had not quite done with organs, and I was, in fact, playing almost up to the last minute before going on board the C.P.R. steamer, *Metagama*, which was to carry us home. Next morning Grant Smith took me to try a very fine new Casavant in one of the other churches, and afterwards to a cinema where there was a small Würlitzer.

We went on board the *Metagama* about noon. Grant Smith, who knew the C.P.R. agent in St John, had made every possible arrangement for our comfort, and we were given a roomy cabin. Together with a lady and gentleman, friends of his whom I had met the day before, he accompanied us to the ship and introduced us to her commander,

Captain Freer. A Braille letter from my wife was waiting for me, and with it were enclosed some cuttings from "Punch" and the "Radio Times," which she had transcribed in Braille. I read them to our friends while we were sitting in the library waiting for lunch, at which Grant Smith joined us. Shortly before two o'clock "All for the shore" rang out, the last good-bye was said, and the gangway was removed. Punctually at the hour I heard the telegraph in the engine-room ring the first order to start the engines. The second order followed; then the third: "Full steam ahead." We stood at the rail waving to our kind friends as long as we could see them.

Time passed quickly and pleasantly. The sea was smooth, and Frank and I never wearied of talking about our wonderful experiences. Captain Freer lost no opportunity of speaking to us, and often we had a long chat with him. One afternoon he invited us to the bridge and showed and explained to us all the wonderful instruments up there—the telegraph, the compasses, the steam steering gear, &c.

We became friendly both with the first officer and with the purser. And M'Intosh, chief steward (a typical old Scotsman who had been with the company all his life), was very good to us, taking great pains to see that we had everything we wanted. I was surprised and pleased when after the service at St George's one Sunday morning, a short time ago, he came up to the organ and spoke to me. He told me that he had retired and was living in the west of Scotland, and that having a Sunday in Edinburgh he made up his mind to go to St George's in the hope of seeing me again. From him I learned that the *Metagama* had been broken up some time previously. So both the *Marburn* and the *Metagama* are now no more.

About two days from home I sent a "straight" wireless message to my wife telling her when we

expected to arrive at Greenock, and we landed at Prince's Pier on Saturday morning, 13th March. The pier railway station—quite deserted—seemed small and melancholy after the noise and bustle of the great American station at which we had arrived, as it were, only yesterday. We had some time to wait for the Glasgow train, and, when it backed in, what funny little boxes the third-class compartments seemed! We reached Glasgow Central in time to catch the eleven o'clock train to Princes Street, and although on the Edinburgh line the carriages were better, it still felt strange to sit in a compartment once more.

Shortly after twelve o'clock we were in Edinburgh. There was no need to wonder whether the manager or promoter of a recital would be waiting on the platform for us. My wife was there. And my good friend, the late Mr Readdie, at that time Secretary of St George's Choir, also came to welcome me.

There was nothing spectacular about that tour, no flourish of trumpets, no torchlight procession. It was the simple tour of a blind organist through a great part of Canada and the United States, accompanied by a boy of seventeen who had never before been far from home. To me it remains a wonder that so long a journey was carried through without mishap. Frank Bond was a right hand to me, and a lamp to my feet.

Soon after lunch on the day I got home a representative of one of the Sunday papers rang up and asked if he might call for an interview; it reminded me vividly of the day when we landed in Montreal. And that evening it was announced in the local news on the wireless that I had returned, and so on.

I was at my organ as usual next day. Dr Black shook hands with me when I went into the vestry before the service, and after it the members of the choir waited to do the same. Thus I slipped back into my old niche.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A MELODY THAT LINGERS.

In the summer of 1927 Lynnwood Farnam visited England once more and gave recitals in London and other cities. So far I had not asked any organist to give a recital in St George's, for no charge could be made for admission, and I was afraid that a collection might not even clear expenses, let alone provide the visiting organist with an honorarium. But I was anxious to invite Farnam to come, partly to return the kind welcome he had given me in America, and still more to let the Edinburgh public have an opportunity of hearing so great a player; and as the Deacons' Court kindly undertook to make good any loss there might be I felt at liberty to do so. The recital was given on Monday, 18th July 1927, and was an outstanding success. The church was packed with an enthusiastic and appreciative audience, and the collection enabled us to give Farnam a fee which, he said, was the biggest he had received in Britain. I shall always be glad that I was the means of bringing him to Edinburgh, and that his first and only recital in the city was on my own organ. He died three years later, on 23rd November 1930, at the early age of forty-five.

After St George's organ was reconstructed—at the end of 1930—I persuaded the office-bearers to invite some other leading organists to give recitals. Thus we have had G. D. Cunningham (Birmingham), Thalben Ball (the Temple Church), Reginald Goss-

Custard (Alexandra Palace), and a young American, Edward Eigenschenk, one of the leading organists of Chicago. Each of these players has his individual style, and each gave a splendid recital.

Organ-playing and organ recital programmes have undergone a marked change during the last twenty years, and the school of concert organists represented by Lemare, and to which I belonged, has come to an end. Whether organ-playing as a whole is of a higher standard than it was twenty or thirty years ago may be an open question. Personally I think not, and if the present style of playing and programmes is the correct one, I am glad to be an unrepentant Victorian.

My last recital in London was given at Clapton Park Chapel in February 1929. I played the solo in César Franck's Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra, and Balfour played the orchestral part on the organ. I also played the piano part in Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia for piano and orchestra, again with Balfour at the organ. It took the audience by storm, as it had done before. There had always been a singer at my Clapton Park recitals, and in 1928 and again in 1929 Heath soared up into the stars by engaging Roy Henderson for the former and Dora Labbette for the latter. She sang "Rose Softly Blooming," and sang it well. Balfour accompanied her on the piano, and unknown to her, after she had begun I went to the organ and improvised an obbligato. The audience was pleased, and I think she was too. We had a mutual friend in her master, Marcus Thomson, whom I had known when he lived in Edinburgh. I composed for Carmen Hill and him a soprano and baritone setting of Tennyson's "Sweet and Low." Chappells published it and made a very successful gramophone record of it, but the record was withdrawn some years ago. Why, I cannot say.

After that visit to London I never saw Heath again. At the beginning of July 1932 he was suddenly taken ill, and he died within a week. His friends used to chaff him about his curiously old-world manner and somewhat pedantic way of expressing himself (which made strangers think him aloof and affected), but he was a most lovable man and a true and devoted friend.

Since my return from America I had felt a growing desire for a third manual and an up-to-date console with adjustable pistons and other modern improvements, and an ambitious building programme begun in 1930 seemed to give me an opportunity of getting something done to the organ, if no more than the cleaning it needed. After some discussion it was decided that I should draw up a scheme for the addition of a third manual and a new console—to be carried out if possible—and this I did in consultation with Rushworth & Dreaper of Liverpool, who submitted two estimates, one for cleaning and the other for my full specification. My readers—or at least my organist readers—will understand how excited I was when the two estimates were submitted to the Deacons' Court : I could hardly believe my ears when I was told that the estimate for the full three-manual specification had been accepted.

The church was closed after Sunday, 1st June 1930, until the end of September, and services were held in the Usher Hall. I used the old console for the last time at the evening service that Sunday, when I played my C minor Overture. I felt sad at parting with an old friend of more than thirty years' companionship.

The services in the Usher Hall were highly successful. The hall seats three thousand people, and for the evening services it was packed from floor to ceiling—and this during the summer months when most people like to spend their Sunday evenings out-

of-doors. It was wonderfully inspiring to accompany the singing of those enormous congregations. I shall never forget it.

The church was reopened on 26th October 1930. All the organ except the Choir was ready, and the Choir was finished by the following Sunday. The work is an unqualified success. There is nothing I would change.

A few months later I was asked to specify the organ for the new Reid Memorial Church of Scotland, one of the finest churches that have been built in recent years and one of Edinburgh's show places. The organ, a large three-manual Rushworth & Dreaper, is worthy of the beautiful building. The scheme is much the same as that of St George's organ, but with the advantage of a better position, in a lofty chamber, fully twenty feet above floor level, with two large openings, one into the chancel and the other into the north transept, each covered by a wooden grille which in no way interferes with the tone. Both church and organ are well worth a visit.

Early in July 1931 I heard that Wolstenholme was seriously ill. I wrote him a little Braille note, but he was unable to read it, and died a few days later. I have already told of my great admiration of Wolstenholme and his music. To those who knew him, his music represented himself. Even in his more serious works there is something fresh and light-hearted that gives them a charm and originality all their own. His death has caused a distinct loss to modern organ music.

In 1932 the Annual Congress of the Incorporated Societies of Organists was held in Edinburgh. Harry Balfour came as one of the London delegates and stayed with my wife and me, and it was delightful to attend the meetings in his company. Another delegate from the London Society was Dr Brockless,

whom I had last seen in Grahamstown; and Dr Arthur Pollitt—formerly of Liverpool—was also there. Pollitt was a brilliant organist and a fine musician—one of the leading musicians in the north of England—and I was grieved to hear of his death, a few months later, after a short illness. At the congress he was strong and vigorous, and seemed to be in the best of health.

At the beginning of October in the same year I had a remarkably happy experience. Twelve months previously, at a reunion of old pupils of the Norwood College, it was decided to appeal (but only to former pupils) for subscriptions towards the cost of erecting a memorial to Sir Francis Campbell and his son Guy, who succeeded his father in 1912, and in 1929 died suddenly when motoring up to town to attend a meeting on behalf of the blind. The memorial took the form of a gateway to replace the old Middle Gate, opening from Westow Street into the grounds, and I was deeply touched when Mrs Guy Campbell (then the Principal) wrote on behalf of the committee and invited me to unveil it. The hundredth anniversary of Sir Francis Campbell's birth—9th October 1932—fell on Sunday, and Saturday, the 8th, was the date selected for the ceremony.

I had not visited the College—except for an hour or two on my way to South Africa in 1916—since the reunion in 1912, and the warm welcome I was given did my heart good. Mrs Campbell had asked me to give an organ recital to the visitors after the unveiling ceremony, and there were so many that the hall could not accommodate the pupils as well. I therefore gave them a recital on Saturday morning. I have always felt nervous in playing to a blind audience, but on that occasion, when I went up to the organ, there was so great an outburst of applause that what I felt was not nervousness but a lump in my throat.

I had spent half an hour at the organ by myself.

Since my time it had been rebuilt, but the old stool was still there, and there were the same old sliding doors covering the keys and stops. More than fifty years seemed suddenly to roll away, and once more I was putting in my daily "hour at the big organ." I half expected to see "Daddy Hopkins" sitting on my right and to hear him say, "Now, Alfred, what are you going to play to-day?" Or perhaps the door at the bottom of the hall would open and let me hear Campbell's voice again: "Er"—he always prefaced a remark by "Er"—"who's practising?" "It's I, doctor." "Well, Hollins, don't make so much noise, and don't waste any more time fooling about extemporising. Practise what you are going to play to Dr Hopkins next week."

There was a ceremony in the hall before the actual unveiling. After a short service—the singing of one of Campbell's favourite hymns, which most of us in the hall that afternoon had often sung in our school-days, a few prayers, and the reading of the well-known passage in Ecclesiasticus, "Now let us praise famous men"—conducted by the Rev. G. F. Whittleton, vicar of St Jude's, Thornton Heath, himself blind and a former student of the College, Mr (now Sir Edward) Campbell, M.P. for Bromley and one of the Governors of the College, described the memorial and how it had been subscribed for. I followed Sir Edward, and Mrs Campbell and I then led the way off the platform, through the hall, down the stone steps to the main entrance hall, through the middle corridor, and out into the carriage drive by the south door. We passed through the carriage-drive gate and along Westow Street until we came opposite the new gateway, where we halted. The visitors, who had followed in procession, gathered round, and so great was the crowd that for a short time all traffic was held up. I went forward, pulled the cord which drew aside the two flags concealing

an inscribed tablet, and declared the gateway open. The tablet bears the following wording :—

THIS GATEWAY WAS ERECTED BY PAST STUDENTS
AS A TRIBUTE TO THE DEVOTED WORK OF
SIR FRANCIS J. CAMPBELL, LL.D.,
AND OF HIS SON,
GUY M. CAMPBELL
(PRINCIPALS: 1872-1912 AND 1912-1929)

The gate was then opened from inside, and Mrs Campbell and I were the first to enter the College grounds by it. For me this was an awe-inspiring moment. As one detached from himself I caught a glimpse of the little boy who, with his father, had entered by the old gate more than half a century before, and who, now a man nearing seventy, was entering the College again in very different circumstances.

Mrs Campbell and I headed the procession to an open space in front of the tuning-shop. There is a balcony outside the second storey of that building, reached by an outside staircase, and our old friend, Mr Josiah Beddow, another of the Governors present, then in his eighty-ninth year, mounted the stair with surprising nimbleness and made a delightful speech.

We had tea in the room into which my father and I were shown when he took me to the College, and in which the wedding reception was held when my wife and I were married. There was a short interval before my organ recital, and this gave me an opportunity of shaking hands with many old College friends. Balfour had not been able to attend the unveiling, but he managed to come to the recital. He said afterwards that he had never heard me play better, and I think he spoke truth. My heart

was warmed, and the warmth gave life to my music.

There was one shadow over that week-end: my old friend and first teacher at the College, Amelia Campbell, had died the year before. Those of us who had known her long and intimately felt how much she would have enjoyed the occasion and how greatly her fun and never-failing spirit of happiness would have contributed to the pleasure of all who were present. I believe she would have been proud that her old friend and favourite pupil had been chosen to perform the ceremony.

Mr Bland, who had been College secretary for forty-one years, invited me to go round the old place with him. I call it the old place, but to me it had become almost entirely new. Changes had been made everywhere, and the grounds and buildings so added to and altered that I could hardly find my way alone. I visited my original bedroom, which I shared first with Sam Mateer, a boy from Kilkeel, and afterwards with Charlie Broan, a boy from Chelsea. The College was not quite full at the time, and the room was unoccupied and only partly furnished. It had become a small room, with low ceiling and thin door. When I was a little boy everything about the College buildings seemed big and massive. I suppose there is always that sort of contrast when one returns after many years to scenes of childhood. I was much interested in the new typewriting department. A pupil, using a Braille shorthand machine, took down a letter as quickly as I could dictate it.

Mrs Campbell asked me "to receive a deputation" of the older organ pupils, which made me feel wonderfully important and rather like the Prime Minister, except that I had never been asked to receive a deputation before. Three or four of the senior boys and the same number of girls appeared, and one of the boys acted as spokesman. The purpose of

the deputation was to ask me to give another recital that evening, and there was nothing for it but a hearty Yes. One of them then said: "Doctor, would you mind telling us about your own organ?" This started me on my hobby-horse.

I went to St Andrew's with Miss Lucas, who succeeded me as organist and still holds the appointment. She was a pupil of mine at the College, and is now the senior resident music teacher there. St Andrew's organ—more than forty years old—is a lovely little instrument, and I was very glad to play it once more. Afterwards I visited the house in which the senior girls and some of the teachers live. Campbell bought it with money given by the late W. H. Smith and changed its name from Gladswood to Walmer, the name of Smith's estate in Kent. And it is an interesting fact that The Mount — the house to which Campbell removed the College from Paxton Terrace—was the home of Dora when David Copperfield went a-courting her.

There is one other event I want to mention. It was not perhaps a major event, but it gave pleasure to those who took part in it, and just as the sundial records sunny hours, so I like to record the happy things of life. The jubilee of the opening of Wellington Church, Glasgow, fell on 12th October 1934. It was also the jubilee of my old college fellow and lifelong friend, Fred Turner, as organist of the church; and as I played my first service on 12th October 1884, when I began at St John's to complete the remainder of Turner's notice, it was my jubilee —as a church organist—too. A meeting was held in Wellington Church on Tuesday evening, 9th October 1934, and I was delighted to see how affectionately the people rallied round Fred. Speeches were spontaneous, and even my own seemed not too bad; congratulations were heart-felt; gifts were

generous. There was a friendly atmosphere, characteristic of western Scotland. For a long time nothing has given me more pleasure.

. . . . . .

I have tried to tell my life's story clearly and simply. I trust there may be found in it something to interest the general reader and something to help and encourage young blind musicians. I have written almost entirely from memory. Inaccuracies doubtless there are—and there would have been more but for the help of one or two friends, whom I thank warmly—but, generally speaking, I believe my record to be correct. Special thanks are due and are gratefully offered to my friend George Rennie, Clerk of St George's Deacons' Court and Choir Secretary, for the great trouble he has taken in rummaging among old and musty newspapers to verify certain dates I had written down from memory. I want also to thank my friend, John Henderson, who in a labour of love has read and revised my manuscript, corrected the proofs, and taken care of the details incidental to publication. Two or three years ago I wrote a few chapters, and then, thinking I had nothing of sufficient interest to warrant my going on, I gave the job up. But a voice within me said, "Show what you've done to Henderson." I did so, and his encouragement persuaded me to complete it. Most of all I thank my wife for her untiring patience and wise counsel, without which the book could not have been written. In deference to her wishes, and because there are things too sacred for print, I say no more than that.

The man who has the courage or ability to record either his faults or his virtues impartially must be rare. It is not in my power to do anything of the kind, and if the task is ever attempted it must be in the years to come and by someone who has known

me well enough to judge my work and my life critically and sympathetically. As the apt little rhyme puts it, "You cannot read your tombstone when you're dead," but I hope I may have done something to make a few people a little happier than they might otherwise have been, and that when I put in the stops, turn off the wind, and close the organ, there may still be heard an echo of harmony, as it were the whispering of a melody that lingers after the playing is finished.

EDINBURGH, 1936.

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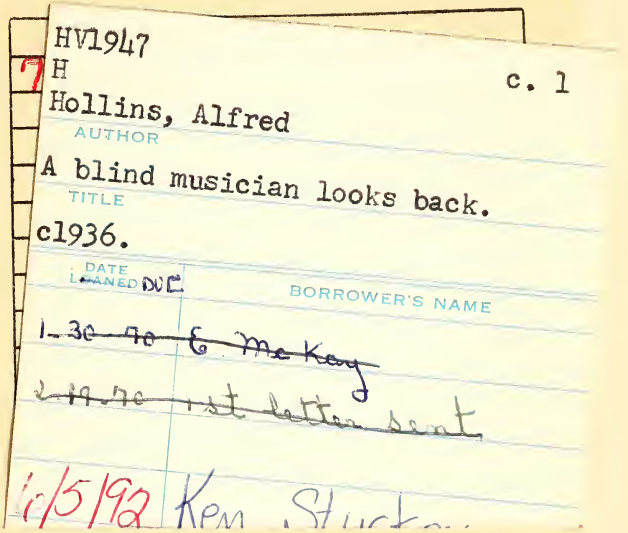
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